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LEILA ADA
THE
JEWISH
CONVERT


600023775U





Yours in Jesus,
Lida Lida

LEILA ADA,

THE JEWISH CONVERT.

An Authentic Memoir.

BY

OSBORNE W. TRENERY HEIGHWAY.

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל הַוָּיָה אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְהוָה אֶחָד

The blue deep skies
Dissolve in radiance, like a summer cloud;
Pure spirit melodies float past mine ear
From many a stringing harp. Let me too join
The mingling music of their mighty song.
* * * * * * *
To Thee, Well-spring of love, who gave the Son,
To Thee, the Conqueror, the Victor-King,
To Thee, the Holy One, who sanctified,
And gave my hopes of yon immortal crown,
I come—Receive my winging soul.—LEILA ADA.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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TO

SIR CHARLES LEMON, BART.,

CARCLEW, PENRYN,

M.P. FOR WEST CORNWALL,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS, WITH HIS PERMISSION,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

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Introductory Remarks on the Third Edition.

THE young lady who is the subject of the memoir was, as its title indicates, a Jewess by birth. The majestic beauty of the religion of Jesus has, in all ages, obtained its finest representatives from the house of Israel: and among the many lovely examples of sublime attainment in the Divine life made by Hebrew Christians, Leila Ada is not one of the least conspicuous. What she appears in the record of her, now presented, that she was in real life, a pure, holy, humble Christian—a Christian hallowed, sublimed, ethe-realized by the influences of the Holy Spirit.

Leila is a character of undoubted loveliness: but she is not in the *very least* degree an ideal. We have been scrupulously exact in our descriptions and comments throughout. We have written from knowledge obtained through personal acquaintance of the dearest kind.

Leila was one of those fair and flower-like natures, which at intervals rise to cheer us along the dusty highways of life; but she was a plant which flourished in the shade, and her real worth was known to very few. Her natural abilities were of the highest order, and she had cultivated them with the strictest care; so that had God seen it fitting to spare her life and call her to a more public situation, she would have occupied no humble position among those noble-souled and intellectual women who are an honour to our country. She was one of the loveliest flowers that ever gleamed in the cold atmosphere of a world of sin; a flower fragile in its pensile form, delicate

in its tender purity, spiritual in its beauty; too frail to live amidst these tempestuous clouds of earth, and only at home in the kindlier soil and among the stormless skies of the "better land."

All Leila's papers are given *verbatim et literatim*. Write incorrectly she could not. A thoughtful, reflective mind she always had. Although her language is in some places diffuse and inartificial, we could not feel at liberty to alter it. We felt (and perhaps our feeling may be smiled at—let it be even so), that Leila would never have consented to any similar mode of procedure whilst she lived; to be truthfully exact was always the rule of her conduct; and that if she were cognisant of our occupations now that she is in the skies, she would regard such disguise with even less allowance still. It is almost unnecessary for us to say that she never expected anything she wrote would be given to the world.

We have written, we trust, with a single heart—with a pure intention that God may be glorified. To Him Leila was indebted for whatever she was. That in every respect she fully realised the picture of her which we have drawn, we are assured. We say this from a calm, unprejudiced deliberative judgment. Were we to speak as we *feel*, we should be at once inclined to say, that her sweet Christianity could be estimated at its proper value only in the hearts of those who knew her while she was upon earth—that any attempt to give in writing an adequate idea of her character must of necessity fall short.

It is very possible that, after all, some right-hearted people may object to the way in which we have written some parts of her memoir. Before they say a single word we would beg them kindly to pause and think WHY they object. Is it because of our references to personal appearance? We are clear in this matter. We believe it to be one of the noblest, and one of the most proper employments of the Christian, to trace out and thankfully admire the beauty of the Creator in all His works. And is the human form—most beautiful of all beauties—to be the thing which must

neither be thought nor spoken of? If so—why? Why did God make it beautiful—"very good," as He Himself pronounced? In His own blessed word the descriptions of human beauty are neither few nor sparing. Is it because we have allowed to imaginative feeling rather more license than the stereotype forms of religious biography permit? In this matter also we humbly think that our gracious Redeemer will approve our conduct. It is high time, indeed, that Christian biographies were cast in a new mould. It is a false and cruel law which compels us to have recourse to fiction, if we would obtain pictures of dying scenes, &c., drawn with all those soft poetic touches which insensibly allure the heart and soothe and exalt the soul. Is it not true, that the love of Jesus shed abroad in the heart, has moulded characters which in fineness, consistence, sublimity, far exceed any of the creations of imagination? Father!—mother, bereaved!—we beg you to vindicate us in this matter. Is it possible for the liveliest imagination to depicture any beauty which will surpass the peculiar graces, the tender charms, the dying moments of your loved one who is not? Oh, no! The last hours of those who have lived wholly devoted to Jesus, are surrounded by a loveliness so celestial, a radiance so divinely beautiful, that the most glowing pencil can but faintly shadow it forth.

In David's beautiful lament over Saul and Jonathan, did he think it proper to embellish with his imagination? or did he confine himself to a mere iteration of cold matter-of-fact?

In these popular days we must have popularized thinking, popularized feeling, popularized writing, popularized preaching; and rapidly are we approaching a state in which we must have a popularized Christianity—a popularized Gospel! May the Spirit of God interpose: or Christianity will soon mean little more than one of the fine arts,—a system of moral requirements and observances, to be always accommodated to time, circumstances, and national peculiarities of character.

The Spirit of Christ is love—all love—nothing else but love. In this Spirit His disciples are commanded to clothe themselves. When will it be?

If only twenty of His followers would this hour resolve henceforth to exhibit the spirit—the whole spirit of the Gospel, what a heaven would be introduced into our country before the present generation has passed away!

It is under the influence of such feelings as these, that we have made our sketches of Leila Ada.

For when we had indulged our fancy and feeling to the utmost, we should still fail in depicting the sweet hush, and the celestial peace and love, which surrounded her as she sunk into the tomb. In her short Christian course, she walked with God; and her dying weeks were lived upon the very verge of heaven.

Finally, we again repeat that we have nowhere written one word, look, or expression which is not most exact to the truth. Our dear relative, Miss H. (*the* Miss H. whose friendship with Leila is noticed in the Memoir itself), once said to us—"*Such* a life, and *such* a death. You cannot possibly give it a beauty which it did not really possess."

OSBORNE W. TRENERY HEIGHWAY.

London, July, 1853.

LEILA ADA,

THE JEWISH CONVERT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.—LEILA'S CHARACTER AND PURSUITS.—THE MISHNA.—THE TALMUD.

THE West of England abounds in scenes of quiet and picturesque beauty. Its shores are girded by tall gray cliffs, bold headlands, numerous islets, and large caves hollowed out and draped with sea-weeds by the musical waves of the Atlantic. While the inland scenery is rich in hills and valleys, dells and dingles, woods and meadows combined in forms of surpassing loveliness. Crystal streamlets wind amongst quivering aspens; and glide, breaking into fall and rapid, and murmuring with a sweet complaining eloquence as though they were of life.

Amidst one of the sweetest of these scenes, and near the southern coast of Cornwall, there is an ancient-looking mansion, soft and tranquil in its elegant simplicity, and removed far away from the smoke and stir of earth. It stands in a deep but most lovely valley, between a line of picturesque eminences. Embosomed amid lofty and luxuriant trees, and surrounded by a verdant lawn thickly dotted with beds of rich flowers, it impresses the mind as the very repose of peace and beauty. Several of the windows are partially hidden by festoons of luxuriant ivy; while roses, jessamines, and other sweet-scented plants and

creepers, have thickly interlaced the open trellis-work of the balcony which encloses the door.

Many a time and oft have we wandered at sun-rise over the velvet greensward, and in the noble gardens attached to the house, seeking to learn the life, the freshness, the purity, the joy of this little Eden. The commonest objects shone with a glory not their own; the rich sunlight was poured over all; and the same sunbeam that lighted the distant hill glowed on the pebble and the roadside weed. It filled the soul with love, to gaze upon the pensive fragile floweret bathed in morning dew, or watch the sparkling drops as they glanced amidst the emerald light transmitted through leaves that trembled in the early breeze. The eye wandered with delight from the peaceful clouds that reposed so lovingly on the cerulean vault above, to the far bright distance that invited to unguessed regions of light and freedom, and then returned to rest upon the quiet shadows mixing with the soft hues of darker things. And then we went on to the side of the clear streamlet, and sat down by its little gushing waves. Each had its own separate being; they varied in form; one pure and glassy reflected an unbroken sun-beam; another dashed it into a thousand glittering spangles; but they all came from the same deep fountain—they all rejoiced in the same light—they all hasted on their happy race to the same wide ocean. And ever, as they flowed, soft voices like a spirit-melody met our ears; purity, life, and joy must produce sweet tones of harmony.

A romantic and shady road encircles the valley, and passing in front of the house, enters an avenue of giant oaks which grow upon the borders of a luxuriant forest. Between this avenue and a double row of chesnut and walnut trees which mark the margin of the lawn in that direction, runs the beautiful little river to which we have just adverted, tumbling about among the smooth rocks or playfully hiding itself in the shadow of the drooping willows, which gracefully bend their arms across its stream. Sometimes its glittering surface is here and there curled in tiny eddies by the golden trout, as it springs from its ambush upon the unfortunate fly, that after a hot summer's day has incautiously descended too near the water to cool its wings, and slake its thirst. Towards the east, a lofty hill throws up its huge body; its sloping sides

covered with lovely orchards, and long rich grass, and flocks of sheep.

Several pretty nests of trees grow in the little park which adjoins the house, and beneath them are some tastefully arranged seats. And often, after wearying herself in frolics with the goat and her kid, that lived in a small paddock separated from the lawn by a ring fence, the subject of this memoir has reposed herself upon one of these seats, and gazed upon the loveliness of nature, and watched the majestic glories attendant upon the setting sun. But it were well to be there, if you would feel the witchery of such a sunset. The trees move listlessly and wearily in the evening breeze, as though the drowsiness of sleep were fast stealing over them. The tops of the distant hills are dipped in gold and purple, while the last rays show rich green shrubberies as they rise higher and higher on the opposite ascent from the valley. The gentle murmurs of the river seem to swell into a hymn of softest music to the departing day, as the lengthening shadows softly steal upon its steps. Not a song is heard from the birds of the forest, with the exception of the indescribably sweet, melancholy notes of the wood-robin; he, perched in a moss-rose bower, is singing his farewell song to the setting sun; and, as each note, seeming fainter and more faint, dies in melodious intonations among the groves and thickets, it touches the listener with an exquisite sense of pleasure.

Before taking possession of this mansion, A. T——, Esq., had buried the wife of his youth; and on coming to this charming retreat, he, and an only and lovely daughter, named Leila, lived in comparative seclusion from the world. He knew no happiness independent of his child, for all his enjoyment consisted in promoting her interest and gratification. She was, indeed, the very being to excite the most tender lavishment of paternal love. Beauty surrounded her as a mantle, but her cultivated mind, and amiable disposition, threw around her an influence superior to any of the short-lived fascinations of the body. In her conduct and manner there was a freshness of innocence, and a winning *abandonnement*, which could not fail to arrest the interest of every beholder. She was highly accomplished, and could read and write several languages with fluency. The idol of her fond father, he loved h

tenderly; a feeling which she as tenderly reciprocated. Being of the seed of Abraham, he had educated her in the strictest principles of the Jewish ritual, and felt the most intense satisfaction in witnessing her early seriousness and devotion. To her religion he thought her an ornament.

For our slight knowledge of the early part of Leila's life, we are principally indebted to a series of papers written by herself, and entitled, "Reflections." A few references to it are also made in her diary and correspondence. From these sources we learn, that a leading characteristic in the earliest development and exercises of her mind, was an ardent thirst for TRUTH. It is also evident that from her earliest years she felt the drawings of the Holy Spirit, and had an anxious desire for her eternal salvation. And it is painful, yet pleasing, to witness the deep struggles of a soul whose whole wish is simply to be a true and accepted servant of the living God, yet surrounded by the exclusive spirit and deadening influences of Judaism. It never appears, however, that through the whole course of her childhood, and the first years of more thoughtful youth, she had any misgiving respecting the truth of the Jewish belief. Her conviction, upon this point, was doubtless heightened, in her maturer years, by her deep acquaintance with the Eastern writings. From her conversation and reflections it is evident that the fanciful and mystic lore of these, joined to a supposition that she observed coincidences in approaching changes, greatly strengthened her belief in the approaching advent of the "Murdah," or "Good One"—the Messiah of the Scriptures. But the dawn of a brighter day was coming.

Her character, even in childhood, was thoughtful and reserved; she was always disposed to the grave, rather than the gay. In adverting to this phase of her disposition, we cannot do better than use her own language; we therefore extract from her diary the following reflection: "I enjoy solitude much; my heart delights in its own company, and finds this a richer enjoyment than any which can be had in busy life. It is an important matter to feel in no way embarrassed, because excluded from the bustling joy of social life. Really, I am in no way indebted to external sources of amusement: in contemplating God, in nature, I have opened a mine of happiness which is indes-

cribable. Indeed, I am rather unsocial; I do not like company; I am quite miserly in selecting the sources of my happiness. To hold sweet converse with my own heart, and sit in my *dear* closet, with my pen and my book, are the greatest delights I can enjoy. I do not know that I could wish for a large diffusion of all and exactly this feeling: if universally indulged, it might cast a shade of morosity over our fireside enjoyments. Being natural to me, however, I cannot avoid it; and, really, it makes me very happy."

At sixteen years of age she began to keep a diary, or, rather, prescribe rules for her conduct, and note her experience, by way of meditation and reflection; for, it does not appear, that she began to keep a regular diary till she had nearly completed her seventeenth year. Her diary and reflections were designed to be a secret correspondence with her own heart, and certainly were never written with any expectation that they would meet the eye of man. Extracts from these portraitures of her inmost soul, will more justly display her character than anything which could be said by any other person.

Among this interesting collection of papers, we find the following prayer. It is powerfully descriptive of the feelings and aspirations of her heart at a very early age, for it is dated at the commencement of the new year, 18—, when she had just completed her thirteenth year:—

"O Thou great and adorable Jehovah! fountain of love! listen to the prayer of a sinful and rebellious child; hide not Thyself from my supplications. May Thy Spirit illuminate my dark, benighted soul; may it dispel the gloom which now casts down my spirit, and guide my petition aright.

"I adore Thee for the countless blessings which to the present time Thou hast bestowed upon me; and for Thy care, which has preserved my existence amid these numberless mercies. But when I look into my heart and see its depravity: when I think on the ungrateful return I have made Thy love; I am abased—I am prostrate in the dust.

"Thou, who permittest me to address Thee as my God, and my Creator, Thou seest my state; Thou knowest me altogether. O that I could express half that I feel of love to Thee, who hast done so much for me. O God, I ar

proud, self-willed, worldly-minded, and I cannot be happy; but Thou hast inspired ardent desires for Thyself; answer me, according to Thy word—Thy word which is truth itself—eternal as Thy duration—O, that on it my soul may repose. O, that Thy love may refresh my spirit, and cause my eyes to overflow with tears of joy, in the conviction that *Thou lovest me*. Then, how poor and mean will be all earth-born joys; then will my soul rejoice in its freedom, and exult in its immortality.

"The dissolving universe shall one day proclaim that the hour of retribution is at hand; and the great arcana of nature, in which I love to trace Thy finger, shall melt before the piercing glance of Thine avenging eye. O, that through Thee I may be enabled to hail the moment, as that of my complete happiness.

"On this commencement of another year, I enter into a solemn covenant with Thee, to dedicate myself to Thee. Show me what Thou wouldst have me to be and do, and I will pray earnestly for Thy assistance, that I may fulfil Thy will. O, that Thou wouldst arise, and by Thy glorious beams scatter my spiritual darkness. Grant me Thy aid, that I may not swerve from my resolution. Enlarge and bless my soul; and let me be happy from a constant walking in Thy fear. Amen."

We have every reason to suppose that at this period Leila's belief in her religion was unshaken; yet from this her earliest record of thoughts and imaginings, written at the *time* she felt them, we may see that she was now earnestly in pursuit of that in which she afterwards found *solid* happiness. We can perceive an enthusiastic longing of the spirit, and a deeply wrought effort of the soul, which when the veil fell from her eyes, abundantly prepared her to press into the liberty of the children of God.

Although the children of Israel profess to receive the Old Testament Scriptures as Divine, yet they greatly neglect their study, and as a consequence are involved in gross darkness. But while they have cast Moses and the Prophets into the shade, they have introduced an enormous rival to Divine revelation, under the pretence that it is a comment upon the Law of Moses. This they call the Mishna, or oral law.

The Mishna is divided into six orders:—the first order treats of the vegetable world; the second of feasts; the

third of women; the fourth of damages; the fifth of holy things; and the sixth of purifications.

The Mishna was published to the world in 1698, in six folio volumes, by Surenhusius, of Amsterdam. The principal part of these volumes is occupied by the comments of translators and rabbis.

We will give an account of the Mishna by Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon. This Moses Ben Maimon was one of their ablest doctors. He was physician to the Sultan of Egypt, lived in the twelfth century, and was enthusiastically engrossed in the philosophy of Aristotle. From the initials of his name, the Jews call him Rambam: he is the writer of their creed and liturgy; and they have a saying, that from Moses to Moses there is no one like Moses. Of the Mishna, he gives the following account:—"All the precepts of the law were given by God to Moses our master, together with an interpretation of what the authentic text signified. Moses, going into his tent, first related to Aaron the text and the interpretation; he rising and going to the right hand of Moses. Eleazar and Ithamar, the sons of Aaron, came and heard the same that had been before dictated to their father; so that he heard it twice. Then came the seventy elders, and at last the whole people heard the same. They all committed to memory the text and the interpretation, which Aaron had heard many times, and hence arose the written law, and the oral law—613 precepts together with their interpretations: the precepts inscribed in the books—the interpretations handed down by word of mouth.

"Moses, dying, left these interpretations to Joshua, and he again to the elders, and they to the prophets, who handed them down from one to another without any dissent, till the time of the men of the great synagogue, who were Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Daniel, Hannaniah, Mishael, Azariah, Ezra the scribe, Nehemiah, Chacaliae, Mordecai, and Zerubbabel the son of Shealtiel, with others to the number of 120. But the last of the men of that sacred company was the first of the wise men mentioned in the Mishna, Simeon the Just, at that time high priest. After whom it came in process of time to our Rabbi, the holy, who was the phœnix of his age and the unique glory of that time, a man in whom God had accumulated such virtues that he merited to be called by

contemporaries, our Rabbi, the holy, whose name was Judah, so that it was said, 'From the days of Moses to the Rabbi, we have never seen law and nobility together, and from the time that he died, humility and the fear of sin ceased;' and so rich was he that it used to be said, 'The groom of the stables of Rabbi was richer than Sappor, king of the Persians.' He, tracing his doctorial genealogy up to Moses, composed the Mishna, partly from the traditions from the lips of Moses, partly from consequences elicited by argument in which there is unanimous consent, partly from conclusions in which there is a difference arising from two modes of interpretation (for they have thirteen modes of interpreting); so that sometimes our Rabbi says, 'Such a one affirms this, such another says that.'"

There being such various modes of interpretation has given rise to numberless dissensions among the Jews. From Simeon the Just to the year 150 of the Christian era, Judah mentions ninety-one wise men, as handing down to him their decisions.

The Mishna is said to be an oral law, received from the lips of God, and intended as an exponent of His written law. But we should transgress the purity which religion demands, were we to quote some of its puerile and absurd follies. If those who penned it set about their work with an intention to shock common sense, and load the Jewish religion with contempt, they could scarcely have acquitted themselves better. And let no one suppose that our strictures are unkind: any one at all acquainted with the Mishna, will at once perceive them to be within the bounds of that charity and pity, which we owe to those who err. Indeed, it were but too easy to quote passages which would justify our severest censures.

But withal, the Mishna is surrounded with a degree of obscurity and hardness, owing to its orientalisms, and a considerable pervasion of a sort of Hebra-Grecism in its structure. This obscurity has given rise to another commentary, called the Gemara, or completion. One Gemara, written in Palestine, forms with the Mishna, the Jerusalem Talmud, and another, written at Babylon, composes the Babylonish Talmud. Thus the Mishna, which the Jews declare to be God's own interpretation of His law, requires interpretation from man, and the whole together forms a

mighty work of twelve folio volumes. These are the volumes which contain the whole of the Jewish divinity; for, dishonouring to God, they have almost completely withdrawn the Jews from the study of Moses and the Prophets.

In common with the rest of her nation, the Talmud formed the basis of Leila's religious education. Of the Old Testament she knew comparatively little. It is far from certain, indeed, that she knew a great deal of the Talmud. For this there were causes:—first, she did not like its study; she tells us in her Reflections, that while believing in its divinity, as she was instructed, she experienced a smothered dislike to many of its forms, observances, and precepts. "I felt it," she says, "smouldering at the bottom of my heart long before I had moral courage to permit a single thought upon it. I shuddered at my suspicions as blasphemous, yet I could not conquer them. But as the Spirit of God opened my eyes, I felt no difficulty in fully avowing my severest thoughts upon the inane, absurd, debasing studies of the Talmud. I felt no compunction while I openly declared to my own heart that it was an impure, stupid fabrication, composed by fallen and sinful man." What a volume is contained in these few thrilling sentences! Would the sons of Jacob speak out, how many would tell us the same story? Impossible it is, but that among them there are thousands who, while they dare not repudiate the Talmud, are conscious of a feeling of offence at its impurities and absurdities. Secondly, her father, although strictly a Jew in belief and profession, gave himself little trouble about their requirements and observances, and, therefore, was very far from pressing them upon his daughter.

But a mind constituted like that of Leila, eagerly thirsting after truth, could not be always content without strictly examining the Old Testament Scriptures; those Scriptures which all her nation believe in, as the pure word of God. Her first intentions to *study* them (for certainly she had previously read them, especially the Psalms) are expressed among the earliest entries in her diary, and bear date when she was about seventeen years old. We extract the passage: "I have read the Talmud, and have dipped into the learning of the East, and while my heart has been intent in the prosecution of these studies, I h

paratively neglected the blessed word of God—the majestic Scriptures. The result of my reading is a strong opinion that the advent of the Messiah is probably near; yet, while I have been consulting the writings of men, I have greatly neglected the prophecies which relate to Him. Why then do I profess to my heart that I have formed an opinion, when I have neglected the great test, the predictions of the Scriptures? O Lord, forgive my thus dishonouring Thee, as I now determine that in Thy strength I will give myself to the earnest, simple, devout reading and study of Thy holy Word; I ask of Thee, I beseech of Thee, illuminate my soul, and guide my judgment aright.

"O Lord, my God, Thou knowest my heart, and Thou knowest how ardently I pant to be Thine accepted servant; yet, alas! I am in bondage; yet, alas! I am not happy. Oh, that I could pour out my eyes in tears for my sins! It is they, which like a mountain, cast down and oppress my spirit. I find no comfort but in aspirations after Thee; and Thou knowest I am sincere—at least, I believe I am sincere; if not, I beseech Thee, rectify my heart. O that I knew how I might please Thee! for then should I be at rest. Forgive me for the time that is past: guide me, and teach me, and assist me in the future. O that Thou wouldst visit me according to the word which Thou hast declared unto my fathers! Amen."

Leila was fully aware of the necessity of acting on a digested plan, that all her time might be used to some purposes of good. A considerable portion of it was devoted to reading, and other endeavours for the improvement of her mind; and this was to her a source of pleasure which she highly valued—far more so, indeed, than the empty frivolous pursuits of many of her own age and sex. That she might have every help to strictly fill each moment, she drew up an arrangement in writing. In this she apportioned to every hour its occupation, and to it she endeavoured to rigidly adhere. "I strive," she says in her diary, "to occupy every moment *well;* I do this, not simply because it is my interest, but also, and I hope and believe chiefly, because it is my duty."

At about the same time she also formed a series of resolutions for the regulation of her conduct; and the mind which could make and act upon them, must have had in it all the elements of greatness and efficiency; it must

have possessed a character deservedly esteemed and revered. They are worthy the imitation of every one, especially the young, and we cannot forbear copying them here :—

"For the regulation of my life, and balancing my conduct, I resolve :—

"1. That the salvation of my soul shall be my first and great concern.

"2. That I will never be ashamed of my religion, but will always avow it when and where it shall seem proper so to do.

"3. That I will always carefully speak the truth ; never indulge in the very *least* equivocation, but always be both verbally and substantially correct ; and to this end I will carefully watch the meaning of all I utter.

"4. That I will always be ready to confess a fault, or ask forgiveness for it, no matter what the character or position of the person against whom I have offended.

"5. That I will do nothing to another which I should object to their doing to me. That I will never do anything which if I saw it committed by another would cause him or her to fall in my esteem.

"6. That as far as in me lies, I will never do nor be anything upon which I cannot, expectingly and confidingly, ask the blessing of God.

"7. That when I have fixed a principle in my mind I will never abandon it, whatever occurs, unless I am convinced that it is a wrong one, or would involve me in bad consequences.

"8. That in fulfilling a clear duty, or in the pursuit of a good and proper object, I will never allow myself to be overcome by any trials or difficulties whatsoever.

"9. That I will daily study the Scriptures.

"10. That I will encourage meditations upon death and eternity.

"11. That I will live to God, with all my might while I do live. That I will strive never to engage in anything which I should shun, if assured I was living the last hour of my life.

"12. That I will decide nothing which is brought before my judgment, until I have thoroughly examined it on every side. That what I have once decided, shall be fixed and irrevocable. That I will take nothing for granted, but

that I will endeavour to discover what is truth in reference to the smallest principles.

"13. That upon all occasions I will discountenance improper levity and conversation, in whatever company I may be.

"14. That I will carefully guard my temper, and never show the least symptom of impatient emotion; not even by an altered tone of voice, or expression of countenance. That I will do this even if from physical causes I feel fretful and uneasy; no one else should suffer on this account.

"15. That I will never speak sharply or crossly to our servants; on the contrary, I will be gentle and affectionate, which will gain all my desires the sooner.

"16. That my conversation shall be always in love, and as far as possible adapted to the tone of feeling in those with whom I converse. That I will never talk upon trifles, nor self, nor the failings or defects of others; nor in it will I ever seek to display superiority of attainment over the company I may be among; but I will always use it in advancing the happiness of my social and domestic circle.

"17. That I will never waste a moment.

"18. That I will be temperate in eating and drinking.

"19. That I will strictly guard against pride in dress, and every other of its manifestations; against vanity, self-conceit, and indulging supposed superiority of mind.

"20. That I will live only to serve God and for the good of others. Never seek my own pleasure or satisfaction at the expense of that of any one else; but as far as possible I will forget that there is a self to please.

"21. That I will love my dear father with all my might, and do everything I can to promote his temporal and spiritual happiness."

CHAPTER II.

LEILA ACCOMPANIES HER FATHER TO THE HOLY LAND — THEIR JOURNEY.—COLOGNE.—THE RHINE.—THE JURAS. —GENEVA.—CHILLON.—LAUSANNE.—GIBBON.

LEILA was now in the eighteenth year of her age. Her mother was dead. Her father, lonely except in the company of the child of his love, resolved to visit with her the Holy Land and the city of his fathers. This was a season of joyous excitement to Leila. Happiness in ten thousand dreamy forms flitted before her mental vision, and filled her, even in anticipation, with indescribable pleasure. In a letter written just before leaving England, after much playful description she continues: "I love the East; it has always been the sweetest spot in my imagination. All my anticipations are in joyous exercise. I shall be fired by the loneliness of the ocean, the stirring excitement of new scenes, the romantic and historical associations connected with the places through which I shall pass, their variety of manners, customs, and costumes, the shores and hoary mountains which border upon the sea, the sublime solitariness of the wildly beautiful isles of the blue Ægean, and a host of adventures and pleasurable situations. At every step I shall be furnished with abundant materials for thought and reflection." And to a large extent she was not disappointed, as is proved by some of her beautiful sketches, in poetry and prose.

But that the enjoyment which she proposed to herself was tinged by a deep religious feeling, and that with it was connected a deep concern for her religious interests, is evinced by the remarks made in her diary. Here, too, we notice the commencement of a glorious era in the life of Leila; the circumstance which, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, led to her embracing the Christian faith; and how delightful it is to trace the prevailing character of her mind in these reflections, hastily as they sometimes appear to be written. But we will go on to our extract:—

"For a while, then, I am about to leave thee, my much-loved C——. The greensward on which I have so often sported—the groves which have so often rung with my wild and girlish joy—the sweet river, whose constant changes, and whose lulling murmurs, give a sweet variety and music to the scene; and ye, my lovely flowers, whose culture has so often engaged my time and attention, and led me to look

'To Him, whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints;'

yes, I must leave you all. Shall I ever again behold you? A stray tear flows down my cheek—welcome drop! I would on no account forego thy pleasure. The passions, when acted upon in a manner both pure and innocent, are sources of deep delight.

"Thou infinite Eternal! go with me. I visit that land which has in a special manner been visited with exhibitions of Thy miraculous power; the land in which my fathers worshipped. 'Oh! that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion. When God bringeth back the captivity of His people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.'

"I am sensible of my sinfulness: I am unworthy of the slightest mark of favour from Thy hand; but cast me not utterly from Thy presence. Save me, O God, by Thy name; take not Thy holy Spirit from me. Thou desirest no other sacrifice than that of a broken spirit and a contrite heart—this I offer to Thee. Dispel Thou now the cloud which now afflicts my soul. Enable me to rejoice in Thy salvation, and evermore glorify Thee in my body and spirit, in my life and conversation.

"I desire to record the blessed effect which the reading of the Scriptures has had upon my mind. I desire to read them more attentively, that in future this good may be increased. I have also determined to read the book, which the Christians call the New Testament. They profess that prophecies in the Old Testament are clearly fulfilled in the New. I intend to see what ground they take. It is true I have heard much, and read much, of the awful character of that book; and am told that a fearful curse rests upon the reading of it. I cannot think this to be true, where it is intended to increase a knowledge of the difference between the Jew and the Christian. Besides,

shall I not be a better Jew for reading it? Will it not assist to imbue my mind with the proofs of the dreadful mistake which the Christians commit? I cannot doubt that I am right. Suppose I were conversing with a Christian, how could I give the lie to a book I have never read? Would he not turn upon me, and inquire, 'Where is your principle?' The Christians read and study the Old Testament; and how should I be prepared to prove to them that the New Testament is untrue, if I am unacquainted with the nature of the proofs in favour of Christianity which it contains? Curiosity, a sense of duty, and a desire to have a well-instructed, well-balanced mind, all impel me forward. Indeed, too, I look at the Christians, and I see no manifestations that a curse rests upon them—shall I, dare I say, that, compared with our own afflicted nation, they are most happy? It is *true;* then I will repeat it.

"With sentiments of gratitude to God, I at present close my Cornish journal. May my future one, in addition to the catalogue of mercies, of Divine favours, record also more heartfelt thankfulness for their bestowment, and more ardent longings for an entire devotion of myself to the service of my God and King. Amen."

It was arranged that their pilgrimage to Asia should be by way of Switzerland, Italy, Greece, and Turkey. In a journal entitled "Notes of a Tour to the Holy Land," Leila has given us a most interesting series of remarks upon the places in their course. From this we shall make large quotations, more especially as her reflections upon her spiritual state are in many cases inseparably mixed with the accounts of the emotions excited by the solemn beauties of nature as presented to her view.

On the 9th of April, 18—, Leila, in company with her father, left London for Ostend. In the following pathetic lines she has beautifully expressed the feelings produced in her mind, as she beheld the shores of her native country gradually vanish in the distance:—

"One look, one parting look, and now thy shores,
Thy happy shores, are vanished, Albion;
Adieu! adieu!
What can my grief be?
Have I not hope, and joy, and happiness?
Is not the world before me, and my home?
Have I not with me all I have to love?

What can my grief be? Why am I so sad?
Why measures thus mine eye each saucy wave,
Which coursing drives me onward?
Why!
There is a spot engirt by those white rocks,
Most sacred of the earth; the Mecca's fane
To which my holiest memory ever kneels—
My mother's grave! a fragrant shrine. From thence
I distance count, henceforward and for aye."

Arriving at Ostend the pilgrims pursued their way to Cologne. Of this city, Leila briefly says:—"And this is the Colonia Agrippina of the Romans, and the metropolis of Rhenish Prussia. It is certainly very pretty, indeed beautiful, if you will take the trouble to cross and view it from the right bank of the Rhine. Thence the effect is very fine—the river, smooth as a polished mirror, reflecting in its bosom the various craft upon its surface—the city bathing its deep shadow in the cooling waters—and the prominence of those beautiful edifices, St. Martin, St. Gereon, Baienshurm, and Der Dom. I have found much to interest me."

Thence they steamed up the Rhine; and in a few slight, but powerful touches, Leila has given her testimony to the living freshness, and unchanging beauty of the vine-clad banks of that glorious river. "In looking," she says, "upon the smiling fields and rich orchards and luxurious vineyards, with the pretty towns and villages buried amongst them—upon the ancient and hoary castles tottering with age, upon the towering crags which support their foundations, I felt I was living some of the most delicious moments of my life; and I wept with a feeling of unutterable delight. Oh! how good is God, to provide so much innocent pleasure for the gratification of the senses! Oh, that men would praise Him for His goodness! I trust that I can trace a feeling of increased thankfulness and gratitude for the abundant blessings and mercies He has bestowed upon me. May He help and save me, and make me all that is pleasing in His sight! In Him, the Strong, the Almighty, do I put my trust: I will not be afraid. Thy vows are upon me, O God; then come Thou to my present salvation."

Amid scenes of living loveliness, which more and more imbued her mind with the purifying and exalting influences of nature, she approached the Alps. This stu-

pendous range of mountains, proudly rearing their snowy summits to the skies, seemed to her imagination as something spiritual, which she had seen in her dreams: as something too ethereal to belong to reality.

Proceeding onward they came to the heights of the Jura. "Here," says Leila, "the scene which burst upon our view, far exceeds my powers of description. It was intensely grand and beautiful. The lovely lake of Geneva, lying in a hollow, begirt by the sublimely majestic Alps, which in their turn arouse feelings of wonder and delight; and then the other objects, sweet, chaste, and impressive, which compose the landscape, form an *ensemble* of overpowering magnificence. I was at once reminded of Rousseau's description of a Swiss exile beholding again his native country. I could enter into the passionate ecstacy; as far as a stranger could feel it, it was my own:—

"'The moment in which, from the heights of the Jura, I discovered the lake of Geneva, was one of ecstacy and ravishment. The view of my country, that country so dear to me, where my heart had overflowed with torrents of delight; the Alpine air so salutary and so pure; the soft air of my native soil, sweeter than all the perfumes of the East; this rich and fertile land, this unique landscape! the most beautiful with which the human eye was ever struck! delightful abode, to which I had never found an equal in the world! the aspect of a free and happy people, the sweetness of the season, the serenity of the climate—a thousand delightful recollections, which awakened all the feelings I had tasted there;—all this threw me in such transports as I cannot describe, and seemed to give back to me at once the enjoyment of my whole existence!'"

Traversing Switzerland, in the direction of Geneva, they stayed a moment at Avenche, thus noticed by Leila:—"This morning we reached Avenche, the ancient Aventicum. We went to see the column erected to the young princess, Julia Alpinula. How exquisitely touching are the recollections of history! I looked upon its venerable aspect, seemingly worn rather by grief than time. I thought upon her purity and filial devotion, and I *felt* her immortality."

They had now reached the beautiful, the romantic lake of Geneva. Every one who has seen the grandeur of this lake and the surrounding scenery—the sublime majesty of

the distant Juras—the dreamy Alps, hovering in the sky, unsubstantial as a vision, spiritual, heavenly in beauty—the luxuriant shores of the Pays de Vaud, its hill-sides covered with the richest vineyards, among which numerous towns and villages smile in all the attractions and loveliness of Paradise—the afar off mouths of the blue and rapidly gliding Rhone—the rich shores of the Chablais—every one who has seen the unequalled beauty and magnificence of this panorama has felt its syren-like influence in withdrawing the imagination from contemplating the harshness, and roughness, and impurity of the world, and in exalting communion with the pure spirit of nature, to fill the heart with the genius of a higher and holier existence. Moving amid these ennobling scenes, Leila imbibed a still deeper love for solitude: and soothed by their exquisite softness, or exalted by their ethereal majesty, she spent many hours in their contemplation. Her study and her closet, she made of the mountain torrent, the placid lake, the crystal stream, or the embowering copse. And elevated and refined by their sublimity and sweetness, we hear her saying, "I have almost forgotten the world, and were not such feelings, perhaps, selfish, I could wish never to return to it, but live and die among contemplations upon the beauties and harmonies of nature. I love to be alone. The deep emotions which throb in my bosom while I gaze upon the beautiful earth and sky, I could not express —indeed, were they expressible, their value must be diminished. Thankful I am that my heart is so deeply susceptible to impressions of loveliness and sublimity."

Embarking at Geneva, our travellers began their voyage along the interesting shores of this beautiful expanse of water. Leaving Hermance, Nerni, and Evian behind, they arrived at Meillerie; to which Rousseau has contributed interest by his "Nouvelle Heloïse." With this village and its situation Leila was delighted: in reference to it she says—"After dinner we ascended the heights [of Meillerie]. It occupied us upwards of an hour. The caverns echoed and re-echoed with the wild screams of the terrible eagle of the Alps. A torrent, formed of the melting snows, rolled its turgid waters at a short distance from us. Below us, and on the left of the torrent, grew a large wood of oaks. Behind us was that part of the Alps called the Glaciers; a chain of rocky precipices separated it from the

part of the heights on which we stood. On our right hand, were thick forests of black pines: and beneath us, lay the smiling lake, fawning upon the beach, and separating us from the luxurious shores of the Pays de Vaud, beyond which towered the magnificent Juras. All was silent grandeur, and exquisite loveliness."

Thence they passed to the singularly beautiful village of St. Gingoux, respecting which Leila says, "I was enraptured with Meillerie; but, in comparison, this village is of surpassing beauty."

Montalegre, Hermance, Nerni, Lausanne, Meillerie and its heights, the Castle of Chillon, Clarens, the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingoux, the mountains of Savoy and the Valais, the blue lake, all these formed a panorama of images of ideal loveliness which found their way to the inmost soul of Leila. In her own language, "This would seem the abode of idealism; I can scarce believe that what I see is real. It impresses my mind as a familiar scene which was once dear to my imagination, and lost in the spirituality of a vision, is now brought before me in its sublime magnificence a creation too powerfully bright for reality."

Crossing the stream of the Rhone, at the eastern extremity of the lake, they continued their voyage, and soon came up to the Chateau de Chillon. Around this castle an undying interest is thrown by the remarkable Bonnivard, it being the place of his imprisonment for several years. A visit to it is thus described by Leila:—"The Castle of Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve. Opposite it are the heights of Meillerie and the Alps. In situation and everything else it is striking and romantic. An irregular mass of towers and pointed roofs, it rises from out of the waves near the eastern extremity of the lake. The water which washes its walls, having been sounded, is found to be 800 feet deep, French measure. Immense mountains enclose and overhang it, and greatly contribute to impress the beholder with awe, while he recollects the scenes of which its walls have been the theatre. The access to it is by means of a drawbridge. Its white walls make it a very conspicuous object, and, being large, it may be seen along the lake for a great distance. Descending below the level of the lake, you come to a range of prisons: an involuntary shudder crept over me as I entered t'

dark, chilly abodes of cruelty. There is one which is pointed out as the principal place of confinement for the early reformers; how I felt my heart dilate with thankfulness to God that those days have passed away from the earth. In later years it was used as a place of confinement for prisoners of State. It is supported upon pillars, to which rings for the captives are attached: their names are engraved upon the stones. A narrow cell is adjacent to this dungeon; and still beyond this is another one, very dark and lofty, and supported upon arches. Across one of these arches is a black and mouldering beam, upon which the condemned prisoners were formerly executed. I felt a cold thrill of terror as I looked upon it. We were told also that a secret spring communicated with the lake, by means of which the whole of the dungeons could be filled with water, and so rapidly, that all possibility of the captives escaping would be certainly prevented. Bonnivard has left the traces of his footsteps in the pavement of the prison in which he was confined. I was very, very glad to quit these dungeons of cruelty and suffering; and I felt an indescribable sense of liberty when again I inhaled the free and salutary air of the Alps."

Leaving Chillon, they landed at Vevay. "Vevay," she says, "is a pretty town. Sweet and lovely in simplicity, it is the kind of abode which is often present in my imagination. The market-place is a spacious square, beautifully interspersed with trees. From thence you have a fine view of the blue lake, the mountains of the Valais and Savoy, and the picturesque valley of the Rhone." Going onward, they visited Ouchy, and thence proceeded to Lausanne, about a mile distant. Their purpose was to see the house and garden of Gibbon. We again quote from Leila's journal:—"After dinner we walked to Lausanne, and proceeded at once to our great object of interest, the residence of Gibbon. We were shown the avenue of old acacias on his favourite terrace, so often noticed in his memoirs, and where he took his final leave of the great work which had occupied so large a portion of his life. I gathered a few acacia leaves to preserve in remembrance of him."

From Ouchy, a pleasant sail brought the travellers back to Geneva, beautifully situate at the outlet of the Rhone from the lake. Thus closed what had proved to each a most delightful voyage.

CHAPTER III.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.—BERNESE OBERLAND.—SIMMENTHAL.—STAUBBACH.—WENGERN ALP.—THE SIMPLON.

THE pleasure which Leila had experienced during her Swiss tour, determined her father to prolong it by another to the Bernese Oberland, a region certainly not less interesting than any they had yet visited. Once more, therefore, they entered their boat, and retracing the lovely borders of the lake, they again visited Ouchy and Lausanne. Still cruising by the shore, they landed at Vevay. Leaving Vevay, they proceeded on to Clarens. Arriving there, they began a passage up the beautiful ascent of the range of mountains which separate the basin of the Leman Lake from the valleys of the Bernese Oberland.

After repeated slips down the precipitous declivities, and meeting with all the variety of occurrences incident to a mountain passage, our travellers surmounted the crest. Here they lingered awhile to gaze upon the magnificent prospect before them. The lofty Juras and the majestic Alps encircled the blue expanse of the lake. In an opposite and easterly direction, might be dimly seen the lakes of Morat and Neufchatel, and, still nearer, the canton of Friburg and its mountains.

Leaving these peaceful and ennobling scenes, our travellers, as Leila expresses herself, "with a mind full of the beauties of nature," slowly prepared to descend into the pastoral district of the valley of the Simmenthal. The Simmenthal is considered the longest and most beautiful of this range of the Alps. Leila's mind was filled with images of the peace and quietude of the pastoral life in these vales. The following is an extract from her description:—"All around me is poetic beyond any powers to describe, poetic even to the most simple features of the peasant's life. The rustic shepherd of the Alps, seated upon a rugged rock, his crook beside him, his pipe, his bottle of simple whey, and the wallet containing his

cheese and coarse bread, perhaps suspended by a girdle, the bleating of the mountain goats, the bells hung to the necks of the cows, the tinklings of which become fainter and more faint as they fearlessly climb the most precipitous rocks—all combine to fill me with inexpressible pleasure. Never before did I equal the enjoyment experienced in mixing with this unsophisticated pastoral life." So it would seem, for we find her conversing with the shepherds, playing with their goats, visiting their châlets, eating at their board, drinking their milk and whey, frolicking with their children, and nursing their infants.

Emerging from the lovely valley of the Simmenthal, the charming lake of Thun burst upon their view, forming with the surrounding prospect a scene of chaste and unrivalled beauty. On arriving at Thun they found a village fête was just commencing. There were booths gracefully hung with festoons of variegated lamps, buried amid bouquets, and interwoven with branches of trees. These booths exposed refreshments and other articles for sale. Our travellers were enraptured with the beautiful, simple, and sweetly wild melody of the native airs, sung by the peasant girls of Thun and the neighbouring villages. In the evening the streets were illuminated. There was a profusion of rustic music and dancing, and the streets were not quieted till long after midnight. It was conducted, however, with pastoral simplicity, and altogether devoid of any approach to profanity or debauchery.

At Thun they embarked upon the lake, and were not long ere they reached Interlachen. In their way into the remarkable valley of Lauterbrunnen they had to pass through the impressive gorge of the Lütschinnen, where they met with scenes of indescribably sublime and awful grandeur. In her journal Leila says, "I write while sitting upon a rock in the gorge of the Lütschinnen. I am overwhelmed in contemplation of the magnificent workings of Divine power which lie around me and above me. All is grand, full of majesty and omnipotence and glory. As I sit I obtain a glimpse of the distant Jungfrau: the bright silver of its glaciers, resting upon the soft azure of the sky, greatly heightens the sublimity of the scene. Large masses of fallen rocks lie on either hand, among which the mountain streams bound with a wild and impetuous majesty. Above me are terrible overhanging

precipices, and huge rocks suspended in mid air. Spanning the boiling torrents at intervals, and at a height which makes me giddy even to look at, are the frail and perilous planks which form the bridges of the Alps. One unused to see such paths would imagine that any attempt to cross them at such a dizzy elevation, and over the rushing and roaring cataracts, must involve certain and fearful destruction. But Alpine maidens trip across the awful abyss without manifesting any trepidation. We have just passed a rock called the Bruderstein. It is in the most savage part of the gorge, and bears an inscription, recording that there one brother committed murder upon another. I shall be glad to leave this dismal pass, where, in my apprehension, everything bears the marks of earthquakes and convulsions."

Leaving this "dismal pass," they entered the wildly magnificent valley of Lauterbrunnen. The change from the savage grandeur of the Lütschinnen, to the beauty and deliciousness of Lauterbrunnen, produces, from the powerful contrast, the most lively emotions of pleasure and delight. The mind is filled with a soul-felt love for nature, of a higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy of individual passion, so blended with the entire being, that our personality is destroyed, and, though knowing ourselves to be but part, we mingle in the glory and beauty of the whole.

Our travellers lingered awhile to contemplate the lovely Staubbach. "Staubbach," says Leila, "is like nothing which my richest imagination had depictured or conceived. Its effect is beautiful—indescribable: falling from an immense height (about 900 feet), like a volume of finely powdered snow, gradually widening in the most graceful curves as it descends. Upon it sits an iris of great beauty, so near that you may walk into it; I myself did so. Though so very high, its descent is soft and peaceful.

"I find these scenes of inestimable value in stirring me up to a deeper acquaintance with the Word of God, and also in enlarging my views and conceptions of His majesty, and greatness, and love, and power. To gaze upon the bright stars, as one by one they peep from behind the distant peaks, or are seen through the vistas of the rocky pass: to watch the fading glories of the setting
mark their brilliant hues as reflected in the c

bosom of the soft lake; how beautiful! how exalting! how impressive!

"I trust that this effect may not be lost upon me; but that, as where much is given, much is also required, I shall be found faithful to my opportunities and privileges. For this I pray earnestly. O God, go not far from me, but arise and deliver me for Thy name's sake. Thou knowest —Thou art my witness—how much I desire that my heart may be rightly guided, and *entirely subdued to Thy service.* 'As the heart panteth after the brooks of water,' even thus doth my soul pant for the enjoyment of my God.

"At such seasons as the present, when indisposition and langour affect my body, how practically I feel that no mere earthly good can make me happy. Nothing but the constant presence of Him who fills the earth and heaven, can content my soul. For this, my prayers shall be more earnest and persevering than ever; and though He seem to tarry, I will endeavour to wait patiently for His coming.

"What can I do? All the curses of God's broken law seem impending over me; my soul is earthly; the heavens reveal my iniquity! And God is 'a just God.' But, too, He is inexhaustible in mercy. He is a Being all love. O that I and my sins may be swallowed up in its pure unsearchable sea. O Thou Eternal! I appeal to Thee if I do not love Thee with my whole heart. Thou knowest that with all my soul I desire to serve Thee.

"I can scarcely write for weeping: often I spend the night watches restless, and watering my couch with my tears. I am in a strait of bitter darkness– darkness which may be felt. *I know not the way of salvation.* In the Talmud I have no faith—I can have no faith. The more I read the lovely Scripture, the more clearly do I perceive that that book is *altogether a fabrication of man.* I can believe nothing else; nay, more, I feel that for worlds I could not insult God by imputing it to Him, or supposing that He had anything to do with its being written. And the Mosaic law I cannot fulfil; it is impossible to me and all our nation. Lord, help me and save me! O that Thou wouldst take compassion on my woeful state, and teach me what to do.

"My condition so oppresses my spirits, that to elevate them I often write, and endeavour to make myself believe, that God will enable me to rejoice in His salvation,

although I cannot tell why, nor how, for if I can understand the Scripture, there are clearly conditions which must be fulfilled. I repent, heartily repent; my heart is indeed broken on account of sin——."

She has left this painful entry unfinished. Every reader will sympathize with such a state, and will be able to image it for himself. Comment upon it is needless; it could neither add to, nor diminish from, the impressions created by it.

They now began to make the passage from the valley of Lauterbrunnen to the valley of Grindelwald, over the Wengern Alp. This is one of the most magnificent and beautiful scenes in this land of magnificence and beauty. Their ascent commenced among pasturages, and goats, and shepherds, and châlets; while as they wound higher and higher up the slopes, the distant mountains gradually unfolded themselves to view, forming a scene of surpassing majesty and magnificence. At length, a scene of overpowering sublimity burst upon them—they were opposite the Jungfrau, and separated from it by a tremendous and impenetrable abyss. It was here that they had their grandest view of those striking phenomena of the Alpine regions—the mists rising from the valleys. This abyss had the appearance of an ocean of vapour, boiling and foaming with agitation, and heaving and dashing against the terrific precipices. The effect is solemn, but perfectly sublime. Looking across this cloudy sea, the Jungfrau elevates its snowy crest, surmounted by a superb cupola of bright clouds, and brilliantly ornamented with glaciers. Not less beautiful are the Wetterhorn and Eigher. And several thousands of feet below lay the valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald.

With the bracing and exhilarating air of the mountains, our pilgrims and their men appear to have had a return of the fresh, youthful spirit of gaiety, for, "While descending the Wengern Alp," says Leila, "we heartily amused ourselves in pelting each other with snow-balls. In the palmiest days of my girlhood I have really never surpassed the noisy mirth which I gave way to on this occasion."

Descending the Wengern Alp among precipices of ice, here and there rent into deep ravines, through which rushed the mountain torrents, they entered the v the Grindelwald. The romantic magnificence

valley, full of the most superb scenes of the Bernese Oberland, could not fail to intensely interest them. The immense glaciers, rent and rugged, and looking like a sea locked by immense breast-works of ice, which, while hoary with the storm, had been suddenly frozen amid the wildness of its tossing, the tremendous defiles and precipices, the overhanging rocks, the tottering crags, the impetuous dashing of the Alpine torrents, all these formed a striking contrast to the peaceful woodland, the green pastures, the rich forests of pines, interspersed with verdant plains, and smiling cottages, and crystal streams.

Passing the base of the steep Wetterhorn, they entered upon the richly verdant pastures of the Scheideck—motley with cows and sheep, and lovely paradisaic cottages, smiling with pastoral innocence and beauty. From thence they had an unequalled view of the great glacier of Rosenlaui. Pausing at the beautiful fall of the Reichenbach, they leisurely contemplated the loveliness of the scene; then proceeding onwards, they shortly after quitted the Oberland, and returned to Geneva by a route in which nothing calls for particular notice.

They were now to leave Switzerland for Italy. Their route was by the lovely lake of Geneva and the Valais, by way of Sion, Brieg, &c., to the famous pass of the Simplon. Of this magnificent effort of human ingenuity, Leila expresses herself in terms of mingled wonder and delight: "The passage of the Simplon is most extraordinary in its wonders—here, sweet and magnificent; there, solemn and majestic. Here we proceed through beautiful forests of pine and larch; there, through the most desolate and sterile solitude. Now, through scenes of loveliness and sublimity; anon, between frightful and terrific rocks, and through abysms calculated to strike awe into the most unimpassioned beholder. The termination of the valley of the Simplon is a frightful chasm between precipices, perhaps two thousand feet high, evidently a rent formed by some terrible convulsion. The Doveria, formed by the junction of the Krumbach and Querna, foams and roars through this abyss, and follows the course of the road, sometimes dashing its boiling torrent beneath the feet of the traveller; at others, with impetuous rage, it rushes headlong past him. So does the traveller proceed; for a very great distance through scenes awfully wild and deso-

late, and between rocks of frightful height, which, overhanging his head, threaten each instant to tumble, and involve him in destruction. I am struck with awe while I only think upon it. The gallery of Gondo is another remarkable feature in this extraordinary road: it is an excavation in the solid granite of nearly six hundred feet in length. Immediately upon issuing from this gallery we stood over the Frassinone. This cataract is seen falling from a very great altitude, and, continuing its course to the depth of perhaps a hundred feet below you, it precipitates itself into the Doveria. It is impossible to give any adequate description of the emotions which this scene excited in my mind. They were of the true sublime, with a mixture of awe and surprise, that created a conflict I can never cease to remember. It is, perhaps, the finest assemblage of objects to excite admiration which I have met with in the Alps.

"When near the gallery of Gondo, a terrible storm of rain, hail, and thunder broke overhead. We took the best shelter we could find—an inhospitable, dripping grotto. The lightning was awfully vivid, and as it rushed from peak to peak, and glided down the deep abyss, the effect was magnificent—sublime. The thunder, reverberated in powerful echoes from the mountains, was deafening. Rain fell in torrents, and large hailstones in abundance. It was a terrific tempest; but I was perfectly calm and composed throughout. I knew who held the storm, and I felt safe in the protecting hand of Omnipotence.

"Leaving Gondo, and the solitary and gloomy pass of the Julla, the character of the abyss changes, and, gradually widening, puts on an appearance less sterile and dreary. At length the defile opens; the aqueous, chilly mists and vapours are dispersed, and a scene of the greatest beauty is unfolded to the view. This is the lovely, the smiling valley of Fontana. We are now in *Italy*. Here, in a succession which bewilders the senses, rise orchards, vineyards, gardens, groves, tiny parks, and snowy white villages, nestling amid them. The balmy atmosphere is a perfume. The exhilarating effect of this change is indescribable. I was almost ashamed of my loud outbursts of pleasure; again and again did I inhale with increased delight the odoriferous air of the Italian plains.

"With the imperious Doveria still rushing and roaring by your side, you proceed a few miles further. Here, at the village of Crevola, another, and more extensive, and, perhaps, more delightful valley comes into view. This is the delightful Val d'Ossola. Our drive from the pretty village of Crevola to Duomo d'Ossola was a season of the deepest enjoyment: surely it is one of the loveliest spots which the traveller can visit."

CHAPTER IV.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.—MILAN.—VERONA.—VENICE.—FERRARA.—BOLOGNA.—THE APENNINES.—FLORENCE.—ROME.—THE COLISEUM.—NAPLES.

On arriving at the Lago Maggiore, the Borromean islands arrested the attention of our travellers. "They are fine," writes Leila, "but they do not agree with my notions of beauty. They are too artificial—too much of the architectural *ornêe* over them." Thence they passed onward through Cesto Calende to Milan. Again we extract from Leila's journal: "This city, the capital of northern Italy, is, in some sense, magnificent; not very so, I am apt to think; indeed, scarcely what I anticipated. Its beautiful cathedral of white marble, is certainly no less than grand, noble, and majestic. I felt an exquisite sense of admiration when I first saw it. It seems almost too ethereal to be an earthly creation—as something which could exist only in poetical imagination. It is the largest cathedral in Italy, St. Peter's at Rome excepted. The great object of interest in the interior is the subterranean chapel of San Carlo Borromeo. His remains are kept in a sarcophagus of crystal, superbly adorned with silver gilt, and other decorations.

"The gateway, which Napoleon erected at the entrance to the city, is also a striking and impressive structure.

"We were particularly fascinated with a fine Guercino in the Brera Collection, 'Abraham putting away Hagar and Ishmael.' While standing before it one cannot feel that it is only a picture—that we look merely upon gross and earthly colours. Hagar's countenance is full of soul; every point in every feature beams with deeply-wrought emotion; her intense distress, her mighty agony, the mixture of pathos and entreaty, of sternness and upbraiding, of pride and desolation. Oh! it is a face which once seen must ever be remembered. Miraculous power! wondrous art! to endow a piece of canvass with life, and thought, and all the noblest emotions of the soul! to invest an

inanimate board with a power, an impassioned eloquence, beyond what tongue could ever utter, signs convey, or language express!"

After visiting the Ambrosian Library, our tourists quitted Milan, and continuing their route, arrived at Lake Garda. Leila thus notices it: "It being a lovely day, we had a delightful drive on the borders of the lake, and along the promontory of Sermione, to visit the ruins of the Villa of Catullus. On reaching the villa, I was altogether interested and pleased, until our guide conducted us to a dirty room—or, more correctly, a cellar, choked with filthy rubbish—and then sagely assured us that we were looking upon the very place which Catullus occupied while writing his Odes to Lesbia. I was so poetically indignant that I did not ask him to adduce a single proof; but, I afterwards reflected, that whatever belief I might choose to indulge, there is no more proof that it is not, than that it is."

Proceeding by the ancient Via Emilia, they came to Verona, the birth-place of Catullus, Pliny the elder, and Paulo Veronese. Of its majestic amphitheatre Leila thus speaks: "With the grandeur of the amphitheatre I was much impressed: it is a surprising structure. It is composed of large blocks of marble, and is considered the most perfect remain of Roman architecture which now exists. It is to be regretted that the greater portion of the upper range of arches in the exterior wall is destroyed; thereby the effect is greatly diminished. Within, however, the preservation is surprising. To the interior there are two *principal* entrances. The arena is encircled by forty-five rows of seats. The form of the amphitheatre is oval: in length it is 464 feet; in width, 367 feet, French measure."

Going forward, we bring our travellers within sight of the city of Venice. The floating churches, domes, palaces, and spires of Venice, are now united to the mainland by a railway thrown across the lagoon. Those, however, who prefer the poetic association of the adventure-suggestive gondola, to the thunder and rattling of the unpoetic railway train, may still enjoy the luxury of a transport on the rippling waves. Numerous gondolas, and polite and characteristically attired gondoliers, are in constant readiness.

Leila has drawn a lively picture of their approach to Venice :—

"It was a lovely moonlight evening as we approached the Adriatic ; and *such* a moonlight—so soft, and yet so bright and clear, as I never saw before — a thorough Italian sky and landscape. The sparkling eyes of night twinkled like precious brilliants in the liquid azure. An exquisitely-tinted, bluish-roseate mist, hovered over the plains which stretched before and on each side of us ; the effect was rendered intensely beautiful—became indeed a feeling—as the silvery light of the moon pierced through it. We rolled on. At length I became sensible to the salt breeze of the Adriatic ; we were on its shore, and with an overpowering thrill of rapture, I stepped into a gondola. Plash ! plash ! as the oar of the gondolier struck the flashing waves,* and made them dance in brilliant coruscations. Our gondola swept on, the yielding waters dashing against the prow with a heavy sluggish gurgle. Each anxiously strained his eyes to be the first to descry Venice. There is the glorious city ! as a dim light was seen in the distance, and a voice of softened melody came undulating across the waters. Our gondoliers assured us that the singing proceeded from another gondola, and (I shall never forget the effect) immediately commenced the same wild air, each alternately singing a verse. O, that moment ! Tears suffused my eyes ; the air still trembled with melodious intonations—it found its way to my inmost soul. We glided on. A light spiritual haze rested on the waters before us. It vanished as we approached, and, like a vision of enchantment, Venice was seen approaching upon the dark waves. All was novel ; and I felt an indescribable sense of mystery and melancholy, mournfulness and pleasure, as we glided into the Grand Canal, and were in the now sleeping Venice."

The poetic aspect and situation of Venice invariably awaken a train of similar emotions in the bosom of every traveller at all gifted to appreciate them. Three days afterwards we find Leila writing :—"This Venice is the city of my dreams ! and yet I never dreamed it was what

* By night in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar is followed by a light ethereal flash from the water. It somewhat resembles sheet lightning. This effect is also often observed in cold latitude ; perhaps, oftener than I am aware.

it is. My first excitement is not yet over; my heart has not yet ceased its increased rapidity of palpitation. My mind is full of memory and admiration; my soul full of intense pleasure and satisfaction; yet so exquisitely tinged with sadness and depression, that again and again I could weep with renewed gratification. My enjoyment is so great, so intense, that I really cannot command myself to appreciate it."

Before the reader condemns these expressions as a fulsome affectation of sentiment—as an enthusiasm after effect, let him ask of any one who has ever seen Venice. They are genuine: and are such feelings as must be active in any mind possessing the fineness of sensibility requisite to appreciate that air of mystery, romance, and glory, which hovers over this strange, yet familiar city. In Venice, and everything about her, there is a peculiar charm—wonderful, indescribable; a charm exciting the imagination, peopling it with dreamy fancy; and at the same time touching the heart with a softened melancholy, such as can never be imagined by those who have never felt it. Her situation, her appearance, her population, her buildings gradually mouldering, and mixing with the impure slime of the innumerable watery highways by which she is intersected, all seem to constitute her the proper abode of the fanciful.

Having seen all that was interesting in Venice, they proceeded towards Rome. At Ferrara they visited the prison of Tasso, and the house of Ariosto. Leila thus adverts to them: "The prison in the hospital of St. Anna, in which Tasso was confined seven years, is a small, gloomy, intensely miserable cell. The windows are grated; altogether its aspect is bereft of any saving relief: it *is* a dungeon.

"In the Ferrarese Library are preserved some of its letters, and the original manuscript of his '*Gierusalemme Liberata.*'

"The house of Ariosto the poet, is an object of great interest also; although certainly less attractive than the memorials of the unfortunate Tasso. He was born at Reggio, in the duchy of Modena. As well as his house, the Ferrarese profess to show (and I have no reason to doubt their correctness) his autographs, the arm-chair he was wont to use, and his inkstand."

Passing onward through Bologna, they began to climb

the purple Apennines, in the direction of Florence. The ascent of these romantic hills winds among deep defiles, and gloomy chasms, and profound acclivities; sometimes, perhaps, overtopped by a ruined tower. At intervals, a snowy white convent is seen peeping from amid the thick groves of pine and cypress. The scenery here is altogether of a different character to that of the Alpine regions; less grand and majestic, but more romantic. As the road approaches the half-way house between Bologna and Florence, it puts on an aspect increasingly wild and dreary, until at length, in the gloomiest part, we arrive at the sinister, mistrustful-looking, inn of Covigliajo. This inn was, for a succession of years, the scene of numerous murders. They were perpetrated by the mistress, assisted by a servant, and the curé of a village which lay near. The victims were travellers, whose riches were sufficient to tempt the cupidity of the murderers. Their clothes, carriages, baggage, and everything which might lead to detection, were either burned or buried.

From these heights, the view of and descent to Florence, "Firenze la bella," is one of surpassing beauty. At the feet lie Fiesole and the whole of the Val d'Arno, stretched out in placid, sun-lit loveliness. This beautiful vale is enclosed within a fine range of mountains, of the richest blue and purple colouring, and variety of picturesque forms. The whole of its expanse is clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation, and in the very midst of it reposes the delicately fair Florence, lovely as an eastern beauty. When Milton was afflicted with that great loss, the severity of which caused his pathetic and touching lament—

> "Thus with the year
> Seasons return, but not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn"—

he recorded, that were permission given to him to choose the scene upon which he would once more open his eyes, he would desire that it should be to look down upon Fiesole and the Val d'Arno. "When from the heights above Fiesole," says that elegant writer, Mrs. Jameson, "we beheld the city of Florence, and above it the young moon and the evening star suspended side by side, and floating over the whole of the Val d'Arno and the lovely hills which enclose it a mist, or rather a suffusion

the richest rose colour, which gradually as the day declined faded, or rather deepened into purple, then I first understood all the enchantments of an Italian landscape."

Leaving Florence after a very short stay, in which, however, our tourists found time to visit the Medicean or Florentine Gallery of Paintings and Sculptures, and a few objects of interest beside, they pressed onward toward Rome. They took their route by way of Perugia, in order to visit the superb falls of Terni. Here neither space, nor the object of this work, will permit us to detail the features of the beautiful country, and the various interesting objects which they passed. Our materials would be superabundant, we, therefore, bring them to Perugia. Near to this city is its sweet lake—the Lacus Trasimenus of the Romans, one of the fairest spots on earth. But here history is over-officious. While looking upon its crystal waters one cannot avoid a shudder at the thought of their once being reddened by the choicest blood of Rome.

"We have visited the lake," writes Leila. "On its shores is the venerable ruin which commemorates the name of the victorious Hannibal, being called 'Forteressa di Annibale.' Here are the passes in which Hannibal so skilfully disposed his troops, and by means of which he induced the Roman consul Flaminius to make an attack upon his main body. A number of his light horse, whom he had artfully concealed, then fell upon the Roman rear and cut off all possibility of a retreat. By these manœuvres the Romans were completely enclosed between the lake and the mountains; their rear was blocked up by the light horse; the remainder of the Carthaginian army hemmed them in. For three hours the Romans maintained the battle with the most desperate courage; the presence and example of their general Flaminius inspired them to commit the most daring acts of valour, and great execution was done among the ranks of Hannibal's army. In the midst of the battle, a terrible earthquake occurred. It overthrew many cities in Italy, changed the course of rivers, tore down and rent mountains, and threw the sea upon the land; but, according to Livy, the combatants were so hard and intent upon the battle that not one of them felt the shock. With the fall of Flaminius, however, the courage of the Roman army sank; they ultimately gave way, and were cut in pieces by the flushed

horse and foot of the Carthaginian army. No mercy was asked, and none was shown. I saw a small stream which is still called the 'Sanguinetto,' from its having been red with the blood of the vanquished Romans.

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"But my favourite spot here is the banks of the pretty little river Clitumnus. I spent hours of every day reposing upon the verdant slopes, which look upon its crystal current. It is a spot which infuses itself into the soul as peace, and love, and joy, and beauty, all combined."

The cataract of the Velino is thus noticed by her: "The falls of the Velino are as grand an object as any I have yet seen. My imagination is bewildered while I think upon it. A vast volume of water, fifty or sixty feet broad, tumbling headlong a depth of three hundred feet into an impenetrable gulf of boiling vapour, and then, again leaping over the black crags, it forms several smaller cataracts, but each from fifty to a hundred feet in height, for the whole altitude of the cataract is seven hundred feet; altogether it forms a scene which words can never express. To gaze upon it is overpowering to the senses; there it flows and flows, an eternity of waters, ever rushing, ever changing, yet ever the same. It does not descend equally, but falls over the top in rugged ridges, or rather (and which will express the meaning better) in thick careless folds. A deep thunder reverberates up the abyss, yet it is never the same, but is ever modulating, ever changing. Now, by the varied motion, it has a sound which I know not how to better express than by comparing it to a deep, sonorous howl, mingled with the boom of artillery; anon, it rolls a real and crashing peal of deafening thunder; yet there is an indescribable difference which is wonderful to the ear.

"The scenery around is chaste, sublime, beautiful. In the distance sunny mountains repose upon the bright blue of the lovely Italian sky, their sides clothed with verdant vegetation, and forests of pines waving in the clear and ambient air. Near are groves of golden orange, and olives, and arbutus with its crimson fruit, and the tall ilex.

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"Passing Narni, and its picturesque but ruined bridge, and the beautiful Civita Castellana, we entered the dreary

solitude of the Campagna di Roma. The aspect of this desolate waste, combined with a recollection of the scenes of grandeur and tumult to which it had been witness, filled me with a deep melancholy. To feel that you are treading upon the ashes of a nation whose sway once governed the world; of an empire which once existed in the greatest earthly splendour, the cultivation of whose intellect had attained a high degree of perfection, and then to look around and witness this majesty hurled to the dust, and silence and desolation seated upon its ruins—how very impressive! The air, which I am this moment breathing, once resounded with the loud notes of the martial trumpet; mighty legions and triumphant cars have coursed upon this very ground; the victor and the vanquished have trod its surface; the regal diadem has on this spot been led captive at the conqueror's victorious chariot; the mightiest princes of the earth have here licked the dust and rendered the most submissive homage to their proud mistress. I ask to see the monuments of this grandeur, and am pointed to some stunted shrubs, a few mutilated columns and broken statues, which here and there lie half-buried in the soil, the dissevered and ruined arches of an aqueduct, or, at intervals, some melancholy tower.

"How clear to any mind, even if it be but little accustomed to reflect, is the superintendence of Providence over the creation. Dreadful are the effects of the unrestrained passions of men. Nations which have filled the measure of their iniquities are hurled from their pinnacle of power, their country given to ruin and desolation, but all work together for good in the wisdom of Him who governs the universe and sees from beginning to end."

They had now reached Rome—the "Eternal city." "We ascended the Capitoline Mount," we extract from Leila's journal, "before us were a few columns of the Comitium and the field of the Forum—a waste. Still looking in the same direction is the arch which commemorates Titus' triumph over Jerusalem, the arch of Constantine, and the huge pile of the Coliseum. Towards the left is the Basilica of Constantine in ruins. At our feet a part of the Via Sacra, the ruins of the temples of Fortune and Jupiter Tonans, and the arch of Septimus Severus.

Extending our view beyond the walls we perceive the broken aqueducts by which the ancient Romans were supplied with water, and a few scattered tombs marking the direction of the Appian way.

"Afterwards we visited that mighty pile of masonry, the Coliseum. It stands a monument of a debased and degenerate people, of that depraved taste which rapidly paved the way for the final downfall of the Roman empire. I shuddered, as standing within its vast area I traced in my imagination the deeds of slaughter, the human butcheries, which had been enacted upon the spot whereon I trod. Once this arena was wont to be deluged with the blood of unoffending men, men compelled to murder each other that they might yield a barbarous gratification to depraved emperors, senators, people, even women—yes, even *women*, could enjoy the fiendish occupations of the arena, ay, worse, could at length appear upon the accursed stage; and it was always a virgin who gave the signal for slaughter.

"It is now a stupendous ruin. The ascent to the great corridor is up decayed stairs, and by broken and ruined walls overgrown with long grass and wild flowers, among which the birds build their nests and rear their young. Looking through the fragments, glimpses are obtained of the immense area beneath, with its mouldering seats and passages rising one above another. Its immense magnitude, its slowly mouldering ruins, its awful solitude, its complete desolation, fill the heart with a conflict of emotions, but the most prominent is a sad, yet soft, melancholy—peculiar—indescribable.

"Leaving the Coliseum, we visited the beautiful St. Peter's. It is massive, majestic, magnificent. We ascended to the roof, a height of 400 feet, by a broad and commodious staircase. I was awed by the solemn grandeur of the interior. The decorations are superb and gorgeous, yet harmonious and chaste. But in truth, from my having but just left the Coliseum, I had not force of mind left sufficient to appreciate the majesty of St. Peter's. My heart was full of admiration, my eye of forms and proportions."

After visiting the palace of the Vatican, with the statues in which Leila could not fail of being interested, the Castle of St. Angelo, Tivoli, and the pretty lake of

Nemi, our travellers gave Rome a parting glance, and went onwards to Naples. The situation of this city is enchanting: rising like an amphitheatre, it forms with its verdant shores and magnificent bay a scene of almost unrivalled beauty. Leila speaks of it in terms of enthusiastic delight. It was here they bade adieu to Italy, and turned to the equally classic land of Greece, embarking in an English vessel bound to Athens.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED.—ATHENS.—MISTRA.—THE MOREA.—SPARTA.—THE ÆGEAN SEA.—CONSTANTINOPLE.

LANDING at the harbour of the Piræus, Leila and her father lingered to contemplate the lovely islands anchored off in the blue Ægean, the gulf and rock of Salamis, the ancient Sunium, the chain of marble mountains which enclose the plain of Attica, the temples of Phidias on the top of the Acropolis, the olive groves of the Academus, immortalized by Plato and his disciples; and then slowly drove into the city of Athens.

"Visited the Acropolis" (we quote from Leila), "the beautiful, venerable, and hoary Acropolis, with its magnificent ruins. Thence I turned to the Parthenon, and with my eye fixed upon its mouldering but majestic desolation, I reclined in the delicious shadow of the temple of Erichtheus. There I sat for hours, looking upon its fallen columns, which in immense blocks were scattered upon the pavement by the side of its broken capitals.

"On a piece of ruin before me sat a Grecian girl whose picturesque costume, in my imagination, added much to the poetry of the scene. On the crown of her head she wore the close, red cap of Albania. Her temples were bound by a rich muslin turban, elegantly tied by a costly band set with pearls, and from thence it depended almost to the shoulder, the end being finished by a tassel. Her dark hair, enwreathed with pearls, fell in thick ringlets upon her neck. A loose robe, open in front, was negligently thrown across her shoulders, leaving her wrists (on which she wore bracelets) and part of her arms bare. Beneath this was a gown of striped silk, and white stockings and yellow shoes completed her elegant attire. Her look was pensive, with somewhat of melancholy, but very intellectual, clearly indicating a mind superior to that of Greek women in general; and—I can scarcely tell why—but I felt for her such an affectionate interest, such a

desire for intimate communion of soul, as quite oppressed me when I reflected it could not be.

"From contemplating the Parthenon, I turned to the Propylea, and the temple of Erichtheus, and of the Caryatides: all these are close to the Parthenon. But majestic as they are—magnificent as they are, the mind is incapable of receiving their adequate impression through comparison with the great Majesty itself. In the contemplation of that, the soul has expanded all its strength—it is full of the true emotions of sublimity, and has no chord left to be excited by the others. As I gazed upon these great and almost superhuman efforts of genius, I was transported in admiration and praise of that great and lovely Being, who is the source of all mind, whom to know is the highest wisdom, whom to serve is happiness, whom to love is *heaven*. O, that all this may be the experience of my soul! I do not despair. The hand of the Lord is not shortened that it cannot save. He will lead my ignorant, guilty, soul to drink of the fountains of repose. He will teach me. O, I am sometimes quite animated with hope! My trust is in God, I shall yet praise Him: soon He shall arise upon my soul, and His glory, yes, *His* glory shall scatter this night, which prevents my knowing or doing anything aright, and I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. In a spiritual sense, I do record it, that at the present moment, I am more happy than usual. I can confidently rely upon the Divine direction in those momentous considerations which now engross my mind. * * * * * *

"In the midst of the ruins of what was once Athens, rises a precipitous mountain. It is surrounded by enormous walls. At their base, they are constructed of fragments of white marble; higher up, with ruins of columns and broken friezes. Its summit, which is levelled to receive the foundation of temples of the gods, contains an area of, perhaps, upwards of a hundred thousand square feet. From its top is obtained one of the most beautiful views of all the space which was ancient Athens, and the country which surrounded it—divested, indeed, of most of its gorgeous splendour, its thousand temples fallen to decay, the great wall of the Piræus broken and mouldering into dust, the magnificent Parthenon mutilated and destroyed by Venetian cannon, the slopes of yon beautiful

amphitheatre of mountains, once clothed in forests, in pastures, in groves of vines, and citrons, and oranges, and olives, in towns and villages—all, all desolate and depopulated; but notwithstanding this, one glance over to that lovely horizon, the recollection of which since I saw it has haunted me both awake and asleep—one glance on the glorious colouring of the scene, will fill the soul with emotions most deep, and noble, and sublime.

"With a heart beating quick from association and memory, you take a first hasty look—are overpowered by the comparison of ancient and modern Athens—of the city and surrounding country when Plato stood, and taught, and admired on that very spot where you now stand, and its present ruin and decay. You imagine for a moment that you see the port of Phalerus, the harbour of the Pirœus, the sea of Athens, and the gulf of Corinth, as in ancient times, covered with forests of masts, and snowy sails, and proud flags, trembling in the classic air; that you hear the murmurs of the busy tribe within the mighty capital, and the sound of the sonorous hammer as it detaches the huge blocks of marble from the quarries of Pentelicus; that you see the people pressing in a waving mass towards the very place where you are now seated, to burn incense and offer sacrifice to their imaginary deities; that you hear the declaim of the mighty orator, and the plaudits of the delighted audience. You *feel* what you have imagined; and then look again, and behold the present solitude and ruin—you turn away weeping. Let your tears flow! the ground is consecrated to remembrance!

"This relieves you, and while you feel the *past* you are enabled to contemplate the *present* beauty of the scene. You see the hills which formed the ancient Athenian soil, the course of the now exhausted Ilissus, the scanty Cephisus,* the valleys of Pentelicus, the plain of the Pirœus, the range of valleys and towering mountain crests which conceal Marathon, and stretch away to the Acropolis of Corinth, and the lovely Ægean, with its romantic islands, Salamis and Ægina, on the top of which is the Temple of Jupiter Penhellenius. The whole presents such an assemblage of beautiful objects of the wonders of nature and art, such sublimity of colouring, such perfection of beau-

* Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty; the Ilissus has no stream at all.

tiful and inimitable perspective, as neither the imagination can conceive nor the memory recollect anything like it.

"How poor and laborious is the effect when that which should strike as a whole upon the sense is detailed in parts! We may tell of the rippling ocean streaked with shadows of the richest purple, its hoary crested waves tipped with the effulgent lights of the sunbeam; of islands floating upon its surface, some in the distance dimly seen through golden mists, and looking as though they belonged to an ethereal creation; others bright and clear, their naked rocks and precipices varied by verdant mosses and brilliant tints—orange, red, gray; we may add to this a description of glowing summits, themselves more intensely azured than the sky against which they repose; of marble columns and ruined temples, beaming with radiance effulgent as the sun, yet exquisitely relieved by deeper shadows and most lovely colours; we may tell all this, and more than this, and yet, after all, how ineffectual are the ideas conveyed by such a picture."

Engaging a body guard of hardy Mainiotes, they left Athens, and entered the Morea by the Isthmus of Corinth. With an intention to visit Lacedæmon, they proceeded in the direction of Mount Taygetus, and in a short time arrived at Mistra, a beautiful little town, situate at the commencement of its acclivity.

"Our drive into Mistra," writes Leila, "was delightful. The shadows of evening were fast descending when we entered its quiet streets. Its situation at the foot of Mount Taygetus is picturesque and pretty: the groves of olives, &c., are as rich and as classic as any I have yet seen in Greece. Indeed, from my observation of the Morea, I am prepared to say that it does not yield in climate, fertility, and classical interest to any part of Greece, nor indeed of Europe, so far as I am acquainted.

"The same evening we obtained a place in which to reside during our stay. It is situated in the prettiest part of the suburbs of Mistra, overlooking the groves and pastures towards Amyclæ and the Eurotas.

"The night I passed very restlessly, between wakefulness and fevered dreams of Sparta, and Leonidas, and Lacedæmonians. In the morning I rose early, and took a walk among some beautiful trees which grew near our . After breakfast, accompanied by our cicerone,

we ascended the castle of Mistra, whence we were to see the spot which once was Sparta. On reaching the summit, I exclaimed to the cicerone, in breathless haste, 'Now, first show me the city of Lycurgus!' 'Signora, what did you say?' 'I wish to see Sparta—Lacedæmon. This Mistra is not the site of the ancient Sparta?' 'I think I do not feel your meaning.' 'Show me the Eurotas!' He pointed to the right, with a grave and stately bow. 'Now Sparta, the great republic. Palæochori! Palæochori! Surely you know what I mean?' 'Oh, yes; Oh, yes, Signora!' cried the Greek, with profound gesticulations. 'I know what your ladyship means—Palæochori, great Lycurgus; it is there, at Magoula,' pointing to the valley. I looked in the direction indicated, and saw a small white cottage and a few trees. 'And this is all,' I said, while my eyes suffused with tears, 'this is all that marks the site of that celebrated city where are the graves of Agis and of Leonidas!'"

Leaving Mistra they took the route to Nauplia di Romania. Nauplia di Romania is a fortified seaport near the head of the Gulf of Nauplia, the Argolic Gulf of the ancients, on the east of the Morea. At Nauplia they embarked for the Turkish capital.

Their course lay among the beautiful islands of the Ægean, "amid scenes," writes Leila, "enrapturing in beauty and classical interest." Delos, Syra, Myconi, Scio, Lesbos, Lemnos, were each in turn intensely attractive objects. At length they entered the Dardanelles, the ancient Hellespont, and passing Sestos and Abydos, they soon arrived at Constantinople.

Here Leila found scenes full of intense interest. "Every day," she says, "I ascend the belvedere upon the top of our house, and give myself to dreamy and delicious contemplations. The beautiful objects around me fill my soul with the most charming images, and the most sublime emotions; yet, as often as I go, I experience increased delight."

The walls of Constantinople are now in ruins. "I know," writes Leila, "no walk in the whole city of Stamboul which I prefer to that by its decayed walls. That triple line of immense battlements is now in ruins, and covered with ivy. It is four miles in length, and surmounted with two hundred and eighteen towers. From the historical scenes connected with it, and which have

been so beautifully described by Gibbon, every step along it is full of the deepest interest. On the other side of the road are those lovely spots, the Turkish burying-grounds, full of lofty and luxuriant cypresses, and interspersed with the choicest flowers of the East. In them I spend many hours. I love to visit every repository of the dead wherever I go. Meditations upon death and eternity are with me favourite ones; and no means should be neglected which have the effect of making the mind familiar with that solemn event which must soon arrive, and through which we must pass to heaven. Oh, that when it comes, it may find me prepared to meet it! Oh, that, at that season, I may have that Divine support, and that blessed hope of heaven, which shall encircle my brow with composure, and my spirit with calmness and delight! Then—yes, *then*—I will meet him with a smile, I will welcome him as my dearest friend. His gloomy valley passed, I shall be for ever with my Lord—ever in the presence of Him whom my soul loveth. Lord, prepare me, I beseech Thee! O, lift up the light of Thy reconciled countenance upon me, for the sake of Him whom Thou hast promised shall be our Saviour from the retribution which our sins have deserved! I tremble with emotions of fear, uncertainty,—*uncertainty?*—Oh, I do not know myself! I do not know my conviction! I do not know what to do! I sometimes scarcely dare to think lest I am——. Lord, do teach me; do make me happy! O, give me Thyself; convince me, show me the truth; yet hast Thou not answered my prayers for guidance? surely, Thou hast made my way plain. Lord, Thou knowest me altogether; I cannot disguise my heart from Thee. I fear no trial, no loss of friends, no difficulties, so that I am not offending Thee, but am living according to Thy written word, and believing everything which Thou——I may not write. Lord, make me to know Thee; and, if it be necessary, I will forsake all to follow Thee, and to serve Thee. O, I love Thy delightful service!"

To the present part of her diary, Leila carefully abstains from making any reference to the cause of all this commotion. With the fact that she had commenced to read the New Testament we are already acquainted. But to explain her turmoil and agitation of mind, and the reason of her remark, "I may not write," we must refer to her

writings of a later date. And in these she tells us, that until she had obtained a clear conviction, she carefully abstained from making any remarks which palpably referred to a belief in Jesus as the Messiah: she knew that if they were found, they would subject her to the severest trials.

Who does not feel emotions of deep sympathy while reading such a portraiture? How faithfully does it depict the tossing and uncertainty of her mind? "When I begin to write," she says, elsewhere, "I am in such a whirl of doubt, fear, and conviction, that I can scarcely trust myself. But, it would not be thus with me, if I had any one to whom I could lay open my soul. Oh, no! I shall be glad to return to England; here, I cannot have any books to help me; no, nor yet sympathy, except from my Lord: and I do praise Him for those seasons of inexpressible comfort which I receive from His love. I am determined that I will simply follow where He leads, no matter how great my earthly difficulties."

And now we turn to our narrative.

A strong desire to see the interior of the mosque of St. Sophia had nearly plunged Leila into serious results. We give the incident in her own words:—"I was walking, in company with our Turkish guide, one beautiful evening, when, as yet, we had been but a few days in Constantinople. We were near the principal entrance to the mosque of St. Sophia, when the clear music of the Muezzin's voice was heard from the highest gallery of the minaret. The last notes of the sonorous and beautiful 'Allah Hu'* had died away in melodious intonations, as we turned to go onward. A firman, which would permit us to visit the mosque, we were unable to procure. I had an unquenchable desire to see the interior, and now that the Mussulmans were bending over their Comboloios,† and praying

* The Turks have no bells. "Allah Hu," are the words which conclude the Muezzin's call to prayer. He dwells on the last syllable, which gives it a most striking and extraordinary effect, especially if the evening be still, and he have a fine clear voice; then it is solemn and beautiful beyond any other means of invocation. "Allah Hu" is also the proper war-cry of the Mussulmans, and the peculiarity of their tone gives it an air of singular wildness.

† "Comboloio, a Mahometan rosary. The beads are ninety-nine in number.

with their faces turned towards Mecca, it invested my desire with an additional charm. In a few moments it became irresistible; I determined to step up to the Turk who guarded the door, and obtain a peep within, forgetting, in my enthusiasm, that my temerity might be attended with unpleasant results. 'Alfi,' said I, as we stood before the entrance (Alfi was a Mussulman, a descendant of the Prophet, and wore the privileged green garb,*) 'Alfi, come with me a moment, let us view the interior of the great temple.' 'Signora!' cried Alfi, violently catching my light muslin dress, for I had begun to act while speaking; 'Lady Signora, you know not what you say; you will be cut in pieces, though they had broken bread and salt with you.† Bismillah! ge!'‡ 'Amaun, amaun,§ Alfi; I forgot that I was in danger: thank you.'"

After a season of the "richest delight" at Constantinople, they embarked for Smyrna. As they sailed down the Dardanelles, Leila cast a longing, lingering look towards the city, with its magnificent domes and minarets, and then turned away to enjoy fresh and not less lovely scenes. Their course lay among some of the most beautiful islands which stud the blue Ægean. Their wild and sunny grandeur, their sublime rocks, their deep inlets, were favourite contemplations for Leila.

* Green is the significant colour of the Prophet's descendants, and if we are to believe all who assume it, he has left a very numerous family. Faith is reckoned as their direct and unchangeable family inheritance; and as it supersedes the necessity of good works, their characters are in general very indifferent; indeed, they are the worst of the followers of their father Mahomet.

† For a Mussulman to partake food with you, to break bread and salt with you, insures your safety as his guest. Even though you were his enemy, from that moment your person is sacred. And so far is this characteristic carried amongst most of the Mahometan tribes, that if a captured *karamy* or robber have a piece of bread given to him by a child (the child of the person who took him prisoner only excepted), he may demand the privilege attached to having partaken food with his captor, and must be directly set at liberty. From that time he is the friend of all that tribe, and of all others in amity with it.

‡ "Bismillah," in the name of God. This is the commencement of all the chapters in the Koran, with the exception of one; likewise of thanksgiving and prayer.—"Ge," come.

§ "Amaun," pardon, mercy, quarter.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JOURNEY CONTINUED. — ANTIOCH. — JERUSALEM. — ACCOUNT OF THE HOLY LAND.—THE RETURN HOME.— ALEXANDRIA.—MALTA.—A TEMPEST.

After a stay at Smyrna, which did not exceed many hours, they proceeded in the same ship to Cyprus, and thence they went on to Antioch.

"The present city of Antioch," says Leila, "although superior in size to any other of the towns upon the coast, is not beautiful, scarcely handsome, for it is not well built. There is not one of the public buildings which strikes the observer as being worthy of particular notice, but the view of the town and valley from an eminence is picturesque, even pretty. The streets are very narrow and not particularly clean. On each side of them is a raised pavement for foot passengers, and in the middle a deep defile for the horses, but it is seldom that this is sufficiently wide to admit of two horses passing each other. The river Orontes winds through the valley, at about three miles an hour. It is here about a hundred and thirty feet wide, and crossed by an old but really romantic and picturesque bridge of four arches. The bazaars are very numerous, and in them may be purchased all the usual articles of demand. Here are several fountains, all rather ordinary ones. One is called the Ain-el-Omra, or fountain of life. The water which it supplies is very beautiful, and being supposed to possess medicinal virtues, is a great resort of the afflicted. Between the stones are great quantities of nails driven in by these persons, either as a propitiatory or a thank-offering to the imaginary genius of the spring. The Jews here are quite unmolested in the exercise of their peculiar observances. There are twenty-one families of them, and they meet in a small room in the rabbi's house. The mosques are fourteen in number. Six of these, in the purely Turkish style of architecture, have tall white minarets,

close galleries, and blue pointed tops, surmounted by the crescent. The men wear cloth kaooks, long robes, red trousers, and yellow boots. The women wear white muslin, and veil their faces with black gauze. Indeed, both men and women are Turkish in their dress, taste, and language."

They were now approaching the ancient land of Canaan. And let us by no language of our own trespass upon Leila's most touching account of the sacred and holy feelings and associations awakened in her bosom, as she first saw it stretched before her in all its goodly beauty :—

"How languid is this land which once throbbed with animation and warm delight! How silent those groves and valleys which were wont to echo the notes of softened and joyous music! How desolate and solitary those plains which were the garden of the Lord!—a land of fountains, springs, and murmuring streams, of wheat and barley, and grapes, and olives, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, of oil, and milk, and honey. These hills and dales, which even still repose in placid and sunny beauty, are the Jewish father-land; those smiling plains their home—alas! how could I say their *home?* Poor

> 'Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast,
> How shall ye flee away and be at rest?
> The wild dove has her nest, the fox his cave,
> Mankind their country, *Israel but the grave.*'

"They are homeless wanderers—exiles. Jerusalem, although so dear, is not now theirs. They are permitted to remain on this their ancient soil only by tolerance. Not an inch can be claimed as their own. A Turk may scare them from the tomb of their father Abraham. A look upon the hallowed spot which contains the ashes of their fathers must be obtained by stealth. Their land has been

> 'Trodden down
> By all in turn, Pagan, and Frank, and Tartar—
> So runs the dread anathema—trodden down
> Beneath the oppressor; darkness shrouding thee
> From every blessed influence of heaven:
> Thus hast thou lain for ages iron bound
> As with a curse.'

—'Iron-bound as with a curse.' May that be true? Oh! if I will believe the truth I fear it is. How else am I to

explain the position of our people through the past eighteen centuries? What adequate cause can be assigned for our long protracted and unexampled chastisement? Our fathers, who were guilty of idolatry, the greatest crime they could possibly commit against God as their King and Lawgiver, were only punished with a captivity in Babylon of seventy years' continuance, but though we have ever since entertained the utmost abhorrence of idols, and have not as a people been chargeable with greater vices than other nations, yet that captivity, in which we are at present, has lasted more than twenty-five times seventy. What can be the crime which our ancestors committed, and of which to the present we have not repented, that the hand of the Lord has lain, and still lies, so heavily upon us? Whatever it is, it must be some act or deed of a most atrocious character, which they perpetrated before our dispersion: an act or deed in the approval of which we have unchangingly persisted, and the guilt of which we have obstinately refused to acknowledge.

"I have read our national records, and I find but one act to which all our nation have in every age given their unanimous, and persevering, and really obstinate adhesion. It is the crucifixion of Jesus, the Son of God. That He was the Messiah I no longer doubt. The New Testament agrees with the Old. In the 26th chapter of St. Matthew I find the fulfilment of the 53rd of Isaiah. O, what glories it has unfolded to my view! I thank my God and Father for the palpable influence and assistance of His Holy Spirit, while engaged in its delightful reading. I am not now afraid to write; I am no longer intimidated. I never feared the curse of the Rabbis; and, therefore, I have endeavoured to calculate the time of the prophecies which relate to the coming of the Messiah. These are, I think, in almost every case expired; in all perhaps. But O, my nation, with what heart-rending agony of soul must I view this act! The innocent Jesus—terrible thought!—that He who is the Saviour of His people, should have been by our nation crucified, and afterwards sneered at as the *Talui*.* That the Divine Redeemer of the world, the promised Messiah, should be blasphemed in the miserable, insane Toledoth Jeshu. Weep, weep! ye Jews, for

* The "Crucified One."

your iniquities; let your wails rise to heaven, long, loud, and deep. O, what will ye feel—who shall describe your poignant grief when the Spirit of God convinces you of this guilt—the חֵטְא רַב.* The very land in which it was committed weeps, looks mournful, and is desolate.

"My heart is very full. I have read the lovely Gospel, but I am a poor, ignorant, benighted creature, and cannot understand it as I wish. O, that I were in England! that I might obtain more knowledge from the servants of Christ. I am now tossed in a whirlwind of thought, all-engrossing, yet so agitated and indefinite that I can select no language to portray it. It is an *agony* of soul. I wish to be a Christian. O Lord! calm my troubled spirit. Do of Thy lovingkindness guide me to Thy simple truth. Let me rest and be at peace beneath the canopy of Thy love. Teach me *Thy* law of liberty, as Thou in Thy Word hast described; and having taught me Thy will, assist me to follow Thee, to give up my own, whatever shall happen to my body. Amen.

"Now, my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my hope is in Thee, my prayer is unto Thee; in the multitude of Thy mercy hear me. Deliver me out of the mire, and let me not sink, and out of these deep waters, that they may not overflow me."

Almost immediately upon their arrival at Jerusalem, Leila was visited with a severe and wasting illness. "I am just recovering from the most severe illness I ever had. Throughout my indisposition I received much Divine support, yet I have not that indwelling peace I desire to have, and which it is clearly my privilege to possess. I want the evidence that I am what God would have me be. Although I earnestly pray for this evidence, all seems dark and mysterious. Lord, arise and scatter my darkness for the Redeemer's sake. O, let me, unworthy, miserable, sinful *me*, obtain Thy promised salvation! Amen.

"It is a solemn scene! From my window I see the Mount of Olives, the deep ravine that forms the bed of the brook Kedron, and the valley of Jehoshaphat where my fathers lie buried. Beneath me lies most of the Holy City. With a slight turn of my head, I see the Mount

* The great transgression.

Moriah, and the enclosure where once stood the Temple of the Lord. Again shifting my view, I see the few thin-leaved olives which are supposed to mark the garden of Gethsemane—the scene of the agony of the Divine Redeemer! A solemn calmness hovers everywhere around me. My spirit harmonizes with the time and scene."

The illness of Leila resolved her father that they would proceed no further in their pilgrimage; although his original intention was to visit the Dead Sea, and various parts of Arabia Petrea. As soon, therefore, as she was sufficiently recovered to be removed, they left Jerusalem for Jaffa, its port: there they embarked for Alexandria.

"Alexandria," writes Leila, "presents a scene of magnificent ruin and desolation. Everywhere the eye is met by half-ruined houses, whose symmetry is not for solitude; and heaps of rubbish and fragments of temples, palaces, obelisks, capitals, and columns, are scattered around. The gardens of Ptolemy, and most of the buildings and groves which environed Alexandria, are no more. Cleopatra's palace has quite disappeared; it stood upon the walls which face the fort. East of it were the two obelisks called Cleopatra's needles. One of them still remains. It is composed of one piece of Thebaic stone, and is nearly seventy feet in height; its surface covered with deeply cut hieroglyphics. A few of the porphyry pillars of Cæsar's palace may still be seen, and the beautiful front is entire. Near the ancient gate of Rosetta, five marble columns stand solitary; they belonged to the colonnade of the Gymnasium, and are all of it which escaped the barbaric destruction of the Turks.

"On the sea coast, there is an artificial reservoir, called the Bath of Cleopatra. Ruins in connection with it indicate that it was formerly ornamented. In its sides are two beautiful saloons, furnished with benches cut from the rock. A winding canal conveys water from the sea to these saloons, and renders it transparent as crystal.

"In modern Alexandria, there are no public buildings which are worthy of particular notice. The city consists of narrow, dirty, unpaved, and awkward streets. Like the other towns upon the coast, the houses are all flat-roofed, with inconveniently constructed wooden lattices, for the admission of light and air. There are several mosques, a few Greek churches, and a convent."

After an inconsiderable stay at Alexandria, they left for England (*vid* France) in a government steamship.

"Day and night," writes Leila, "we steamed on without mercy. One morning we were at breakfast, using every means (materially assisted by a slice of tough beef) to prolong this congenial break in the dreary monotony of a sea-day, when an officer entered the cabin, and informed the captain that land was seen a-head. We hastily despatched the remnants of our meal, and proceeded to the deck: thence we saw the land, hovering like a gray, sombre cloud upon the verge of the horizon. This was announced to us as the island of Malta.

"At about noon, we entered the noble harbour of Valetta, the capital of the island. It is a pretty town, and strongly fortified. The scenery around us is of the grandest character.

"At eight o'clock in the evening, our steamer was again under way. The wind, which for a day and a half had been boisterous, now blew with the violence of a storm. It was no matter; our sailing was imperious, and could not be delayed. The night was a dismal one; the heavens and the ocean were all on uproar. Heavy masses of clouds drifted over the dark and tumultuous waters, and the gale shrieked in wild chorus to the dashing billows. We cleared the harbour and entered the Mediterranean in a tempest, the wind blowing full a-head, and directly upon the land. The whole power of the engine was exerted, and yet it could not be perceived that the steamer made any headway. I, among several other passengers, had staggered to the quarter-deck, and was stoutly clinging to the rails, not far from the men at the helm. The menacing headland, covered with surf, seemed close upon us, and ever threatened from the same point of view. Not an inch did the steamer gain upon her way; all her power was exhausted, in maintaining her position. Her every nerve was on the strain, and as her fiery breath flashed from her huge throat it seemed to show how mightily she grappled in the deadly struggle. Sometimes, as plunging long and deep, she buried herself to the very bulwarks, it appeared as though she were lost for ever in the whelming abyss; but she recovered with a shock which quivered to her centre. She struggled on, labouring heavily; and as she rolled from side to side with the violence of the gale, now and

then one wheel was deeply submerged in the water, while the other impotently churned the air. The storm increased, and the wind howled, and the waves foamed, as though the spirit of the tempest were gnashing to devour us. I was terrified, as again looking towards the rock, it appeared closer to us, and our ship driving upon it. I convulsively grasped my father's hand, believing that the next minute would involve us in destruction. A hoarse rough voice suddenly bawled, 'Nor'-nor'-west; keep her to half a hair's breadth!' Full of fear, I turned to look at the men at the helm. The light of the compass shone like a hopeful star in the thick darkness. With a turn of their strong arms, the helmsmen brought the ship upon her course. She wrestled heavily with the tempest. 'Nor'-west; don't let her fall off,' cried the same voice. Another turn of the wheel placed our good ship upon the desired course. Soon the line of the storm was broken, and we steamed away from the threatening breakers to open sea. But the captain walked the deck with a chart in his hand the whole of that tempestuous night."

It does not appear that they met with anything else which calls for particular attention. In France they made no stay, but proceeded directly homeward; and it was not long ere they safely arrived at their sweet mansion in Cornwall.

On the day following their arrival, Leila remarks in her diary: "I am very grateful while I acknowledge the many mercies and kind providences we have experienced, since I left this, my loved closet. Our travel has been one of rich and pure enjoyment; but I am very thankful to be again at *home*. I feel a blissful assurance that I am about to enter upon a life of blessing and happiness; and my delight is beyond expression."

CHAPTER VII.

LEILA'S CONVERSION.

We are now brought to the most interesting portion of Leila's life—her conversion to Christianity.

It has already appeared that her belief in the tenets of Judaism had received an irremediable shake; the absurd fables of the Talmud were cast aside as unworthy of a thought, and the trammels of rabbinical authority completely burst asunder. On her return to England she was only waiting for more instruction in the articles of the Christian belief, to dispose her to embrace it with all her heart. One of her first objects, therefore, was, she says, "to find a company of simple, earnest Christians."

At a small village, distant about three miles from her residence, there was a chapel in which was exercised such a ministry as she desired. This was the nearest place of Christian worship which presented itself, and it was here she began to attend. Being aware that a knowledge of this would call down the severest displeasure of her father, her visits to it were by stealth, and, chiefly indeed, except in one or two instances, solely by night; and she always sat closely veiled. The way to the chapel was through a long, dreary, and solitary lane; but, at all hours, when it was possible for her to be present at the services, Leila might be found, unattended, wending her way among the gloomy trees. Her natural timidity was painful, and her dread of walking alone at night unconquerable, until now that an earnest desire for the salvation of her soul made her superior to any bodily fear she might entertain. In her own pleasing way she says, "I was dreadfully frightened during my first essays in the dark, I usually ran the very utmost of the distance that I could; my agitation and terror of mind being, during the whole time, indescribable. Hurrying in this manner, the whole distance from our house to the chapel was frequently done in a few minutes over half-an-hour; but, by prayer, all my terror

was removed, and although I continued to be just as fearful of going anywhere else, yet I could always go to, and return from, my dear chapel without the slightest perturbation of mind, feeling quite sure that my Father would give me His protection."

We have said that, during the first part of her attendance, she kept herself strictly secret, even from the congregation; but, as the influence of the Holy Spirit applied each discourse more and more powerfully to her mind, this fear subsided, and, in proportion, she felt an increased desire to unbosom herself to some Christian friend, who would sympathize with, and still further instruct her in that glorious cause to which she had now engaged her whole heart. Being assured that this would assist her to the attainment of that peace she so ardently desired, she conferred not with flesh and blood, but, with that fearless decision in favour of duty which ever characterized her, she resolved to seek an interview with her minister. This was easily obtained; and she describes it as "a blessed season:" and says, further, "It has stirred me up to seek the Lord fully—to agonize with a determination not to rest till I am accepted in the Saviour—till my mourning is turned into joy." And, again, "O, for that earnest, child-like simplicity and faith of which Mr. —— [her minister] told me. I want to take the Word of God simply, just as it is. This is the faith of the New Testament: this is the faith God requires, and will have, in order to my salvation. Lord, save me! increase my faith; increase it largely—mightily; confirm my hope, and fan my love for Thee into a mighty flame!"

She was an earnest and humble seeker of the truth as it is in Jesus. Her heart had now become intent upon one great business—the salvation of her soul, and to this end she used every means, and every effort, regardless of personal consequences. This we think, is abundantly set forth in the entries made in her diary at this important period. We make a scanty extract:—

"O, that I could express half that I feel of love to that gracious Being who has kept me hitherto, and led me from my deep darkness into spiritual light. I have not yet the evidence that He has pardoned my sins through the blood of the Atonement—through my Jesus, but I earnestly pray for it; I am determined to agonize for it in simple

faith. I know, I believe—oh, yes! *I do believe*—that Jesus died for me. I thirst, I pant for the spirit of adoption, whereby I shall be enabled to cry, 'Abba, Father.'

"O, my Father, I thank Thee; I adore and praise Thy holy name, that Thou hast removed from my heart that dark, impervious veil which so long separated between me and Thyself, and so between me and the source of all happiness. Now through Thine infinite mercy, I behold Thy glory, who art full of grace and truth, and the form and comeliness of Him who is altogether lovely, even the Saviour and Preserver of my soul." * * * *

"I am convinced by the experience of every day that I am utterly dependent upon Thee for all the power through which I can persevere. Oh, continue to help me! Give me Thy present assistance. Without this aid from Thee, I sink—I die. Enable me to rigorously fulfil all the means Thou hast prescribed for the salvation of my soul: and, O, do Thou bestow the blessings which Thou hast promised shall attend their use. Only believe, and all things are possible; believe, and all the fulness of the blessings of the Gospel are mine, Christ Jesus is mine, full and perfect salvation—holiness is mine, and the blissful fruition of holiness, in the enjoyment of God for ever in heaven is mine—all are mine through faith. Lord, I do believe; help Thou my unbelief. Blessed Jesus, my hope is in Thee! take up Thy abode in my heart; there reign, and direct my every thought and act.

"Father, forgive my manifold sins and offences against Thee! my rest is on Thy mercy, through the atonement of my Lord Jesus Christ. Make me a temple for Thyself. Be near me in the hour of temptation. O, be with me in the future; Thou knowest what is before me to endure; but do Thou only make the season of worldly trial a time for communications of Thyself, and I will cheerfully embrace whatever Thou shalt appoint. Lord, hear and answer my petition; increase my faith and my humility, and make me wholly Thine, through the merits of my Saviour. Amen."

And in a very little time after this she was enabled to rejoice in the God of her salvation; her heart was filled with joy and gladness, and her mouth with praise. This delightful change took place while receiving the sacrament

of the Lord's Supper, after having been dedicated to God in baptism. In her diary she thus refers to it :—

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget this day's benefits! I have sealed the covenant—have enlisted under the banners of the cross, by receiving the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's Supper—but, let me write while my eyes overflow with tears of joy—*my gracious Redeemer has manifested His presence to my soul, has filled me with the joy and peace of believing.* That blood which the Jews have imprecated upon themselves and their children, has been showered upon me, in the most abundant and unspeakable mercies; I am happy beyond expression; I do indeed rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. I feel on the very verge of heaven; I have experienced a glorious elevation of soul—*Christ is mine and I am His.* Unspeakably happy conviction! Come unto me all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and never forget this day's benefits.

"It is a solemn season, a day to be held in everlasting remembrance. When the cup was held to me and the solemn words were pronounced—'The blood of Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy soul and body unto everlasting life! Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful'—I felt that my God was reconciled through my Saviour's death, and I was enabled to feed upon Christ in my heart through faith, and with thanksgiving.

"O, my Jesus, help me now to *persevere!* There are heights and depths in religion which I long to experience: my soul is on fire with the Divine love. Help me to tell to all what a gracious, what a mighty Saviour Thou art. May no motives of personal comfort induce me to swerve from the character of an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile. O, that Thou wouldst give me Thine assistance, and direct me by Thy Holy Spirit, *while I make it known to my dear father!* Do, O my Saviour, hear my prayer for this, and to Thee I will give all the glory, now and through endless ages. Amen.

"I bless and adore Thee—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, that all have united to deliver me from my guilt and bondage. And now, O God, my heart is fixed: my heart is fixed to *live* in Christ. Nothing but the *constant* in-

dwelling of Thyself will satisfy my soul. O, for that mysterious and incomprehensible union with my God which shall produce in me mighty faith, ardent love, lively hope, and active obedience. Blessed be God, all this is promised! I believe it. Who shall circumscribe the Holy One? He can so touch the heart as to extirpate sin, and save with this full salvation; for it shall be my never-ceasing prayer. Lord, enable me to feel myself as nothing, and Thou my all. Keep me in the hollow of Thy hand. Prepare me for all Thy righteous will, for I have given up all my soul and body's powers fully and unreservedly to Thee. O, accept my sacrifice; enter into covenant with me and ratify it in heaven. Amen."

Leila's baptism was an interesting — a singularly lovely scene. We do not expect ever to witness another equally affecting on earth. It was our privilege to be one of four friends who at her request waited near her during the performance of the solemn ceremony. Arrangements had been made to prevent the gaze of inquisitive and idle curiosity, by ensuring that none but regular members of the congregation should be present. At the appointed time Leila was led from the vestry, her pure countenance having in its expression more of heaven than of earth. Her answers to the questions were made in a calm and decided, but weak and tremulous tone; for she was bathed in tears. Indeed, we think all present wept with deep emotion. The solemn act of baptizing her in the name of a Triune Jehovah having been performed, the minister delivered an exquisitely touching and beautiful address. This finished, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered to all present, which concluded a season of hallowed and holy influence never to be forgotten.

Having herself become acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus, she wept as she thought of the darkness which still surrounded her dear father; she felt that her Christianity, and indeed every natural feeling, was involved, if she made no effort to induce him to renounce Judaism. But how was she to proceed? To obtain an answer to this question cost her much mental agony. To her father she was tenderly devoted, and she knew that he was a strict believer in the faith of his fathers; and therefore all the prejudices of his mind would be strongly against her Christianity. To the present period in her life he had

never once spoken to her with a look or tone of displeasure, and she had at no time crossed his will, nor done anything to which he would not give permission; but God was with her, and through the fortitude of Christian principle, she was enable to dare the worst. And unquestionably, if we reflect a moment upon the Jewish character, we shall perceive that she had *cause* to fear this would not be a little.

Of the means taken by Leila, she thus remarks in her diary:—

"I have this night laid a letter on my father's dressing-table; in it I have detailed the change which has taken place in my soul; in it I have avowed my belief in Jesus of Nazareth, and the joy and peace which I experience in believing. O, that it may do him the good I ardently pray for—that it may lead him to embrace the Gospel of Christ. I have committed it to God; I leave it in Thy hands, O my Father; bless it I beseech Thee. This whole night do I intend to devote to special wrestling with Thee, for the salvation of my dear father.

"And now, I beseech Thee, be Thou my helper. Choose Thou for me my future portion; be my inheritance, calm my agitated spirit; have I not committed the event to Thee? O, be with me on the morrow, when I shall be questioned respecting the hope that is in me; do Thou be *very* present with me, and enable me to speak as becomes a temple of the living God. May I be saved from bringing any disgrace or disrepute upon the religion of Jesus—that Divine cause which now possesses my heart. May my feet be firmly fixed upon the rock Christ Jesus; and then, whatever shall occur, whether I live or die, I shall be happy—for I shall be the Lord's.

"It is with gratitude I record that my soul is impressed with a sense of the Divine presence and love. I can rejoice in the blessed conviction that my Beloved is *mine*, and I am *His!*—I have a *present* salvation. Blissful hopes—animating prospects are before me. Whatever results happen to me temporally, may my soul but enjoy the presence of God, and all will be well. O, my Father, baptize me largely, and still more largely, with the hallowing influences of Thy Holy Spirit; this will renovate my nature, and cleanse the very thoughts of my heart. This is what I want—*inward holiness*—to be holy as Thou hast called me to be.

"Each day lays me under increased obligations to dedicate myself entirely to the service of my God and King, and I find the blessed effect of each morning renewing my covenant engagements with God, my devotion of all I have, and all I am, to Him. I desire to have a constantly indwelling God. Unspeakable love; that He whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, will condescend to come and take up His abode in the humble, contrite heart. My religion calls me to be up and doing. My time is short; the veil which separates me from eternity may soon be drawn aside. *Indeed, I am not able to repress a serious and solemn foreboding that my days on earth will not be prolonged.* How important that I should prepare! so that, with holy calmness and composure, I may await the momentous summons. If I am always ready, it cannot come upon me unawares. One with Christ through faith, when I shall hear that 'The Master is come and calleth for thee,' I shall *then*, in its full triumph, be enabled joyfully to exclaim, 'Even so come Lord Jesus.' I am really in a strait: I have 'a desire to depart and be with Christ.'

"Ere I close my book, I again pray for Thy blessing, O my Father; bless, O bless, I beseech Thee, the confession I have made of Thee, and give me strength according to my need. Amen."

CHAPTER VIII.

LEILA'S LETTER TO HER FATHER.

THE letter to which Leila refers, we shall give in full: it breathes with filial piety and love, and is at once a fine proof of her good sense, and an ornament to the religion she professed:—

"My very, *very* dear Father,

"Do you love me? O, how plainly I hear you say, 'How can my dear daughter ask me this question? Has not she had proofs of my affection again and again? Does she not know that she is dearer to me than all the world besides?' But, my very dear father, do you love me?—do you love me? Yes, I know that you love me—dearly love me; and, my dear father, I love you most tenderly—most deeply; so as no language I could think upon could describe to you; and I know that you believe that I do.

"Well, then, my father, will you not rejoice whilst your daughter tells you of the goodness of God as manifested towards her—a poor, sinful, guilty creature? O! I do so fear you will distrust this delightful work, and yet not from wilful unkindness neither, but from what you will believe to be a proper sense of duty. But, my dear father, with tears of joy coursing down her cheeks, your Leila tells you that she knows, she *feels all her sins are forgiven through the blood-shedding of Jesus of Nazareth.* O! be mild while I speak further, and yet I am faint, and my hand trembles so that I can scarce go forward.

"I am so happy!—O! my dear father, if you did but know how *very* happy, I am quite sure of this, you would rejoice with me; you would not hesitate a single moment, but would come, as you are invited, and drink largely of those fountains of bliss, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. I feel that God loves *me*, and that I

love *Him*. I feel that I am His child, and I have through grace a blissful assurance that, saved by my blessed Redeemer, I shall see Him, and be happy in His presence to all eternity. And will you not come to heaven, too, my dearest father?

"Do not suppose that I am mistaken, or that I am deceiving myself. O, no! I am as sure that all my sins are forgiven through Christ Jesus as I am of the being of God himself. I could tell you the very minute when I first received this conviction, and was enabled to rejoice in God my Saviour. And if you, my dear papa, would in this same way test its reality, by possessing for yourself a knowledge of the love of God, it would *alone* be quite sufficient to convince you of the truth of the Christian religion. When under the influence of joy, no argument, however forcible or sophisticated, could convince you that sorrow filled your heart. The result of faith in Christ is *peace* and *joy* in believing; to this my experience bears testimony. What further proof can I wish that its origin is divine? I do not. I have this internal consciousness, and I am as certain of it, as of anything that affects my external senses.

"With great propriety we always attach importance to a remedy that has been tried, and more especially, too, if the individual recommending it has personally proved it to be efficacious. *I* once was very unhappy. Instead of submitting myself to the righteousness of God, I was going about to establish my own righteousness. At this time I was sunk in sin, and knew not where to look for one ray of comfort. My whole soul hungered for food my religion could not give; it groped in its deep night for some pillow on which to repose itself, and find the dawnings of heaven, but all was in vain till it found repose in the wounded side of Jesus; and here may I abide for ever! Allow me, then, my dear father, in the fullest filial affection, to recommend to you this remedy. I know you are not happy; you *cannot* be happy as you are at present, and this is the only cure, and it is the never-failing cure, for a weary sin-sick soul.

"I need not tell you the train of circumstances which, in a gracious and benignant providence, God used to produce this sweet change—of course you will understand me as meaning instrumentally; to God's Holy Spirit alone am

I indebted for that illumination which enabled me to see *His* way of salvation. And O, it is so simple—only believe! 'Whosoever believeth on Him [that is Christ] shall be saved.' Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believes.

"But the proofs that the Messiah *has* come, and that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, are numberless, unmistakable, and positive. Shall I go on? I must hope that you will bear with me.

"The law, which was given by Jehovah to Moses upon Mount Sinai, was designed for that land which was given to our great ancestor Abraham, and for that land only, for it cannot be fulfilled in any other; therefore, through the dispersion of our nation, we are in the position of a people who have a law given to them by God which they cannot obey. From what we know of the Divine government, we are sure that it cannot consist with the wisdom and character of God, that this shall still be the law by which we are governed.

"And is not our destitution of a sacrifice bewailed in our service as a great calamity? In one of the prayers that are offered on the Day of Atonement, is this expression: 'Woe unto us, for we have no Mediator!' And to make up for this want of a sacrifice, we have transgressed the law by our invention of rites and observances; a course expressly forbidden.

"Then, my dear father, in the absurdities of the Mishna and Gemara—the Talmud—see the consequences of man's attempting to supply the place of God's law. O! I do think that in every sense that book is a terrible insult to the Divine wisdom, and, therefore, how sinful! If it had been desired to hold up the religion of the Jews to universal contempt, and outrage propriety, delicacy, and common sense, a more fitting book than the Talmud could scarcely have been devised. Moses gave no intimation of this traditionary or oral law—of this interpretation of God's written law. The law which was *written* and laid up in the ark, was the only law of which he spoke, and *that only* was commanded to be read in the ears of all the people.

"You, my dear father, are, doubtless, as well acquainted with the Mishna as I am, and, therefore, I need not point out to you—need not quote its impurities, nor its follies,

Indeed, I must beg you will let me recall a part of what I have just said ; for some of them I could not write—you would not love me if I could. But how impious, to stigmatize God as the author of such a book !

"The Jews declare that the Mishna contains God's interpretation of His law ; yet this *interpretation* is so obscurely given, that *it* requires an interpretation from man.

" And you know that this belief in the childish follies and foolish observances of the Talmud has caused an almost total neglect of Moses and the Prophets ; or, when they are read, it is so carelessly and cursorily in spirit, that we never understand their meaning. Hence we are involved in a fearful darkness. We acknowledge and honour the Scriptures of the Old Testament as divine—so do the Christians : and during many centuries, the deep, rational study of the Old Testament Scriptures has been confined to them solely, or very nearly solely. Now, my dear father, this forms to us a powerful presumptive proof that the Scriptures of the New Testament are also divine ; for, as the Christians, who are so deeply acquainted with the Old Testament, believe in them as divine, it clearly follows that they cannot be *hostile* books. Indeed, I might say further than this—that the Scriptures of the *New* Testament have led them to study those of the Old Testament : and the result is, that they acknowledge both as the written Word of God, for they are agreed together. Can we say as much of our inane, debasing Talmud, and the books of Moses and the Prophets ? Beside, what man knows much of the enormous Talmud ? and he that does know much of it, knows this likewise, that no mortal can ever fulfil the law as set forth in it. Who then is safe ? Hence it is that the Jew looks beyond the present life with terror and alarm ; hence his dread of death, and his fear that in the grave he will be beaten by the Evil One, and suffer other terrors too numerous to mention ; hence he cannot die with holy confidence and composure, for he cannot be certain whether he shall be taken to heaven or not. R. Inani, on his death-bed, confessed and said, 'that he did not know whether he should be happy or miserable.' Once, too, my dear father, like the rest of our nation, I was unhappy and in doubt, and knew not where to turn for comfort ; but now, through my Redeemer, I

am very happy, for I have found the place of rest and calm repose; and this can be found in no other way but by resting the soul upon the atonement of Jesus.

"Before this I might have said that unquestionably the law of Moses is not perfect, inasmuch as it leaves some sins without an atonement; but this is to teach us to look forward beyond the type to the great Antitype—even the Messiah.

"All our nation and all Christians believe that the Old Testament writings give promise of a Redeemer, who will save His people from their sins. The prophecies in reference to this are most explicit, so that if we will diligently study them, with a prayerful dependence upon Divine aid, I do not see that we can be easily mistaken as to His person. A history of the promised Deliverer's life is given; the manner of His death, His empire, the time and circumstances of His birth, and other particulars are clearly written. Let us see, my dear father, if Jesus of Nazareth be not the Messiah, and if we can prove it from the books of the Old Testament, will you not then believe? O! you must; I must be sure you will; and then you and your child will glorify God together. I pray that the Lord Jesus will grant me the aid of His Holy Spirit, and graciously answer my petitions for the salvation of my beloved father.

"The Jews admit that they have no certain, definite knowledge of the time of the Messiah's appearing. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' 'Our eyes fail while we wait for our God,' was anciently the language of our people. The hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, they know not. Hence they have ever been liable to deception, and again and again they have been bitterly disappointed. That there was a general and strong expectation of the Messiah at the time that Jesus of Nazareth appeared, is evident by the numbers of well-informed and learned men who received Him; and who were so convinced of the truth of what they saw and heard, that they willingly suffered the most cruel martyrdom for His sake.

"But the Jews themselves likewise expected Him at this period. This is especially testified by the heathen writers, Suetonius and Tacitus; and a reference to Josephus, our own historian, proves that from their hop-

of deliverance by the Messiah proceeded their desperate resistance of the Roman power. Under every misfortune of their country, they still clung to this hope, and more and more earnestly as its calamities increased. They were buoyed up by it during the miseries of the most dreadful siege which history records—that of Jerusalem. And we are told by Josephus, that on the day upon which the city was taken, the poor, infatuated people were persuaded by a false prophet to ascend the battlements of the temple with the expectation that they would there receive miraculous signs of their deliverance.

"And that Jesus was the Messiah is confirmed by the sufferings of the early Christians. Their belief in Jesus was not a mere matter of *opinion*, it related to matter of *fact*. We certainly know whether we see a person, or do not see him; we certainly know whether we see anything wonderful, or do not see it. The first Christians united to assert a series of miraculous and astonishing facts; they were convinced of what they saw, and rather than compromise or deny the truth, they submitted to the most horrible sufferings, and the most cruel oppressions. These they endured, not for a short time merely, but through a long course of years. But they had seen the miracles of Jesus, and had, also, seen Him after His resurrection from the dead; for 'he was seen,' says St. Paul, 'of Cephas, then of the twelve [apostles], after that *he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once*, of whom the greater part remain unto this present.' Now, supposing the story were false, would St. Paul have *dared* to make such an assertion, and mention in connection with it a host of witnesses, who, as he declares, still lived, and might, therefore, have come forward and contradicted this statement?

"Then the accounts of the Christians by heathen writers agree as to sufferings and numbers with those accounts we have in the Scriptures. I extract the following passage from Murphy's Tacitus: 'In order if possible to remove the imputation [of ordering Rome to be set on fire], he determined to transfer the guilt to others. For this purpose he punished with exquisite tortures a race of men detested for their evil practices, by vulgar appellation commonly called Christians. The name was derived from Christ, who, in the reign of Tiberius, suffered under

Pontius Pilate, the procurator of Judea. They were put to death with exquisite cruelty, and to their sufferings Nero added mockery and derision. Some were covered with the skins of wild beasts, and left to be devoured by dogs; others were nailed to the cross, numbers were burnt alive; and many, covered over with inflammable matter, were lighted up, when the day declined, to serve as torches during the night.' Now, although it was shameful to misrepresent the conduct of such a suffering people, yet Tacitus' testimony is valuable; and not the less valuable because he was a heathen, and an enemy to the Christians. It proves that Jesus suffered under Pontius Pilate; and that within thirty-one years after His crucifixion, there were great numbers of Christians in Rome, as well as in Judea; and that for their belief in Christ they were called to endure most fearful sufferings. All these beautifully agree with the accounts we have in the Scriptures.

"But now that the Jews have rejected the true Messiah, they are ever liable to imposture, for they cannot calculate the time for His appearing; thus at a loss, they have always been ready to grasp at any shadow. It has been so from the time of the impostor Bar Cozab,* to that of Napoleon Buonaparte; and so far have they now lost all pretension to a knowledge of the true time for his appearing, that, embittered by frequent disappointment, they have uttered the dreadful anathema, 'Cursed be he that shall calculate the time!' Yet is the period for the

* We extract the following note from Leila's correspondence. "In the second century of the Christian era, the Jews scattered over the whole Roman empire rose in rebellion. Their leader in the province of Syria was Cozab, who represented himself to be the Messiah, and in this he was supported by a celebrated Rabbi named Akibah. This Cozab persecuted the Christians, struck medals, and pretended to work miracles. He was crowned King of the Jews at Bether, and he then assumed the name *Bar Cozab*, or *son of a star*. The emperor Adrian sent Julius Severus to quell the rebellion. He completely subdued the rebels, took fifty fortified places, destroyed very nearly one thousand towns and villages, and slew in various engagements about 580,000 Jews. Embittered by the terrible consequences of his pretensions, the Jews afterwards designated the Messiah *Bar Cozba*, or *son of a lie*."

Messiah's appearance *most clearly* marked out in Scripture. Why are our nation sceptical in reference to the prophet Daniel's inspiration? Simply because it is Daniel who most unmistakably defines the time of the Deliverer's appearance; and, if Daniel be true, that is, if he be inspired, they have a deep conviction that the period is past. Therefore, it is, that they have removed him from his place in this תנך, and made him one of the writers of the כתובים, and not one of the נביאים.

"And who and what the Messiah is to be, the Jews profess to know not, except that they declare to us one thing, 'He is to deliver them from their afflictions, and give them in reversion, joy, temporal dominion and prosperity, and the triumphant possession of their own land.' I will notice this belief again directly. 'When the Messiah comes,' they say, 'He will manifest His claims, and make His mission altogether plain.' How are they to judge of these claims, but according to their agreement with the prophecies? How would they have ever known that any Messiah should be given except God had promised Him? And has God declared no means by which He was to be known? Has He said nothing about Him; what He is to be; how we are to be certified of Him; whether He is to be a Gentile or a Jew? Yes: they know *something* of this, from the predictions of the Scriptures; they know that He is to be a Jew; and they profess further, that they know enough to be able to declare that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor and blasphemer. Why do they not study all that can be known by the prophecies; and having studied, why do they not declare to the world all that can be told about the Messiah; so that the Christians may compare the Messiah in whom they believe, with the one whom the Jews expect, according to the Scriptures; so that the Jews may be able to say, 'This is a picture of the promised Messiah; a history of His life, acts, death and sufferings, as drawn from the unerring standard of Scripture. Judge ye between us this day!'—Why should they hesitate to do this? The Christians are ever ready to bring into light their multitudinous proofs that the Jesus in whom they believe is the Messiah, the promised Son of God. But if, for a moment, we suppose that He is to come, how are the Jews to know Him? They neglect the reading of the only book which tells of Him; then

how shall they know Him? Even should a mighty conqueror appear, it could be no proof that he is the Messiah, any more than the conquests of Alexander, or Cæsar, or Judas Maccabeus, or Buonaparte, could prove them to be the expected Deliverer. And even if one should come and work miracles, he must be brought to the test of the Scriptures. This our nation admit; then, why do they not study them? They also admit another scriptural definition of who He is to be: 'He is,' they say, 'to be the son of Abraham, and Judah, and David.' But, if He were to come now that the genealogies are lost, by what means could the descent be proved? It is a visionary and idle theory to suppose that Messiah will miraculously restore the genealogies. This inane supposition lays our nation open to imposture and forgery in this very particular. It is essential to the very nature of genealogical proofs that they be transmitted from age to age through all posterity. If the Messiah were to restore these registers, they would neither be *genealogical proofs*, nor, indeed, any proof at all of His descent. If He were distinctly seen to create such records, it would prove that He had performed a miracle—nothing more; it would be just as availing that He testified His descent by some other miracle. I speak reverently: I can think of no miracle which the Messiah, if He be not come, could now perform, that could be to man a *test* that he had descended from Abraham, and Judah, and David. To restore our genealogies would, in the opinion of man, bear the character of fraudulent evidence; and, therefore, it would not be such as God would ask of him to believe. In God's dealings with mankind He universally appeals to the exercise of their judgment, and according to this judgment does He suit all conviction by means of miracles. He makes His proofs so plain, so clear, so direct to the reason, that man cannot avoid conviction, unless he determinedly oppose himself to the truth. When Jesus made His appearance upon earth He did not ask men to take it for granted that He was the Messiah because He declared Himself to be so. No; He exhibited miraculous signs; and of what character? Were they of a kind which might be forged; was it possible that they could be surreptitiously performed; or, after all, according to human judgment, would they, as proofs, be regarded as inconclusive? O, no: to the commonest reason, they palpably, clearly Divine. Were they not? To wal'

the sea ; to restore the blind ; to raise to life the dead ; to heal the sick by a word ; to calm the fury of the tempest, &c. ; can there be any doubt that these were exercises of Divine power ? Indeed, our Saviour appeals to the judgment of the multitude ; 'If I do not the works of My Father, believe Me not ! '—I ask not that ye shall believe My Divinity, except as I prove it to you by My acts. Of this kind would be His language in reference to our genealogies : 'If it cannot be proved by your own registers that I am the son of Abraham, and Judah, and David, believe it not.'

"But, as the prediction that He was to be the Son of Abraham, and Judah, and David, is explicitly written in the Scriptures, it follows, clearly, that His appearance was to take place while His descent could be proved by our registers. Therefore, here again is powerful evidence that He has appeared ; and here, I say, too, that this prediction *is* fulfilled in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. He was proved by our genealogies to be lineally descended from Abraham, and Judah, and David.

"I just now observed, that our people expressly believe that a part of the Messiah's office is, that He shall be a temporal deliverer. If this belief be a correct one, my dear father, it would show just this—that, on the coming of the Messiah, He will find them in a condition which *needed* temporal succour. And was not their position at the appearance of Jesus one which needed help ? Were they not suffering intensely from the galling yoke of their Roman masters : from the severe government of Herod, the deputy sovereign under Cæsar ? 'Yes,' they will answer, 'and if this Jesus, of whom you speak, were the Messiah, we should have been delivered from this tyranny.' How can you tell what He would have done, had you believed upon Him ? The prophet describes the Messiah as first to suffer, and then to conquer : and, from this very prophecy, the Jews have thought fit to invent what I may call a twofold Messiah—Ben Joseph the Sufferer and Ben David the Conqueror. He is to be a conqueror—but in what way ? Is it not in this ?—That all His *enemies* shall be put under His feet : that all His *foes* shall be bruised and made His footstool ? And were not all the promises of deliverance made to His friends ? Were not temporal blessings, in abundance, promised to these, and shame and confusion to His enemies ? Undoubtedly. Evidently it

was thus understood by Zacharias, the father of John the Baptist. This fully appears in his beautiful and prophetic song, in reference to the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ: 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people; as He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets, which have been since the world began: that we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us; to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and to remember His holy covenant: the oath which He sware to our father Abraham, that He would grant unto us, that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him, all the days of our life.'

"And those who rejected, blasphemed, insulted, and crucified the Messiah, could it be expected that He would grant such heinous sinners temporal deliverance? That, at about the period of the coming of Jesus, the Jews were a most iniquitous nation, is proved by the testimony of Josephus; so wicked, that he observes, 'If God had not sent the Romans as His executioners, the earth would have opened and swallowed us up.' What a dreadful place! And, doubtless, the most crying evil of these people was their rejection and treatment of Jesus Christ the Son of God. How could such sinners expect deliverance? Did not Jesus weep and lament over Jerusalem, while He foresaw the punishment which would descend upon it, and the calamities which would befall it, for putting Him to death? Listen, my dear father, to the thrilling passage, as I copy it from the Gospel of St. Luke; and, O that, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, it may sink deep into your heart, is your loving daughter's prayer: 'And when He [Jesus] was come near, He beheld the city [Jerusalem] and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side, and shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another! *because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.*' What a solemn subject for deep thought is this passage! How signally was it fulfilled!

CHAPTER IX.

LEILA'S LETTER TO HER FATHER CONTINUED.

"Do you ask me what deliverance Jesus wrought out for His friends—for those who believed on Him? Did He not deliver them from those awful calamities and sufferings which overwhelmed those who crucified Him? Most certainly: He promised that He would do so. Permit me, my dear father, to transcribe the passage. It is in St. Luke's Gospel: 'And as some spake of the temple, how it was adorned with goodly stones and gifts, He said: As for these things which ye behold, the days will come, in the which there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down. Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and great earthquakes shall be in divers places, and famines and pestilences: and fearful sights, and great signs shall there be from Heaven; but there shall not a hair of your head perish. And when ye see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains: and let them which are in the midst of it depart out; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto.' He promised His disciples that 'not a hair of their heads should perish;' and this promise He fulfilled. He warned them of the terrible events which were to happen, and that when they saw Jerusalem compassed with armies, they were to flee to the mountains—to depart out of the midst of Judea. The disciples obeyed their Lord, and were kept amidst the desolating scourge.

"In reading the page of history we find that, in every case, nations are blessed in a ratio proportioned to their Christianity. Mark England! Christians really rule the world with a power which is irresistible. All heathen, idolatrous, and unbelieving nations are weak and helpless. Look at the Jews! they are quite at the exercise of the

Christian will. And at the Mahometans! they are impotent as their religion is baneful and false. Just so of the Pagan nations. When no Jew could approach the city of his fathers, a Christian church was peacefully flourishing in Jerusalem. Here, my dear father, it might not be out of place if I were to say, that you must not suppose that the spirit of persecution and oppression which has been so often manifested towards the Jews, is at all sympathized with by the real Christian. Oh, no! I have found it to be exactly the reverse. I find that the real and earnest Christians love and honour the Jews, as the nation from which sprang the Messiah; as the penmen of the Gospel; as the people to whom it was first delivered, and by whom it was first preached; as they who in the first ages of Christianity formed an impregnable defence of the Christian religion; as a proof of the Gospel; and, to say no further, as their brethren in Christ, He being the great centre—the great salvation of both Jews and Gentiles. O, I always find that a true Christian is ready to acknowledge even that he is under obligations to the Jews which he can never repay. Father dear, with tears I beg of you, do not think unkindly of the Christians—love the Christians; they very, very ardently love the Jews; and they are such a lovely and affectionate people as I could not describe; I have found real and true happiness among them. Their hearts are knit to each other: the grief of one appears to be the grief of all, and each is ready to sympathize and soothe: indeed, I could not have imagined, a short time ago, that such happiness, such union, and such affection were to be found upon the earth. It is a reflection, faint, certainly, but real, of that feeling which pervades the bosoms of the spirits in celestial bliss. O, that my dearest father may soon partake of it too! and, then —but, indeed I must not think, how happy we shall be.

"But I did not say what kind of Christians they were who persecuted the Jews; well, I scarcely need, for you could imagine for yourself. They were dead professors of Christianity, and perhaps not that—the last indeed is almost certain, for, of the nations called Christian, the great bulk is composed of men making no profession; and the number who really and genuinely possess the faith of the Gospel are very few indeed. I pray that they may be increased. But there is no salvation for an unbe-

lieving, nominal Christian, any more than for a rejecting Jew.

"But whither am I wandering? I return, and ask, have the Christians had no temporal blessings conferred upon them through the reception of the Gospel? God has fought for them against the mightiest powers, and brought them off victorious. These blessings are, however, the minor blessings compared with the others which are showered upon the subjects of the Saviour's kingdom.

"Yet Israel is not always to be a servant and a byword among the nations. O, no! A brighter day is to dawn upon our ancient people; a day which, by their conversion to Christianity, shall recover them from their fallen and ruined condition. This is clearly expressed in Scripture. It is a part of the new covenant into which God has entered with the seed of Jacob: 'Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which my covenant they brake, although I was a husband to them, saith the Lord: But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel. After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts; and will be their God, and they shall be my people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sins no more.' (Jeremiah xxxi. 31—34.) And how delightfully majestic is the prophecy of Isaiah, in which he tells, in glowing and animated terms, of the glory of the church in the universal conversion of both Jews and Gentiles: 'Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall rise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at

thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.' (Isaiah lx. 1—5.) Turning to the New Testament (bear with me, my dear father), we find the Apostle St. Paul, telling us the same glorious truths, and also of their happy consequences. 'If the fall of them [the Jews] be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness? For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead? For I would not, brethren, that ye should be ignorant of this mystery, lest ye should be wise in your own conceits, that blindness in part is happened unto Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in. And so all Israel shall be saved.' (Romans xi. 12, 15, 25, 26.) It is beautiful! Their misery and suffering have been deep and intense, but proportioned to these shall be the greatness of the mercy exercised, and their happiness and joy. The blindness is to rest upon Israel, only until the conversion of the Gentiles, or, as the meaning probably is, all Israel shall be saved—all Israel shall be grafted in, when the fulness of the conversion of the Gentiles is come in, or is coming in. And all the nations of the earth shall rejoice in their exaltation. 'And thou, O tower of the flock, the stronghold of the daughter of Zion, unto thee shall it come, even the first dominion; the kingdom shall come to the daughter of Jerusalem.' 'Thou art my servant, O Israel, in whom I will be glorified.'

"Yet how carnal are the Jewish expectations of a temporal deliverer. Is this the spirit manifested by Abraham, by Isaac, by Jacob? Did *they* desire earthly prosperity as their chief good? Was not the spiritual glory of the Messiah's kingdom, that upon which they set their eye of faith? O, my dear father, raise your views from things temporal, to those which are eternal. Read the sublimely impressive 72nd Psalm.

"But why has such gross darkness fallen on the Jewish mind? Why is it that they cannot recognise the Messiah of the Scriptures? Because they have abandoned the hope and faith of their pious fathers in the person of the Messiah; because they have wilfully withdrawn themselves

from the light of that blessed volume by which our ancestors loved to test the purity of their faith and actions. And why have they forsaken the Scriptures, and reposed themselves upon the senseless and absurd fables of men? *They have rejected Jesus of Nazareth; if they search the Scripture, it bears incontestable evidence to the truth that He was the Messiah—the promised Son of God.* It is a test by which their religion cannot stand a trial. Then may God early arise, and by His powerful Spirit, tear away the veil which blinds our people, and thus, their eyes being opened, may He grant them the grace of repentance for their guilt and iniquity, and admit them to the participation of the glorious blessings of His salvation.

"In the Targum* of Onkelos, we find Genesis xlix. 10—a passage of Scripture to which Christians appeal—rendered thus: 'There shall not pass away one exercising dominion from the house of Judah, nor a scribe from his son's sons for ever, until Messiah shall come; and His is the kingdom, and to Him the people shall hearken.' This proves that the Messiah has come, for dominion has passed away from the house of Judah.

"The rabbis, David Kimchi, Solomon Jarchi, Levi Ben Gersom, Aben Ezra, and others, among a host of theological works, have written commentaries upon all the books of the Old Testament. Our late writers, while labouring to refute the interpretations of Christians, in favour of the Divinity and Messiahship of Jesus, have contradicted their predecessors. They themselves have admitted it. David Kimchi wishes to apply the second Psalm to David merely; but he confesses that the words נשקו בר should be translated, 'Kiss the Son.' He further confesses, that our pious forefathers had applied this Psalm to the Messiah, and goes on to say, 'If the Psalm be interpreted thus, the meaning will be clear;

* The Targums are translations of the Scriptures from the pure Hebrew of the original into a Chaldaic dialect. After the Babylonish captivity, this dialect became the national tongue. Some of the Targums are entitled to much more credit than others, because they are more ancient, and the original sense and signification is more strictly and literally maintained in the translation. Others are rather commentaries, with which fables are intermingled. The Targum of Onkelos is held in the greatest estimation, on account of its antiquity and purity.

though it seems more likely that David composed this Psalm concerning himself, as we have explained.'

"And now, my dear father, I have to say that the accordance between the prophecies concerning the Messiah, and the record of the life, acts, sufferings, and death of Jesus of Nazareth, as given by the Evangelists, is perfect and complete, and—which for a moment I had let slip—his resurrection too; for the proofs of the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth, and that it took place in accordance with the prophecies, are clear, conclusive, and beyond *rational* contradiction. Do you ask me if I can prove that in Him the prophecies are accomplished? I most emphatically answer 'yes!' for the coincidences are multiplied, precise, minute.

"In the writings of David and Isaiah, we have a series of predictions which foretell, in the most emphatic terms, the following events:—That the Messiah was to be a descendant of David; that His mother was to be a virgin; that He was to be born in Bethlehem; that He was to be of humble birth, and without external recommendations to public notice; that He was to reside in Galilee; that His life was to be one of suffering; that He was to be rejected of His own people (the Jews); that He was to be betrayed by one who professed to be a friend; that He was to be treated as a malefactor; that He was to be mocked and insulted; that He was to display lamb-like meekness and patience; that He was to be put to a violent death, yet with the appearances of justice; that His executioners were to divide His apparel, casting lots for His vesture; that although put to death as a criminal, He was to be interred in a rich man's tomb; that He was to rise from the dead, without His body having undergone corruption; and that He was to leave the world, and ascend into heaven. Now, my dear father, all these prophecies are in the book which you honour as divine. There can be no forgery, for they were written long before the advent of Jesus. It is a well authenticated fact, that long before the occurrence of the events described in the Gospel narrative, they were in being, not only in the original Hebrew, but in a Greek translation also. Will you, my beloved father, take the Old and New Testaments; then comparing the inspired writings of David and Isaiah with the no less inspired records of the Evangelists, you will be fully

assured that the agreement is *exact, precise.* This is not hyperbolical writing—an opinion given upon something I wish to believe ; it is but just and properly true. Do, my dear father, prove it for yourself ; read the Book, and you will be fully satisfied, that all the particulars contained in the prophecies which relate to the advent of the Messiah, are accurately fulfilled in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. At least, then, if you will not do this, let me prevail upon you to read St. Paul's beatiful Epistle to the Hebrews. It cannot do you *harm ;* I recommend it as what I hope will do you good ; and you enjoy elegant literature ; well, believe me, that even in this low sense it is quite a rich treat.

"And I am not alone as a Jew bringing against the Jews the awful charge of crucifying the Lord of glory. Among their own writings I find observations by which they substantiate the charge. In one of their works, entitled 'Yoma,' they ask the question, 'Why was the second temple destroyed ?' In the answer to it, among the principal causes given is this, סיבת שנאת חנם.* I refer them to the 69th Psalm, one which is admitted by Aben Ezra to be prophetical of the Messiah. 'They hated me without cause,' is charged by our Saviour upon His enemies.

"Nor is it possible that the Jews can be altogether blind to the curse which has rested upon our nation through the eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since the crucifixion of Jesus. 'What adequate cause can be assigned for our long protracted chastisement ?' is one of their solemn questions. 'What can that crime be, which was committed by our ancestors, and of which to this day we have not repented ? Whatever it is, it must be some act or deed, of a most atrocious character—an act or deed, in the approval of which we have steadfastly persisted, and the guilt of which we have obstinately refused to acknowledge.'

"And if they will seriously reflect, they cannot avoid the conclusion, that there is no one deed, to which in all ages they have given their adhesion, except the crucifixion of Jesus. With that event, too (and they cannot avoid observing it), commences the era of their sufferings and

* On account of the hatred without cause.

distresses. Here, what is related of Rabbi Solomon Marochan occurs to me: while reflecting upon the iniquities of the Jews, he said, 'The prophet Amos mentions a fourth crime for which we have been in our captivity—of selling the Just One for silver. It manifestly appears to me, that for selling the Just One, we are justly punished. It is now one thousand years and more, and during all this time we have made no good hand of it among the Gentiles, nor is there any likelihood of our ever any more turning to good. Oh, my God! I am afraid lest the Jesus whom the Christians worship, be the Just One whom we sold for silver.'

"In A.M. 5588, the Czar of Russia issued an imperial ukase, which refused to permit the presence of the religious officers of the Jews in his dominions—a decree replete with cruelty and oppression. In consequence of this act an address to the Jews of all countries was drawn up in London, and, I believe, published there, too. Doubtless, my dear father, you recollect this address, and the circumstance which called it forth, perfectly well. I will, however, select from it one solemn paragraph: 'These persecutions manifest a prevailing spirit which should alarm the Israelites of all countries and climes, and incline us to arouse our hitherto too dormant feelings, and to search our ways, that so, by tracing effects to their causes, we may attempt to find a remedy for the accumulated evils which have befallen, and still surround us; and that we may acknowledge the justice of our Creator, even the King of Israel, and own that these as well as all the other chastisements which have been heaped upon our devoted heads, are, as it respects the Almighty, merited by the sins of ourselves and our forefathers as denounced by our lawgivers and prophets.' And oh! that Israel may enter into the spirit of this address—that they may begin that deep and prayerful examination of their hearts, which it inculcates. Do they inquire *why* their devoted race has been again and again visited with the direst calamities! O! let us roll back the page of history, and trace our sufferings as they rose from the moment of the erection of the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the hill of Calvary. But, while we are humbled, debased to the dust, by the guilt of giving our assent to the crucifixion of the Son of God, let us not despair; but, full of hope, believe, and become partakers

of the blessings which He died to purchase for us. So shall that dark cloud which now hangs over our nation, melt before the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness, and our souls be vivified by the dawning of an everlasting day. May God help us to this for His Son's sake. Amen.

"At the commencement of this letter, my dear father, I told you that I had *proved in my own soul, that Jesus is the Messiah*. This, to me, would, if it were alone, be quite sufficient; it is conclusive proof; I could desire no greater, for it is altogether satisfactory. Through Jesus I am washed from my guilt; through Jesus, I have a joyful looking forward to a glorious immortality; through Jesus, I rejoice with 'joy unspeakable and full of glory.' I know whom I have believed, and I know that He has purchased and 'laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them that love His appearing.'

"All my tastes, desires, and pursuits, are opposite to what they once were; old things are passed away, all things are become new. It is my constant prayer that I may have a heart purified, even to its most secret thoughts and imaginings.

"Having received so much from Jesus, I prayed for strength to act in obedience to His command, that I should make a public testimony of my belief in His name. He gave me this power to confess Him before men; therefore I have been publicly dedicated to His service by baptism, and by partaking of the memorials of His dying love; I mean, I have received, likewise, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Do not be displeased with me, my dear father, because I did not before tell you of all I have now made known. Could you but see how my heart palpitates with the deepest love towards you, I am quite sure you would not. Perhaps, indeed, I ought to have told you before—I think my duty to you enjoined that I should; but really, previously to the present moment, I had not the energy to do so. Forgive me this wrong.

"I now commit this letter to you. I beg of my Saviour to attend it with His smile and benediction. O, that it may lead my dear father to those streams of bliss, of which his Leila has already tasted! O, that the angelic choir may have to tune their golden harps, and praise the Lamb of God, moved by the sight of my much-loved

parent, prostrate at His feet! How happy we should be, my dear father, both journeying to Heaven together! Both having the sweet assurance, that even death itself could but divide us a few short years. O do, do begin to serve Jesus. I cannot write any more; my paper is moistened with tears: they are tears of mingled prayer and praise.

"May God be with you, and keep you and bless you; and may He guide you and lift up the light of His reconciled countenance upon you; yea, may you be very precious in His sight, is the prayer of,

"My dearest father,

"Your very affectionate and devoted daughter,

"LEILA ADA."

CHAPTER X.

CONVERSATIONS BETWEEN LEILA AND HER FATHER.—LEILA IS SENT TO HER UNCLE.

THE night on which Leila's letter was given to her father, was spent by her in earnest prayer. Of it she remarks: "I experienced much of the Divine presence and support. I felt a calm assurance that my Saviour would work for me: and that whatever happened to me, all would be for good."

Daylight came: and with a body made feverish by watching, and spirits absorbed and depressed by deep anxiety, she made her morning toilette. Eight o'clock, the time of meeting her father in the breakfast-parlour, arrived; her spirits sunk to the helplessness of infancy, in prospect of the dreaded interview. Her father would, perhaps—nay, almost certainly—speak unkindly; it was more than she could bear. Eight o'clock passed—she was kneeling, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, beseeching Divine aid to meet the event: it was given, and she arose strengthened.

Entering the room, she found her father already waiting. Directly she went up to him, and throwing her arms upon his neck, was about to claim her usual kiss—

"Leila!" ejaculated her father solemnly, at the same moment turning his head from her.

"O, my dear, dear papa!" said Leila, weeping, "do not refuse to kiss me! Do give me my kiss, and then I will try to bear all you have to say. But, indeed, I cannot stay if you will refuse me this. I cannot endure so severe a mark of your displeasure."

"What have you done, Leila? How can you expect me to kiss you? Can you imagine the night I have spent? Is it for this I have had you instructed in the law of the God of Israel, that you should mock at it, and cast it behind your back? Is it for this that I have with-

held no means of knowledge from you, that your learning should become a snare to you? O, my daughter, perhaps my heart has been too much bound up in you. Now I am scourged; those hopes I had, that you would soothe my declining years, are blighted. But come, kiss me," he continued, holding out his hand to Leila, who stood petrified with anguish.

"Now, my choicest treasure, tell me who it is that has poisoned you: let me know who it was made you a proselyte from the faith of your father Abraham. To think that one of my kindred should have become an apostate—a Christian—and that one, too, my own child! But come, my dear, speak to me; tell me how your unsuspecting and innocent heart has been misled. The arms of our religion are as wide open to you as ever, if you will return now; and I need not tell you that I shall love you better than before."

"O, my dear father," faltered Leila, "no one has abused my judgment: indeed, it is God has of His mercy opened my eyes,—"

"God open your eyes to believe in Jesus of Nazareth! It is not possible. Do you not know that God has specially chosen our nation as the depository and conservator of the only true religion? You are flying from God, my dear child. God chose Israel, and made it the sanctuary of the true faith. The nations were sunk in error and idolatry; and in many cases their idolatrous rites and sacrifices were perpetrated under the holy name of religion. But in order to accomplish His designs of mercy, in the establishment of truth and righteousness upon the earth, He raised up Israel, and declared Himself unto them as His chosen and peculiar people, calling Himself by name JEHOVAH—THE ONE—I AM. He became our Lawgiver and our King. Read the charge of Moses to the Israelites, given as he was about to die: 'Behold, I have taught you statutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that ye should do so in the land whither ye go to possess it. Keep, therefore, and do them; for this is your wisdom and your understanding in the sight of the nations which shall hear all these statutes, and say, Surely this great nation is a wise and understanding people. For what nation is there so great, that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law, which

I set before you this day? Take heed to yourselves lest ye forget the covenant of the Lord your God which He made with you: for the Lord thy God is a consuming fire, even a jealous God.' O, beware of what you are doing! I tremble, my child, for you; I cannot express my agony for you. Although in the many ages which have passed since the giving of the law, the traditions of men may have become mixed with it, yet this will not affect the faithful soul; our religion is still pure and holy, and still of God; man cannot change or deteriorate it."

"But, my dear papa, God has entered into a new and better covenant with His people, and Christ Jesus is the Mediator of that covenant. He is the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel. The law as given to Moses was typical, and it was imperfect, and, therefore, it continually reminded the Jews of their need of a perfect and full atonement, which should sanctify and purge their conscience from dead works to serve the living God. And this new covenant has abolished all the forms, observances, and ceremonies of the old covenant, for these were only imposed as a figure until its fulfilment and perfection in the Lord Jesus Christ. These stood in outward ordinances, but the new covenant in Christ Jesus has opened to us a new and more excellent way: 'This shall be the covenant I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God, and they shall be my people.' Permit me, my dear father, to read to you from this book," continued Leila, as she drew a small New Testament from her pocket: "'For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched. But ye are come unto mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling which speaketh better things than that of Abel.' 'But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us. Christ was once offered to bear

the sins of many. And for this cause He is the mediator of the new testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance.' 'Sacrifice and offering, and burnt-offering, and offering for sin, Thou wouldst not, neither hadst pleasure therein; which are offered by the law. Then, said He [Christ, my dear father], Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first that He may establish the second. By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all. Having, therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say His flesh; and having an high priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water; for He is faithful that promised.' And through faith in this perfect covenant, my dear father, I am made happy, having received remission of my sins. I love Jesus; I feel very certainly that He loves me. I am striving for that crown of glory which He has purchased for me. I seek a city out of sight, even the heavenly Jerusalem. I seek a tabernacle not made with hands—eternal in the heavens. For all my help I look to my Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Author and Finisher of my faith. And O, my dear father, that you would increase my joy, in seeing you thus happy too; in seeing you serve your Saviour too. Do begin to study the New Testament, will you? there is a dear, good papa; do read the beautiful Epistle from which I have just cited; it is St. Paul's to the Hebrews."

"O, my precious child! you have thrown me into great distress; I am much straitened; what will become of you? An anathema will be pronounced against you; your name will be blotted from among our people! What will become of you if you waywardly persist? Why do you think of setting yourself against the belief of the wise and pious men of our nation? I am much affected and really can speak to you no longer, my dear. But I feel that, as I am commanded, I must discharge my duty to your spiritual welfare. You may sit with me to breakfast; after that you must enter my presence no more

until a week has expired. Then I will see you again. If you persist in your apostacy, my dear child, I must do what I cannot bear to think upon—what it will almost kill me to do—part from you, that you may receive attention and instruction from abler hands than mine."

Leila's loving bosom swelled with the yearning of its deep and hidden tenderness. This was a new, and yet untasted, and wholly unexpected trial. Her feeling heart was too full for words upon their stream to relieve. She sought where she might loose the tearful springs now troubled in her soul. Convulsively kissing her father, she entered into her own room and wept there. From such a separation as he contemplated, the whole of her affectionate nature shrunk. Yet through the nobleness of Christian heroism, she was enabled to look upon it without wavering. The first conflict of her filial devotion being past, her faith derived fresh vigour from the conviction—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." A stream of heavenly light and peace flowed into her soul. With renewed dedication of all she was to God, she bowed herself before the throne of grace, and richly experienced the tranquillizing and hallowing influences of prayer. She was enabled to feel happy, even joyful, that she was counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Christ. In a letter which in the midst of this week she wrote to her dearest female friend, she says, while referring to these minutes, " 'He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.' I know, my beloved Emily, your heart will mingle its rejoicings with mine, when I assure you that I am able to say, I have no anxiety. I think I am seldom cast down except from purely physical causes. At first I wept with mighty anguish—Leave my precious parent! Oh! could I bear that? But when I had, on my knees, surrendered myself afresh to God, I ceased to inquire, and with every faculty of my soul I could say, 'What Thou wilt, my Jesus, what Thou wilt. I dare not breathe the slightest wish.' O, my lovely friend, help me to praise our glorious Redeemer. How abundant is His salvation. Why did I so long continue ignorant of His love—the only source of rest and calm repose. Is he not fitly called Immanuel—God with us? I prove it every moment." * * * *

Not less beautifully does she depicture herself in her diary.

"I have this day had delightful and intimate communion with my God. I felt the sacred fire of Divine love. My desires after entire conformity to the will and mind of God have been intense: my whole soul was engaged. I am truly athirst after the righteousness which my Saviour has promised and so delights to bestow. O, my Jesus, satisfy my ardent longings for the indwelling of Thyself. What then is all the tribulation of the world if the God of love has taken possession of my soul? O, may I be enabled to lean simply on Omnipotence, and more than ever feel that things present are a shadow unworthy of a serious thought. One smile from Thee, my Redeemer, is more than adequacy for years on years of toil and sorrow. It is my grief that I cannot habitually feel this; that I do not find a more intense disdain for the miserable offerings of this vain world. Lord, enlighten my understanding, let my views of Thee be yet more and more enlarged. So my soul, restored to Thy image, shall begin here that bliss which will attain to its perfection in the abodes of eternal joy and felicity.

"How thankful I ought to be that the Holy Spirit still continues to visit me with His gracious influences!"

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"There is no precept or command in the blessed Gospel, for the performance of which God is not ready and willing to communicate divine strength. The Saviour never gave *orders* without furnishing the *arms* to fulfil them. I can, therefore, look to heaven, and with confidence expect those blessings which I so peculiarly need at this time." * * *

"O Lord, my heavenly Father, I beseech Thee endue me with power and courage from on high, adequate to whatever Thou art pleased to lay upon me. Enable me to lay aside this carefulness which now engrosses my spirit. Lord, help me: increase my faith, confirm my hope, and let my love for Thee glow with more and more ardency than ever.

"I am impressed with awe; I hardly dare to hope; I am determined that God shall be my guide, that I will follow Him in whatever path He shall mark out for me. To the glory of divine grace I have to record that I enjoy seasons of sweet serenity and calmness. May I become more diligent in the use of every means of grace which God has prescribed. May I be enabled to press forward,

till I have seized on every privilege which is mine as a child of God, as a believer in Christ Jesus. Amen." * * *

"The more I drink of the fountain of living waters, the more I feel my thirst abate for earthborn joys. I am in possession of a peace which passeth understanding; I am happy in the love of God.

"When that dark veil which naturally covers our hearts is thrown aside, we discover a Father of infinite love, who *tries* us here, that we may be fitted for the hallowed enjoyment of Himself in heaven.

"In the presence of the great luminary the stars withdraw themselves. Last evening I saw them most distinctly; now they are lost amid the brightness of the day, and I cannot catch the slightest glimpse of their sparkling orbs. But as night advances, and draws her veil before the sunbeams, they again emerge from their obscurity and shine with lustre undiminished. Emblem of the trials of the Christian. When these have cast a shade over the vanity of our hearts, and thrown a gloom over the brightness of our earthly views, how plainly then can we perceive our inward depravity—what revelations of *indwelling* sins are made to us, and of a kind, too, whose existence we little suspected. While we were surrounded by every thing calculated to insure our ease and comfort, they were undiscovered: but let the clouds of trial and adversity darken the zenith of our worldly happiness, and coming forth from their obscurity they show their palpable existence. These are the seasons when the world is compelled to confess itself nothing but vanity and deceit, and when the soul is fitted to wing its flight far beyond the things which are seen, to those which are not seen, even the joys of celestial bliss.

"No matter how heavy, how impalpable, the cloud may appear, the glorious star of Jacob pierces the thickening shadows, and shows Himself our unchanging guide—our morning star. The more weightily our affliction presses upon our spirits, the more valuable and lovely do we feel religion to be, the more do we find its adaptation to our every want. Then it is she stands out in bold relief, and shows herself clad in robes of immortality and eternal life.

"Let such considerations as these induce me to joyfully take my appointed share of trial. Let me lose sight of the world—of all things earthly, and seek after an in-

creasing resemblance to my Redeemer, that I may be a lucid gem in His crown for ever. He shall be my pattern and my guide. I bless God; I love Him; I love His service; I love religion better than ever. O, what a bitter draught is life without God! and so without hope.

"Most fervently do I pray that through divine grace I may walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, and increase in the knowledge of God. May I be enabled to 'forget those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those things which are before, pressing toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' * * * * *

"To-morrow I am permitted to again see and speak to my dear parent. My love for him glows with more intensity than ever. What will be the consequence? I cannot tell; I have given the event to God. My path is clear—to simply and obediently maintain my belief in the Lord Jesus, as far as seems necessary to make His goodness to me known, to avow my intention to cleave to my religion; that course will I strictly follow, whatever be the consequence. Most earnestly do I entreat of God that I may have a complete mastery over myself. O, my Jesus! save me from bringing any contempt upon religion; but O, that I may adorn by my life and conversation, that lovely cause in which all my soul is engaged. I bless God, I record it to the praise of His holy name, that He does not permit me to be harassed by a single doubt of the truth of the religion I profess and believe in, not a single doubt that Jesus is the Messiah; on the contrary, each day finds my convictions deepened, my faith strengthened, my love confirmed. Glory be to God for what He hath done to my soul." * * * * *

"Now, my darling, my precious child!" exclaimed her father, with deep feeling, as she obeyed the permission to again see him, which he had given her, "come to the bosom of your inconsolable father, and tell him you have abjured all your sinful opinions and belief."

"O, my dear papa," sobbed Leila, "indeed I cannot; my belief is firmer, stronger than ever."

"Then, my child, it is my duty—you must leave me as I said. To-day I will write to my brother at ——; while you are there I shall have no direct communication with you; all that is necessary will be made known to m

your uncle. Till he answers my letter I shall see you no more."

"O, it is cruel, very cruel, papa, to put me away from you, when you are the only being in the world I love, and with whom I can be happy. O, how happy we have been together! indeed, I could not have supposed that you would do this; and you know that my uncle will certainly treat me unkindly now that I am a Christian; it will kill me, my dear father! you have always been so very and so delicately kind to me, that I cannot now bear the very least unkindness or neglect. But I have never murmured against your will, and I trust to be saved now."

"My dear daughter feels it much less than her father. What do you think it is I have to endure while I see my choicest treasure removed from my dwelling; my child in whom my every hope was centred? The struggle is deep and severe, and nothing but a stern sense of duty supports me through it. Now, my dear, leave me; I am ill."

Retiring to her chamber Leila gave vent to her overwrought feelings in an agony of tears. Thus relieved, she became more composed, and able to prayerfully prepare to meet the future.

The morning which had been assigned for her departure arrived. Upon this morning we find the following brief, but expressive entry in her diary:

"Dearest, loveliest, and best of all, my Jesus!"

And then came the last fond lingering moment—the last tender embrace—the last adieu from her swimming eyes. Graphically as every attendant upon the parting of this affectionate daughter from her only parent has been depicted to us, we must draw a veil over its further description. Such scenes in life are far too sacred to be committed to aught but private remembrance. It was a deeply affecting one. She went, not knowing whether she should ever return; but the victory was hers through Divine grace.

The domestics (themselves of the seed of Abraham) shed abundance of tears. "O, my dear young mistress," said one, her utterance choked with grief, "do come back again soon." "When God sees fit; pray for me," enjoined Leila; and with a bursting heart, she threw herself into the carriage which was waiting at the door.

CHAPTER XI.

TREATMENT OF LEILA BY HER UNCLE.—HER TRIALS.—CHARACTER OF LEILA'S COUSIN.

We have remarked of Leila's father, that although his belief in the Jewish religion was firm and persistent, yet he was not strenuous in the observances enjoined by their ritual. But his brother was much more strict. He was very regular in his attendance at the synagogue, and he was generally regarded as a pious and devout Jew. To his care Leila was confided, with a desire that he would exert all the knowledge he himself possessed, and likewise introduce her to conversations with other wise and pious Jews, with the view of shaking her belief. He was also instructed to carefully guard against her obtaining possession of any religious works except those which belonged to the Jews; and further, she was never to be permitted to attend a place of Christian worship. That this, and the purchase of any Christian books might be effectually prevented, she was never to go out but in the company of another.

Her zealous uncle began his work immediately. Closeting himself with her the very first hour after her arrival, he began: "My dear child, what dreadful tidings are these, that you have apostatized from the religion of your father Abraham?"

"Abraham believed God: I do the same. Abraham's faith was counted unto him for righteousness: mine is so too. Abraham's salvation is the same Saviour as mine; his faith in the bloody and imperfect sacrifices of the old covenant always referred beyond those types to the Saviour whom God had promised; mine refers to the fulfilment of the old and the establishment of the new, by the one perfect sacrifice of Christ, who is the Mediator of the new covenant into which God hath entered with His people. I have not committed apostacy. I wish, my dear uncle, I had a New Testament."

"I would not listen; I would not have such a book in my house. What it contains is blasphemous, and has been again and again refuted; and you, Leila, ought to know all this. Alas! all that my dear brother said was too true. What! do you think that I, and your dear father, and all your nation, are wrong, and you are right?—"

"Uncle!" interposed Leila, "from experience I know that not you, nor any of our nation, have any solid joy, or hope, or peace, or even comfort, in your religion. You reject Christ Jesus, the Saviour; what will you do for an atonement? You have none. Do not yourselves confess it?"

"An atonement! are you ignorant of the Jewish confessions? I mean those which are appointed to be said by a person in prospect of death. What say they?—and it is even so: 'My death must be an atonement for my sins!'"

"Oh! that is a terrible delusion: indeed, it is religious insanity. What death do you mean will be an atonement for your sins? Are your notions of sin, and its origin and its nature, so crude, that you do not know that 'In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die,' refers not to temporal death merely, but to eternal death also? This eternal death of the sinner, or an atonement, God's justice must have. No bodily death, no purgatorial pains, not even the most excessive torments of hell, were they to ever cease, could satisfy God's offended majesty. The sinner must either endure eternal misery—eternal death, or be ransomed in such a way that God can still be just, although He justify and restore him to His favour. If the words you have quoted mean only the sullen calmness of despair, I can understand them; they are desperate madness, if they mean anything else. You said, too, that the accounts in the New Testament have been again and again refuted. In this respect, my dear uncle, you are mistaken; they are capable of the most triumphant proof. The Sanhedrim could not avoid admitting that our Saviour performed the miracles imputed to Him."

"My dear, I really must not go into this. I have listened to you with great patience, and I shall seek to manifest the deepest kindness towards you; but be careful of this, that not a word of your principles is uttered in my family. I love you yet, as well as ever I did, and

I should be very sorry to suppose that you should ever cause me to love you less. I will fulfil my promise—I will do all in my power to save your soul, but I will not have Jesus of Nazareth preached in my house."

"As far, sir, as my duty to God will permit me, I promise I will make no observation; beyond this I dare say nothing, even if the forfeiture shall be my life."

Leila's aunt was a leader of fashion, as it is phrased; and now, therefore, she was placed in the midst of a giddy whirl of dinner and evening parties, balls, réunions, &c. This, considered by itself, was to her pure, and quiet, and retiring spirit, an inexpressible trial. It was her uncle's desire that, as far as possible, her being a Christian should be kept secret, for, said he, "I should feel ashamed to have it known that my niece is a believer in Jesus of Nazareth. My pride, too, would be humbled were our people acquainted that such a person is living with me."

Her personal appearance was singularly beautiful. Her manners and address were characterized by that elegance, refinement, and ease, which inseparably attend good sense and good breeding; and, withal, by a winning softness and innocence which at once fascinated. This was remarked by more than one. Among her relatives it was often observed, "If Miss T——'s arguments fail to convince, her insinuating tenderness and innocence of manner will: in any case, she has the victory." Of her intellectual power, we have before us precious evidence. It cannot surprise, therefore, that she quickly became a chief favourite in this family circle. And as she appeared at the first "quiet dinner and evening party" (it was at her uncle's house), clad in a robe of simple white muslin, her aunt could not avoid a feeling of pride in her niece. Playfully patting her cheek with her glove, she exclaimed, "Oh! Leila, dear, if you were not in such a dreadful delusion, how I could enjoy you."

Invitation after invitation poured in upon her, and it was not left to her own choice whether they should be accepted or not. Soon, however, one was sent for a grand réunion and ball. This, she felt, she must not accept. The evil was too mighty to permit of any course but one —a stern refusal. "My father," she writes, "bade me obey my uncle as I would himself. I feel I have already done this too much: I will do so no more. My obedience

affects my soul, and, therefore, cannot be given. Although I have striven hard to keep my thoughts in heaven, while I have been in the midst of these gay circles, yet I fear it has, in some measure, deadened my soul: indeed, it cannot be otherwise, because the music, and singing, and animation, are to me temptations; then I cannot avoid a taint. O, my Jesus, forgive me what I have done! I never, till to-day, saw the evil clearly. I have sought temporal peace and composure at the risk of my spiritual life; but now, by Thy help, I am determined to do so no more. My body trembles and is ill at what I know is to come—what I know will be the result of my conduct—but Thou, my Saviour, canst give me all necessary strength; and Thou wilt if I have faith in Thee. I intreat Thee fire my soul with Thy love! Enable me to break down every obstacle which shall hinder me in my progress toward heaven: O perfect Thy strength in my weakness! I am full of sweet confidence that Thou wilt: I have an assurance that in the hour of trial the Saviour will appear for me. Then, welcome whatever He appoints. I am voyaging to eternity: no matter if mine is to be a stormy passage; I shall better enjoy the peaceful havens of celestial rest; my hopes of Heaven will glow more vividly; my faith in Jesus be in more mighty exercise. He will save me: I believe it. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not how much He hath done for thee! Fear not trials, Jesus will be with thee; the Lord of hosts is His name. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is my rock and my tower; the God of Jacob is my refuge!

"O, that Christ Jesus may but dwell in my heart by faith, and then, rooted and grounded in love, I shall be enabled to overcome every adversary, and to comprehend with all saints what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height, of the love of God—that love which passeth knowledge and understanding. I shall even be filled with all the fulness of God. With the glorious prospect of my heavenly inheritance continually before me, I shall rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Finally, being brought off more than conqueror, I shall rise to the mansion of rest which Jesus has prepared for my eternal home."

From this revelation of the workings of her heart, we may perceive that Leila had some time previously begun

to suspect that the fulfilment of her uncle's request, by abstaining from distinctly confessing her attachment to Christianity, was nothing less than putting her light under a bushel. And therefore she gave herself to reflect upon how far her peculiar circumstances, and that obedience to her father which the Scriptures enjoined, justified her in what she now believed to be an infringement of the law of Christ. For the sake of that affection with which we cherish the memory of our dear friend, we feel it necessary to record the assurance which we have had from her own lips, that she never made the shadow of an attempt to *hide* the fact of her being a Christian.

From the very first she resolved, that she could yield obedience to her uncle only so far as not to *seek* for an occasion which would require her to repudiate Judaism; if that occasion came without any effort of her own, she fully determined that not for one moment would she compromise the truth by which she was saved. She felt that beyond doubt the time for her to confess Jesus had now arrived. From the extract just given she appears to think that it had arrived before; but she was quite assured that her position compelled her to disobey her parent now, and that she might righteously do so. But what a flood-gate of persecution would be opened upon her, if she transgressed her uncle's word, and made it known that he, a strict Jew, had allowed a devoted Christian Jewess to be introduced into Jewish circles, and yet had spoken of her as though she were a believer in the faith of her fathers. Leila thought on all this and on much more than this, and that she should have to endure sufferings which could only be imagined by one who was, like herself, a Jew. But she wavered not. Her help was laid on "One that is mighty," and with a calm assurance and trusting confidence she took her pen to decline the before-mentioned invitation, and declare her joyful belief in Jesus as the Messiah. The letter was written in her own sweet spirit; full of a yearning tenderness for the soul of the person to whom it is addressed; and noble and undaunted in her recognition of the Divinity of the Gospel of Christ. She wrote without first making her uncle acquainted with her intention. To such a task she felt unequal; and therefore left to her Heavenly Father's direction, the way in which it should be made known to him.

With this act a course of severely increased trial commenced. This, as we have said, she had anticipated. To the present moment her uncle and aunt and their family had been solicitously kind. It is true that they sometimes took occasion to scold her for displaying what, in their estimation of obedience, they considered too much of the "Nazarene doctrine" as they called it; but in general, all their efforts to reclaim her to Judaism had been characterised not only by affection, but that tenderness to which her ardent and refined spirit rendered her so peculiarly susceptible. Even the restrictions of her father they had many times transgressed. She had often been permitted to go out alone (except on the Christian sabbath), and she had availed herself of these occasions to purchase the Bible, and several of her favourite books. But now sour looks and dogged silence took the place of approving smiles and bland conversation; she was dunned on every hand with interminable questionings and woful expressions upon her spiritual state. "I could bear," she says, "my endless catechising when the persons possessed sound judgment and competent knowledge; but to be compelled to give a composed attention to the puerile reasoning and empty observations of those who know just as little of their own religion as they do of the Christian religion, is quite painful." Compared with her trying situation these reflections were exceedingly mild; yet a review of them startled their meek writer, for she continues, "But are not these expressions impatient, and, therefore, sinful? Lord Jesus, save me from all disposition to murmur! It is Thou who hast laid it all upon me; O, then, enable me to cheerfully endure it all! I am, perhaps, not well, for to-day I have had to encounter more severe trials that usual."

Each day her position heightened in severity: insults became increasingly common; so that we find her writing, "If my father knew the intense cruelty of my position he surely would not leave me here; it is trying me almost beyond my powers of endurance. My spirits sometimes sink very low. Lord, save me! Many of those who come near me hold in their clothes lest I should touch them, and as they pass me avert their faces, their lips curling with a most offensive expression of scorn. I am not permitted to have any meals with my uncle and aunt, nor any of their family. All of them, but one, and even the servants,

insult me. Last evening I entered a room in which two of the servants were working: 'Eudice,' said one, 'let's turn our coats, and go and pray to the Carpenter's Son to come down and save us.'

"'Oh! don't talk to me. I hate Him, and everybody as likes Him; and I shouldn't think *He* very well likes a hypocritical apostate.'

"'Oh, yes, He does; both He and His people are very fond of proselytes. They'll promise them anything; and, as to heaven, they'll warrant them getting in there if they have to carry them in a basket.'

"'Well, say what they will, they shall never point at me as a turncoat Jew; I would rather be a dog.'

"Here followed a torrent of vulgar abuse and blasphemy, which I could not write. O, my Saviour, forgive them! I would pray with Stephen, 'Lord Jesus, lay not this sin to their charge.'"

But in her aunt's family there was one who had always behaved to her with an uniform and delicate kindness. This was her eldest cousin, a young man whose mind, destitute of those unreasonable prejudices possessed by too many of his nation, was always on the stretch to obtain increased light, or to communicate it. His influence prevented Leila from being submitted to many an intended slight or insult. He very often conversed with her about the New Testament, and the prophecies, and the proofs that the Messiah had come. In the midst of these conversations, he confessed that he had long felt an absence of confidence in the religion of his people. This feeling arose through reading the Old Testament, and comparing it with the Talmud; but that he feared to trust his judgment, lest he should commit the error of reasoning himself into deistical principles, or even worse, perhaps, than these. He had noticed the character of several Christians, and it claimed his admiration; but one thing he thought very wrong—even if Jesus should be verily the Messiah—it was the changing of the Sabbath. He thought this a flagrant offence against the majesty and command of God, and wondered that Leila could think of observing this "sabbath of man's creation." But one by one his scruples were removed, and his opinions changed; and Leila had the intense satisfaction of seeing him increasingly incline to become an "apostate" too.

He was far from being a person of timid and ever-shifting principle. Before adopting any opinion as his own he accustomed himself to examine it well on every side; at the same time condensing all the light he could obtain, and throwing it upon it. When at last his judgment was decided, if he were in favour of the principle, it was at once and for ever placed upon the shelf, and he was prepared to vindicate and sustain it to the uttermost. At each successive conversation with Leila, his conviction that she was right and his parents were wrong, struck deeper into his soul, and in proportion his exertions on her behalf became more strenuous and earnest. This hastened things to a crisis. From his conduct it was "quite clear that he was infected with her blasphemous opinions." Indeed, it was a fact that he made no attempt to disguise. His parents were enraged—not against him, but Leila. And something must be done at once. Perhaps part of their resolve was taken with the view of following up the "salutary impression" which Leila's aunt supposed her sufferings would make upon the family: but we also believe that, with it was coupled an honest intention to make one final effort that if possible her poor soul might be saved from the perdition which threatened it. And her father was written to. He was told that she had been exerting every means in her power to convert the family to her abominable doctrines, and had nearly succeeded in poisoning that member of it to whom we have referred.

But in the midst of these painful circumstances, her confidence in God's mercy and love towards her was unchanged. This is sweetly proved by her diary:—

"Eternal Father, infinite is Thy goodness! unbounded Thy love! In the contemplation of it I am lost in wondering adoration. What am I, O God, that I should be so highly favoured? Where shall I, who am but dust and ashes, begin to glorify my gracious Parent and Preserver? or where shall I find a point at which my strain of praise may cease? By Thy mercy it is, that from a soul-felt experience I am enabled to celebrate Thy love. Whatever I have been, whatever I now am, whatever in a blissful eternity I may become, is Thy precious gift, my Redeemer. To Thee let the tribute of my gratitude be

unceasingly offered. To praise Thee with all my faculties, with all my energies, is the wish of my soul.

"Glorious Immanuel! I love Thee. And now, when perhaps Thy visitations may seem most trying, I rejoice in the sweet conviction that goodness and mercy preside over the infliction. With humble confidence I approach Thee, O God, as my Father; and so I believe that Thou wilt pitifully weigh whatever chastisements Thou seest fit to exercise me with. Is it for me to complain of the trivial cares and slight annoyances which I feel, when I recollect what Christ suffered, and suffered with unconquerable love and unshaken patience, that I might inherit eternal life? If I am oppressed with anguish, my faith may still derive fresh courage from the reflection that the time is coming when God shall wipe away all tears from the sorrowing eye. At those seasons when my soul shrinks with a disgraceful fear, let it look to the bright example set by my Redeemer, and be thus assisted, strengthened, and consoled. It may be that fearful is the trial and life-long the conflicts which I am decreed to know, but, with Jesus as my guide, I may still say, 'none of these things move me;' my constancy shall never be overcome. And then, what mighty joys hath He laid up for me in reversion! With what glad songs of triumph shall I mount above the skies, to dwell in the presence of my Saviour for evermore! Accept my thanksgivings, gracious Father; Thine —only Thine, I am; and Thine through eternity do I desire to remain. How sweet the thought! With what faith and love does the anticipation of Heaven inspire my soul!

——— 'O, how Omnipotence
Is lost in love! Thou great Philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the Friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born,
Thou who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in Thy blood!
How art Thou pleased, by bounty to distress!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big to utter! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to distance all return!
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
Thy right, too great, defrauds Thee of Thy due;
And sacrilegious our sublimest song.'" * * *

"'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.' It is my privilege to moment by moment repeat the exulting words. And while through them I express the rejoicings of a heart grateful for past mercies, they convey also the cheering conviction, that as He has hitherto assisted, so will He in mercy continue to support, even to the end. The consolations of the Christian are too rich—too solacing to be given up, because sometimes clouds may intervene between the soul and the beams of the Sun of righteousness. To speak thus seems to the worldly the height of foolishness. Let it be so. The Christian can well afford to be counted weak and ignorant. The things of Christ can only be spiritually discerned; and to His faithful servant this confident dependence upon Him seems to approach the perfection of wisdom. It is ever a source of love, and hope, and peace, and joy. O! then let me exult in the favour of my protecting God. Heaven is in my view, and in comparison with that, all the sorrows of earth fade into insignificance. It is mine to know that through the merits of my Redeemer I am reconciled to the Deity, and am made an heir of everlasting glory.

"Such are now my feelings, but how often are my spiritual senses dulled; how often do I find cause to deplore my coldness and insensibility to eternal things! This bosom, which has been so often filled with a joy unspeakable, and which should constantly beat with exultation and gratitude, why is it that it ever remains unmoved? How very sinful is this indifference! How deficient in dignity and reason, as a creature destined to immortality, must I be, if I can ever neglect such wondrous love.

"Do I start when I contemplate the gloom of the doubtful future? Away with such desponding and unworthy thoughts. I have nothing at all to do with the events of my life, but submit myself to them; sustained by the positive assurance that all things shall work together for my good. God chastens those whom He loves: and I must kiss His correcting hand. Oh! then, my Jesus, let me calmly leave all I am with Thee. Help me to peacefully confide in Thy protecting care, and repose in Thy perfect wisdom. May my soul now rise above this cheerless world and turn to Thee—the Mighty—Jehovah—the Eternal! So shall I find peace, and love, and joy, for ever and ever." * * * * *

"How deep is this stillness! broken only by the solemn ticking of my watch at my side. Tremendous monitor! How mighty is the silent eloquence with which thou tellest me it is now just midnight. This minute separates the day which has closed from that which now opens upon me. An all-pervading awe surrounds my spirit. The day—the future—eternity—is beginning. Let me dedicate these solemn moments in a grateful act of worship to my God.

"Great and adorable Creator, with unaffected reverence and humility I bend before thy awful throne, and worship and adore Thee as the purchaser of my glorious immortality. By thy grace I have been safely brought through the sorrows and difficulties of another day. Grant that my soul may have a proper sense of Thy mercy, and justly value the love which Thou hast displayed towards it, in the day that has now for ever fled into eternity. Lord, I am thankful; and before I sleep, I desire to feel that Thou hast accepted the tribute of my gratitude. Pardon all my offences against Thee, whether they have proceeded from weakness or a more blameable source. Amidst thought and distraction did I forget Thee, O my indulgent Father? Have I earnestly coveted to be like my Saviour, loving and holy, meek and humble, gentle and affectionate, patient and resigned, disinterested and unwearied in my efforts to do all the good which my present circumstances admit? Alas! how defective is my deportment before mankind and Thee. May my gracious God look down in loving compassion upon His erring child. I long for a complete devotion to my Saviour. Oh! teach me more and more of Thyself, my Jesus; and more and more fit me for immortality; help me to abhor what is evil, and eagerly pursue everything that is good. To this end let all my thoughts, and hopes, and aims, be directed. If in Thy wisdom it is determined that this day shall introduce me to the eternal world, O! help, sustain me still; and grant that with unshaken faith in my Redeemer, I may tranquilly pass from earth into that state of being, in which all sublunary sorrows and anxieties are dismissed for ever. And where to perfectly know, and love and adore Thee will be the consummation of blessedness. Amen." * *

"A constant sense of the Omnipresence of God would be the most prevailing incentive to a devotional holy

frame of mind. All my words, thoughts, and actions are known to Him. Every pure aspiration, every inward struggle, every victory gained over sin, is observed by the Deity. How should my worn spirit be cheered by such a conviction! My secret anguish is not unknown to Thee, my Heavenly Father, and Thou wilt not pass over it with cold indifference. At an age when I could least bear it, I have been violently torn from the parental bosom, in which I have so loved to nestle and be cherished—but it is enough, my Saviour, that Thou seest it, and hast willed it should be so. Satisfied that Thou lovest me too well to be unkind, may I repose upon the assurance, that, no matter what are my difficulties, they shall tend to my eternal benefit. It is true my way may be obscured by clouds and gloom, but the conviction that Thou art watching over me, and counting all my tears, shall make me rejoice.

"Never did I feel more than I do at this time the importance and beauty of religion. I love my Saviour; I am o'er-canopied by His wings; and I am happy. I have seen a glimpse of His glory whom my soul loveth; and I long—I pant—most ardently to be lost in God.

'O could I lose myself in Thee,
Thy depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast unfathomable sea
Of unexhausted love!'

"I am athirst for a state of everlasting happiness; for those immortal joys which live in the presence of my Saviour for ever. A holy, solemn calm flows o'er my heart—yes, I have a sweet impression that I soon shall join the spirit-music of the skies. Do I deceive myself? A little time will answer me!" * * * *

Precious testimony to the peace and joy of serving God! Hail, youthful saint! Communion with thy Saviour was thy great delight on earth. And often amidst its melancholy clouds have our hearts been warmed, and our souls gladdened, by witnessing thy bright but dreamy smile, and thy holy happiness and love. Thy pure spirit seemed to enwreathe us all, and throw around us a strange and mystic influence. So hallowed was thy joy. But happier now. For in perfection of thy ardent wish, thou art for ever present with thy precious Redeemer, in whose sweet abodes of blessing and repose, where, with all the redeemed,

thou hast bliss without alloy—without an end. O, that we might have a faith, a love, an earnestness to equal thine!

In proportion as sorrows thickened around her, so did her faith increase, constantly pointing her to the mansions of everlasting peace—to the "floods of celestial light." These ardent aspirations after the love and rest which remain for the children of God, were ever breathing within her soul. In one of her reflections, written while she was with her uncle, after beautifully expressing her deep trust and repose on the arm of her Redeemer, she dilates in glowing terms upon her intense expectation of the peacefulness of Heaven; and concludes by animating her soul in the language of one of her own verses, which if it is not one of the finest, is yet one of the sweetest and gentlest in the language:—

"Beyond the gulf of death!
Go seek the realms of love's immortal rest;
Where the black storm ne'er spreads its threatening crest,
Where sorrow sends no breath."

Even so, dear Leila; the springs of immortality are already gushing up to heaven from within thy young heart. Thy trials on earth are near their close. Whence comes that still, small voice which tells the soul it may not linger here? Comes it from mysterious and shadowy movings which in the brightness of immortal dawning the expectant soul sees in the dim eternal future? or does some smiling cherub whisper it at the solemn mystic hour of midnight in stilly blissful dreams? It is as if there are a band of angels whose work it is, when the cloudy veil which hangs between time and eternity grows thin, to cheer the yearning spirit by fond intimations that Jesus is coming to enfold it in His bosom and take it to His home. Strange are these calm foreshadowings. But whencesoever comes their soft inspiration, Leila felt it in her heart; and in her bright and placid imaginings she already inhaled the pure odours from the heavenly fields. Death approached her with a gentle loveliness. She knew it was he: but he looked very beautiful in the clear spiritual light which shone out from her eyes. She felt only a tranquil, restful, trusting feeling; a sweet impulsive throb which seemed ever hastening her homeward

flight, while amidst its soothing influences her spirit found enraptured rest, because it made the present so very beautiful and happy. It was a holy blissful emotion—just such an one as we feel while watching the setting sun glide over the blazing sea of fire until the bright golden doors of the west close after him, and we wish we had the wings of the light, that we might fly far, far past him into the glowing heaven of glory which we see beyond. There was no pain, no regret. Leila expected death as lovingly as the little stars watch their trembling shadows in the crystalline fountain. It was a sweet calm of spirit—like that with which we regard the ethereal loveliness of the last rose of summer, fading amongst the tender and melancholy shades of autumn; and we cherish it more fondly, and think it looks every hour more beautiful, as its tiny stem droops nearer and nearer to the earth, and its frail life draws to a close.

Are there many daughters like thee, Leila? Oh, yes! but they do not stop to gladden us long. They seem only to stay a moment to surprise and rejoice our hearts in their sweet loveliness and their strange unearthly thinkings; and to teach us how pure and ethereal the religion of the Saviour makes the human spirit, and then the great gates of eternity close after them for ever. *You* father, whose thoughts are afar, had such an one. *You* mother, who are shedding sweet tears on the memory of Leila, for you trace her resemblance to your loved child who is not. And in the soul's wondrous feeling it seems to bind up the heart's broken threads and weave them again into a tissue of beauty. Peace to thee, sorrowing heart! Thy Saviour enfolds thee in a love which thou canst never know and angels cannot tell thee.

Hush!—The frail present dissolves and fades in heavenly melodies. A gentle, dream-like voice floats past like the herald-music of the skies, and thine absent, with her deep, loving eyes fixed earthward, reads:—

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you: and if I go and prepare a place, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also.

"They are before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the

throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

"There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

CHAPTER XII.

THE FINAL EFFORT TO RECLAIM HER.—CUT OFF FROM HER NATION.—HER ACQUAINTANCE WITH MISS H——.—RETURNS TO HER FATHER.—"HOW SOON WE FADE!"

ONE afternoon, Leila's aunt expressed a desire that on that occasion she would dine with the family. It was a pleasing surprise; and she filled her mind with imaginings of the probable cause. She thought—perhaps her uncle and aunt seeing her constancy, were about to change their conduct, and permit her to return home—perhaps, her father had sent for her—perhaps, he was that evening expected—perhaps, he had become favourable to Christianity—perhaps the hatred of her uncle and aunt towards it was partially removed;—yet, no! that could not be, for they had not been any kinder to her—their enraged dislike appeared as great as ever. Well, then, it was almost certain that she was going home; her father had either sent for her or was coming for her; and if he were averse as ever to Christianity, and if he would not permit her in his presence, it was a superlatively blissful thought that she would be under the same roof with him; she would at least be exempted from contumely and insult. Oh! how happy she felt on that afternoon. She went to her Bible, and read its promises, and thought how richly in her experience they had been fulfilled, and were still fulfilling; how abundantly God had been with her, and supported her to that moment—the extremity of her trial, for in her father's house she would suffer nothing equal to what she was then enduring, and she hugged it to her bosom more dearly than ever.

"All this afternoon," she writes, "I have read my Bible through tears of pure and exceeding joy. God has been eminently with me; I never felt such a weight of glory. The manifestations of His presence have been overpowering, so that I was compelled to exclaim, 'Lord, enlarge, enlarge the vessel, or my clay tenement must sink beneath this mighty revelation of Thy love!' Oh! what must be

the bliss of heaven! I long for heaven! I thirst for heaven! If I can enjoy so much on earth, what must be the ecstatic raptures of the spirits in glory; their faculties no longer clouded by the body—no more shackled by sense? Glory be to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for this glorious foretaste of celestial joys! I have drunk deeply of those vivifying streams which flow from before the throne of God and the Lamb for ever. O, the love of God—the boundless, unfathomable love of God!* *I am Christ's;* and I can constantly live upon Him in my heart by faith. Bless the Lord, O my soul! and to all eternity remember the blessings which thou hast this day received."

Dinner-time approached, still she was left unnoticed and alone. She heard a servant remark, "The dear rabbis have just come." There was to be company then. Did they intend—when all were at the table, perhaps—to send a domestic, or ring the bell to signify that she might come? It was even so. A bell hung upon the staircase above the room which she generally occupied. The servants had named it the "Christian's bell," because it was usual to call Leila by it, whenever her attendance was required. The "Christian's bell" was rung, and with deeply wounded sensibilities, Leila obediently prepared to obey the summons. And as she was descending the stairs, she was met by her cousin—his eyes flashing, and his lips firmly compressed with subdued indignation—"Leila," he cried, "this is abominable. I did not know till this moment that they intended to be so gracious as to let you sit with us; else you should not have been used as you have."

"Do not mind me," replied Leila, and leaning upon his arm, she entered the dining-room.

Here she found two rabbis, and several elders, and other Jews, whom she had before seen, with one or two whom, to the present time, she had never seen. They rose to receive her with apparent affection, and throughout the dinner-time, maintained towards her a kind solicitude. All this conspired to give an assurance that another trial awaited her; and she prayed that if it were so, God would be with and support her.

Dinner was ended; and accompanied by her uncle and aunt, the guests adjourned to another room. It was intimated that Leila was to follow. Her only friend first called her aside—"Leila," said he, "I know what awaits

you; but be firm, and seek to keep yourself composed. God will be with you; I know He will. We are commanded to abstain from entering the room, but they should not have kept me out, only I dare not trust myself. I am sensitive, and I know not what consequences might follow if they treated you uncourteously. I am proud; you are meek and humble, and I believe will do best alone."

That none of the conversation might be overheard, the door of the room which lay beyond that one in which they now were, was fastened. Upon the table before them, a number of the principal books of Jewish learning and theology were arranged. Among these were the Talmud, the Targums, Commentaries, Moreh,* the Hagiograph, &c. Leila had only the Bible, and this she had not by permission (for they did not know she possessed one), but because she always carried it with her. Indeed, directly they saw her draw it forth on this occasion, it became a matter of discussion whether it should not be taken from her; and from their manner it was evident, that had they not intended first to ply her with blandness and seeming affection, she would not have been allowed to retain it.

One of the rabbis commenced with a long address, setting forth their love for her and her father; their intense solicitude for her soul; her breach of the commandments by grieving and disobeying her parent and relatives, &c. He concluded thus: "It is only this feeling of earnestness for your eternal welfare, which calls us here to-night. We wish by dispensing to you our light, to free you from that fatal delusion and snare which is thrown around you. To this end we proceed orderly; we will patiently listen to all your answers to our questions, and to every remark you may interject."

Through a disquisition of seven hours, Leila modestly, but firmly, maintained her position. How delightful it is to contemplate this youthful Christian (for she was now but just entered on the twentieth year of her age), reasoning with these eight of her nation through so many hours; all of them, too, well-skilled in Jewish learning. There she sat, calm and composed—no friend but God and her Bible, no help but her memory—attempting to prove and disprove, as far as they gave her the opportunity.

* "Moreh," or "Guide to the Perplexed," the most celebrated work of Rabbi Moses Ben Maimon.

Their promised patience and kindness were early exhausted. Each repeated essay to prove that Jesus is the Messiah, was met by the most intemperate refusals to listen. Most of the time was occupied in putting to her questions quite irrelevant; in harangues from the elders and rabbis; and in reading large quotations from their books.

Finding, at length, that her religion was not to be shaken by anything they could say or do, and confounded by her references to their own Scriptures, the smouldering fires of their ill-concealed rage burst forth. "God hath done with thee," exclaimed a rabbi; "He hath spoken to thee, blaspheming apostate, by the mouth of us His servants for the last time."

Leila quoted 1 Cor. i. 21—24, and then inquired, "Will you (I will ask no more than this)—will you permit me to demonstrate to you the fact of Christ's resurrection from the dead?"

"I tell you," said the rabbi, "we have proved to you from our writings, that Jesus of Nazareth was an impostor and seducer; that the Messiah has not yet come. You have hardened your heart; we will hear no more."

"Sir, it is too much to say you have proved it. For the honour of my Divine Master, I must declare the truth—you have not done so; yourselves know it. You have said nothing really convincing; you have brought forward no sound evidence: this you must surely feel, unless you have forgotten the nature of what you have said. My weak self could, with the help of God, have refuted all I have heard to-night against the Messiahship of Jesus."

"Wilt thou then deny it, young incorrigible? Wilt thou put all present to the lie? Then, on God's behalf, I smite thee;" and he struck her upon the cheek.

The other rabbi rose: "Miss T——, I ask you once more, and it is the last time, will you still believe in Jesus of Nazareth as your Messiah?"

"I do—I will—I ever shall; and I hope soon to be in Heaven with Him."

"Ha!" sneered an elder, and the same moment he spat in her face. Leila buried it in her handkerchief.

"Then," said the rabbi, "I pronounce that your name is cut off from your nation; that it is blotted from under heaven. Thou hast wilfully forsaken God, and woul[illegible]

hearken to His reproof, and now He hath forsaken thee; thou art an offence in His sight. I pronounce thee excommunicated; and every Jew who shall hereafter keep thy company, I pronounce against him the anathema of Jehovah, our Lawgiver and our King."

An elder now began to read to her. Leila was terrified—terrified not because she feared any of the anathemas which related to herself *merely*, but because some of them separated her from her father and all her relatives. The following is the substance:—

"Hear thou the curses of the Lord upon all those who break the commands which He gave to us His chosen people; and against all those who are disobedient to His law, as promulgated by our lawgivers and prophets.

"'Thus saith the Lord, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, nor to the voice of His people, to do all the commandments, and tread in all the statutes which I have given to thee this day, then all these curses shall come upon thee and overtake thee.

"'Cursed shall be all thy substance.

"'Cursed shall be thy dwelling-place.

"'Cursed shall be thy going out and thy coming in.

"'Cursed shall be the fruit of thy body.

"'The Lord shall smite thee with drought, and fever, and consumption. Thine enemies shall reign over thee. Thy food shall not satisfy.

"'All these things, saith the Lord, shall come upon thee, because of the wickedness of thy doings, whereby thou hast forsaken me.'

"These are the curses of the Lord, even the King of Israel. That they may be averted and not fall upon thee, we will offer our earnest prayers.

"Further, we pronounce our anathema against thy father, or any of our nation, who shall come near thee, or have aught to do with thee whatever. To us thou art as though thou wert never born among us.

"Lastly, we beg of thee, turn and repent. Bewail thy sins, if it be that thou mayest have pardon for thy manifold wickedness."

Thus was this affectionate child to be for ever separated from her only parent—that parent who was her very life-spring. The shock was too severe, and she wept heartily and convulsively.

"Dost thou repent?" harshly inquired a rabbi.

"Oh, no, no, no! Do not speak to me; your kindness is cruelty."

A paper was directly set before her to which she was compelled to affix her signature. In her own artless manner she says: "I was full of terror when they forced the pen into my hand. I could scarcely guide it, my hand trembled so much. They told me to write my name. I do not know how I wrote it; I suppose it was legible, for they appeared contented. What it was I signed I never knew."

This done, she was *ordered* to leave the room. Her uncle spoke to a rabbi in a low, earnest tone: the rabbi immediately said, "You are permitted, Miss T——, to remain here three days longer. That time being expired no Jew may receive you into his house. You must be prevented all opportunity of preaching your views among us; therefore, according to the command of God, we have cut you off from His people. Do not reflect upon us; you have placed yourself in this sorrowful position. Your dear father will be immediately acquainted with our proceedings; and I earnestly hope that yet your eyes may see the error of your ways."

It was long past midnight when Leila retired; but it was not to sleep, *that* was impossible. Closing the door of her chamber, she bent her knees in prayer for resignation to the Divine will; and now as, perhaps, the dearest ties of consanguinity were severed, that God would be her Father, as He had promised. Then being determined that she would not remain at her uncle's house another day, she arranged for her departure.

And thus was this *dernier* resort of her uncle and the rabbis a signal failure. The cutting-off of every Jew who forsakes the national faith, is of course nothing more than a proper fulfilment of Jewish law and usage. But very confidently was it believed that the idea of being separated from her father and kindred would terrify Leila into a denial of Christianity. They admitted it. They told her father so. Full of this expectation they came together that afternoon; full of it they began the efforts of the evening. And yet all their laboriously prepared arguments had been swept away like chaff before the whirlwind, as long as they could agree to listen. Everything

they said was met, and refuted, with the unshaken firmness and heroic constancy of deep and solemn conviction. And this by a mere child—a child who had not received a moment's notice of the ordeal through which she was to pass. They were enraged. Amidst their insults she had conducted herself with a calm and majestic dignity. She had heard the law read which separated her from her parent and her people. Her emotions, too mighty to be repressed, had compelled her to outrage her modesty, by displaying them in the presence of the men who had been the cause of her cruel excitement. Yet she did not exhibit the slightest sign of a wavering intention. On the contrary she professed her fixed resolution, even in the very extremity of her agony. They were confounded. They could scarcely believe it. Yes, sirs, but you forgot that, "the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him," watching their distress, and with its heaven-calm ray pouring light, and joy, and peace, and power, for ever into their soul. You might plunge your persecuted victim into the dungeon's depth; but smiling conscience sat by her side, an angel of light; hallowing her expectation, long and dark though it was, preserving her happiness calm and self-solaced, and whispering innocence and lofty consolation. Trusting no more in the resolution she had taken, but in the hand she held, love and peace flowed into that dreary seclusion, the light of celestial glories burst upon her spirit, and though on the brink of death, her soul was elevated above this narrow earth, and obtained a measure of the emotion which is its felicity now that it has risen to its native heaven. He who gave her the victory in preceding weeks of trial would not forsake her then. Her hope and faith in Him was not like an ether-realized and beautiful bubble, floating unharmed in the calm airs of summer, but bursting amidst the lightest breathed zephyrs of autumn and leaving not a trace behind. It was a solid, substantial reality. Her love for her Redeemer was not like a visioned spirit floating in the empyrean air of imagination—like one of those beautiful evanishings of mortal loveliness when Death throws his cold shadow over the young blossoms and leaves the mild bright spring-dream "sweet but mournful to the soul" among its half-fancied memories. It was calm, quiet, deep, and satisfying. It is true, sirs, you severed her

from the faces whom she loved. You expected that you had crushed the just-blossoming flower which had put forth its buds so full of warmth and beauty; for had you not sent it to decay among the dead, and to house in the grave, till with its little heart crushed beneath the weight of unrewarded fondness, it too, died unpitied in the dust? Ah, but it was not so! Even there she was not to waste her benign spirit nor bestow her illumination on the bleak wilderness. Her bright and loving heart was neither desolate nor uncompanioned, for Jesus her Lord was there, filling with hope, and light, and peace, and opening to her spiritual view the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. Yes, gentlemen, even then, amidst her great grief and oppression, Leila could tell you that she was happy!

During this interview Leila was favoured with the especial blessing of her Heavenly Parent. We have often heard her declare, that she never felt such power and quickness of thought, either before or after it. It was always her conviction that her tongue was directed and influenced by the Spirit of God; for the language was not her own, and appeared to flow without toil or effort. Nor was she for a moment at a loss. Doubtless this fact, connected with her extreme youthfulness, had much to do with the disgusting behaviour she experienced from certain of her irritated opposers. In the midst of a correspondence with Mr. Isaac T—— (her cousin before referred to), we received in May last, a letter designed to throw additional light on this view of the feeling of her questioners, and also to exhibit Leila's constancy and decision in the extreme moment of her anguish. He thought we might make the information available for a new edition. Not clearly seeing how it could very well be done, we requested, and obtained permission to publish an extract. And here it is:—

"I cannot tell when I am to bring this awfully long letter to a close, for I have now to tell you of two incidents, which to the present moment I had never thought of as being important for you to know, and which I think I should not have remembered now, only when I came to this part of my beloved cousin's memoir it struck me that if you had known them you would perhaps have taken occasion to introduce them. I waited up that night until the rabbis, &c., came out of the room. After talking and

fasting for so many hours they seemed both hungry and thirsty, and while zealously employed in appeasing their appetites they also found time for some very edifying conversation. Being in a very ugly temper, I pleaded illness, and did not join them at the table; but I took notice of all they said, and a few sentences I still remember. 'Well,' said somebody, 'of all the bold and determined opposers of even first principles of religious truth (I twisted in my chair, and very prudently bit my lips), I never knew one to equal her to-night. How glibly her tongue runs when she gets into that Nazarene doctrine.' 'Ah!' answered one of the rabbis, 'I told you you would not find it so easy to overturn her. You have not had my experience among the wicked. When the seductions of that Nazarene doctrine have laid hold upon the mind of the young, it is almost impossible to recover them. I never knew an instance yet. Ah! the men who propagate it little think of the curse which clings to them, and which is yet to take effect. How many hundreds of our noblest brethren have been sucked down its accursed vortex.' 'To hear such a girl speak so confidently and bear down everything before her, put me out of patience,' said another. 'A good beating would have done her more good than reasoning with her, and I should like to have given it her.' 'Hush!' said father. It was just in time to save me from saying something worse, and so bringing myself into trouble. * * *

"The other thing might help to show how decided Leila was to the last. I was conversing with her on the morning of her departure from our house, and in the midst of it I took occasion to tenderly inquire how she had resolved, and if her intentions were of such a kind that she could allow me the delight of assisting her in any way. 'Well,' she replied, 'I think, my dear Isaac, there is nothing now that you can do to assist me. I do not profess that I have no anxiety. Indeed, I have much anxiety. But I think I can say, that my trust is simply in Jesus; and that if my beloved father [here her emotion overcame her and for some time she was silent] should never speak to me again, and, even if he should make me no allowance of money (this I do not believe), I shall not hesitate a moment. Should my present circumstances result in both these, I shall seek a situation as resident

governess or servant of some kind. And to compensate for my ignorance, I will be content to have no salary. I have sufficient clothing to last me a very long while—as long, I think, as in that case I shall want any; and I have some money too and that, you know, is a large sum, considering the care with which I shall use it."

* * * * *

She had determined to leave her uncle's house, and that at once, but in what a trying strait she was involved. She had been cast out from among her nation, she had been cut off from her kindred by the rabbis, but would her father really be guided by their decision? The many happy years gone by, the sweet and numberless proofs of the high place she possessed in his affections, all seemed to loudly declare that it was impossible—whatever dislike he felt to her profession of Christianity, he would never be able to deny her living with him. She fixed, however, that she would for the present reside with a Christian family, who, since her conversion, had been most affectionately intimate with her. They lived at about two miles from her home. Their eldest daughter (an exceedingly pious young lady) had ever since the commencement of her acquaintance with Leila been her confidential friend and correspondent.

Their meeting was affecting to both. "She threw herself upon my neck," says Miss H——, "exclaiming, 'They have dared my dear father to permit me to return home.' She wept; and—can it surprise?—I rejoiced to weep too."

In about a month from the time of her leaving home, symptoms of declining health became visible. Her constitution, never strong, had doubtless, received a severe shock from the accumulated sorrow and anxiety which she had undergone, through separation from her father and her home. Add to this the coercive regimen and unkindness to which she was submitted in her uncle's family. But she had become a comparatively unnoticed being; and she was not of a disposition to complain.

These symptoms increased; and at the time she quitted her uncle's family, the decay in her health was very apparent. "I saw," continues her friend, "that she was quite ill; indeed, I thought *very* ill, although she did not appear to be fully aware of it. I observed it to

'Well,' she replied, 'I am not well, but I should be if I were with my father; it is absence from him unnerves and depresses me.'"

Having communicated with her father, she received a most affectionately written answer. Among other things he expressed intense indignation at her usage; a noble contempt for the curses of the rabbis; and desired her to come home to him directly!

This letter produced a sudden revulsion of her whole life's current, which for a moment was painfully overpowering. It filled her again with the most brilliant hopes. Evidently her father had almost—oh! might he not have quite?—burst asunder the trammels of rabbinical authority. She was scarcely recovered when a carriage, with himself in it, drew up to the door. He had followed the bearer of the letter. How sweet that moment to both! But their meeting must be sacred.

And Leila was reinstated in her sweet home—her father kinder than ever—all her books returned to her—permission to attend her chapel at any time she pleased, cheerfully accorded. She was happy!

Under the tender lavishment of paternal affection, her spirits appeared to recover their wonted vigour, and a fresh glow of health to course through her veins and suffuse her cheek. But it was only the stimulus of old and dearly-cherished enjoyments which produced this effect. She had begun to droop. Her spirit was ripening for the everlasting joys of heaven. Soft and peaceful was her decline, for it was soothed by the presence of her Redeemer. Looking more and more beautiful as she approached her eternal rest, she at last passed triumphantly through the valley of the shadow of death, and was laid beside her mother amidst the silence of the tomb. How soon we fade! How soon the friends we love are called away! Here's nothing worth a smile.

The first steps of the insidious disease were more than usually guileful. And when at length it had assumed its undoubted characteristics, her fond father grew restless and impatient if ever any reference were made to it. "A slight cough—and this was so very slight—was a thing to which she had always been subject: and the shortness of breath, and the bright hectic flush upon her cheek, he had noticed before. She would soon be quite as well as ever she was."

And the spiritual airiness communicated by the fever which was so gently consuming her life was "only a buoyancy of spirit which was nothing more than perfectly natural to her. However, if it would please the other members of the family, he would certainly call in a physician. But he himself was quite satisfied that his services were not required." The physician said that there was no present cause for serious apprehension, and he tried to bind up the breaking threads of her life. But all, except her parent, could see her unworldly thoughtfulness, and her gradually wasting strength. And then there was a deceitful change, and Leila again walked in the garden and tended her flowers. She could even sit down to the piano and sing some favourite movement—but it was always soft and solemn, often a beautiful and ethereal requiem. Her father rejoiced, for they said she would soon be well again. But on Leila's own heart there rested a sweet assurance, tranquil as the evening sky, peaceful as the last smile of summer, that she was going to the bosom of her Redeemer.

It was a calm golden evening—one of those lovely sunsets towards the close of summer when earth and sky seem to mingle into one blaze of glory, and all nature is hushed into profound adoration. In a bower formed of jessamines and bright spiritual roses sat Leila gazing into the profound depths of the fiery splendours, her heart throbbing with impulsive delight. The rich light flushed warm through the ringlets of her hair, and an unearthly radiance flashed from her large earnest eyes, as they intently looked on the glowing skies. Her thoughts were afar, and she seemed to have forgotten that any one beside herself was present. She began slowly and restfully, and in tones so soft and deep as made it seem an inspiration—

"I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

And then a soft brightness passed across her face like a shadow from the wing of an angelic spirit; and she continued, "I am going to behold that glory."

It was strange. For she seemed to be regaining her strength, and to be progressing towards health. But the

words fell on the heart of one who sat near her with all the certainty of a prophecy. And he looked at her white hands and noticed that they were getting longer and thinner, and that her skin was becoming more and more clear and transparent. The shadowy veil of time which hung between her sight and her Saviour was fast dissolving; and even now that thoughtful eye appeared lit up with an immortal fire. Why did he not observe all this before?

He need not have surprised himself; for, accepted by her father, he loved Leila, and was beloved in return. And that young saint was passing away in the midst of all the brightness which a promised future of love and peace could bestow. But she felt no regret for all she was leaving—nothing except an absorbing desire to see the salvation of her parent and relatives. She knew—the feeling was an all pervading reality—that she was going to a better home, where every love and beauty is enjoyed in perfection and for ever. And she longed to fly away and be there.

Even so, beloved Leila! Silver star of our memory! We feel that thou art going. Thou art too fair for our fading earth. Thy soul seeks its silent path amidst the suns far away, to join its kindred natures in lands more bright than ours. The messenger is on the wing: and the shining gates are opening to receive thee.

Let us accompany thee as far as the heavenly portals, and watch thee entering in: it may be that we shall catch a glimpse of thy glory ere they close behind thee for ever!

CHAPTER XIII.

EVANISHINGS.

"She pleads,
With angel tongue and mild beseeching eye.
Her heart
Rejoiced to die, for happy visions blessed
Her voyage's last days, and hovering round,
Alighted on her soul, giving presage
That heaven was nigh. Oh, what a burst
Of rapture from her lips! what tears of joy
Her heavenward eyes suffused!"

It is a sweet employment to honour the memory of those once dear to us in this life, but whose face we can now behold no more. To trace the bright track which marks their earthly course; to view them in the chamber of death, see their last triumphant smile, and hear their latest prayer; and when at last the final victory is completed, to watch their flight to those realms of blessedness where no sigh can ever breathe to interrupt the harmony of the skies, no pain disturb the repose of the inhabitants.

To ye, to ye beloved ones, who sleep in death's cold embrace, our souls are hastening. To ye, whose mouldering remains are veiled from our view by a covering of earth, but whose spirits, having gained their immortal rest, are now rejoicing in the presence of our Redeemer, to ye much-loved on earth, with whom we have often held sweet converse of the love of Jesus, but who have before us attained the joys of eternal life, our hearts turn with affectionate delight.

Thrice hallowed be the memory of the friends who are dead, thrice hallowed be the fondly cherished image of departed love. Come to us, ye gentle daughters, who mourn the loss of a tender father, or a fond, devoted mother,—come to us, thou heart-stricken husband, who weepest the loss of a beloved wife; and come, too, thou

inconsolable mother, whose dearest offspring has drooped away in the cold embrace of death, oh! come and join us, and our tears shall mingle in holy affection for the absent ones, and in spirit we will seek the consecrated remembrances in which these beloved objects repose!

We are not separated eternally. They may not return to us, but we shall go to them. What consolation is the thought! What a holy calm does it diffuse over the spirit! What bliss will it be to rejoin them in "the better land," full of the joy-inspiring conviction that we shall part no more!

Even so, beloved spirits! early have ye left us to be for ever with the Lord. But we shall follow you into His blessed home. We will not weep for you as lost. Your forms are often shadowed to us, and we hear you singing sweetly in our dreams. Resting with a firm reliance on the merits of our Redeemer, Jesus, we know we shall soon awake to rejoin you. Even now you seem to invite us to share with you the society of angels while you breathe in soft whisperings that we are hastening to you again.

Eternal Father! Fountain of goodness! we praise and adore the love with which Thou doest all things. We cease our dishonourable sorrow: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." "Praise the Lord, let us praise the Lord, and speak good of His name." With tender affection we will recall scenes passed with those who have been called away; scenes which can return no more. Our tears, the simple offerings of unaffected love, shall testify the emotion of our hearts. And, is it even so, that they who were so dear to us are asleep in the tomb? Yet by them our sighs are not unheard; nor do our tears fall unheeded.

The illusive hopes of Leila's lengthened stay on earth were passing away. During the buoyancy of these treacherous weeks, she occupied much of her time in writing. Her heart yearned with a sad and thoughtful tenderness towards her nation. The guilt they were contracting, and the happiness they were losing, while denying their Messiah, lay like an icy weight upon her soul; and she cherished fervent longings to do something for them. Most of all was she concerned for her father and her kindred. And as she felt the film of life grow thinner and thinner, the

deep workings of her spirit on their behalf became more and more powerful still. Warm-hearted and thoughtful she had always been, but there was a strange loveliness and maturity about her now. Often would she seek her parent, and with her head resting on his bosom, and her arms entwining his neck, whisper to him of the unutterable joys she felt in the love of Jesus, and the bright home to which she knew she was going. It pained him excessively; for his child seemed all that he possessed. He had cherished her with all a tender parent's lavish fondness: and she had repaid his affection by expanding into life very beautifully and with ever-increasing loveliness. He felt it impossible that he could consent to her passing away. He shuddered to hear her speak of dying. And while in tones full of deep paternal feeling he begged her not to say anything about leaving him, he would answer evasively respecting his belief in Jesus.

The afternoon had declined into the golden brilliance of sun-set: and this again was decaying into the soft shadows of twilight. Leila had been conversing with her parent on themes connected with Christianity, while her eyes, unnaturally bright with the slow fever that was burning in her veins, gave a wondrous fire and energy to all that she was saying.

"Papa, dear!" and, laying her burning hand on his, she tenderly kissed his pale cheek, "I do love you so—oh! inexpressibly. I think about you a great deal; for you are always in my heart. God is going to take me to heaven: I wish I could take you with me. But you will soon follow me. Yes, dear papa, and I will come to meet you! Perhaps—perhaps—papa,—Jesus will allow me to wait by your bedside as you are dying. He may—and I will kiss you—and comfort you—and—papa—" Leila's voice wandered dreamily. It was plain that her thoughts had fled far from earth, and joined the hymning circles of bright spirits in heaven.

"Leila, my darling child, I *cannot* hear you talk in that way—do cease!" said her father, in a dry, hard cadence.

"O, papa," said Leila, "it pains me more than I can express to hear you speak so. Why cannot you be happy and trusting like me? Why do you not give yourself up to God, and come to heaven with me? Mortality is the lot of man. Nothing is more usual, nothing more com-

mon on earth than separation. I know it is very severe for you to give me up to die. I feel immeasurably on this account, and sometimes it almost tempts me to wish to remain with you; for it makes me very sad when I think of what you are suffering. I used to imagine how dreadful it would be if you were to die and leave me behind; but then, papa, you know I was young, and might have thought that, perhaps, I should live many years. Now, you are sure you will not be long separated from me. The hour may indeed be very near when your earthly existence must close. Excessive grief, while it may displease God, will render your life wretched, and unfit you to serve Him as He commands you: and it cannot keep me with you, nor yet recall me when I am dead. Jesus is sorry to see you so unhappy at losing me, but I am His, papa; and He must take me. Don't sorrow any more for me! this is one of those stings which He left His Father's house to conquer. He would comfort you and make you quite happy, if you would allow Him. He waits, He expresses His wish to graciously cheer you in your affliction, and bring us again to meet in Himself at last, and to share with each other the joys of His kingdom. Will you not open your heart to Him? You are so noble, so loving, so excellent in everything, papa, that I am sure you are not far from the kingdom of God. Jesus loves you: do, dear, come to Him, pray to Him, and you will soon *feel* that He loves you."

Her father's earnest eye, and tightly pressed lips, seemed to speak of a mighty effort to subdue emotions that were passing in his mind. His countenance relaxed and he said, in a mingled but melancholy voice, "If I could only have your simple and realising confidence in God—it's of no use to think of it."

"Papa," answered Leila, "it grieves me, it makes me sad—very sad. It is the omnipotence which Jesus exercises on my behalf, that reconciles me to the thought of leaving you, papa; and if you would only ask Him, He is ready to give you the same peaceful, happy trust. Then will a sweet serenity come over your soul, and you will have an experimental assurance that all He does is love. He will always give you what is best for your temporal peace, and eternal happiness. I have often found, papa, on examining my heart, when it seemed to me I had cause

to be sorrowful, that the real evil was my being weakly, perhaps sinfully, disposed, and therefore, I had not just cause to repine. O, my dear papa, come to Jesus—now, will you? I am dying. I shall not be here to talk to you of Him much longer; let us kneel together before Him. He is God—indeed, indeed He is: I feel it every moment. His Spirit will sanctify, and bless, and save you, and crown your head with everlasting joys."

"Leila, I shall see you again. Pray that I may take comfort from that thought."

"Then, papa, you are a Christian?"

"Are there none besides Christians in heaven?"

"No, sweet papa, none but those who come to God through Jesus, and who love Him better than all else, can be admitted into heaven."

"But, my dear, I love God with all my heart, I hope—at least I try to."

"And He loves you for that, papa. But He cannot receive you into heaven if you do not also love the Son whom He hath sent. He cannot pardon you if you deny Jesus. It is to Christ that we owe the blessing of calling Jehovah our Father, and of seeking from His unutterable love, the blissful recompense for earthly sorrow in a joyous immortality. Oh, papa, do love Jesus and come to heaven. All is so happy in heaven. All is so peaceful,—loving,—beautiful in heaven. I long to be there." And Leila spoke in a voice of still assurance which she often used unconsciously—a voice as though the veil which separates the present from eternity were drawn aside, and her eyes were looking upon its glory.

There was a solemn silence; and Leila's father drew her fragile form still closer to his bosom.

"Papa," said Leila, after a while, "you have no confidence in Judaism, I think I may be certain of that. Have you now?"

"I have none in its present forms of presenting worship to Jehovah. We have got wrong somehow."

"Well, now?" said Leila, in a tone which expressed that she wanted to know what he did confide in.

"God, my dear, is a Being all love and mercy. He 'willeth not the death of a sinner.' And seeing that, perhaps, none of us have learned His appointed way of worship, I believe that in the overflowings of His love and

mercy, He will pardon us. I am more charitable, Leila, than I was when you got me to investigate the Jewish belief. I think that every pious Jew who clings to his Bible and that only, and who loves God with all his heart, and every pious Christian who does likewise, may thus be saved."

"O, papa," said Leila, in a voice of deep concern, "I would rather hear you say that you are still, as ever, a strict believer in the religion of our people. This is really a very dangerous view which you take. It quite alarms me; for it may lull your soul into a false peace. God said also, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.' What gift can you bring to purchase your forfeited life, papa? It is impossible to do away with the necessity of an atonement. God is love. But He would cease to be God, if He allowed Himself to forgive sin, in the way you have supposed; for we cannot imagine a perfect being who is not inflexibly just. This the Scriptures everywhere assure us God is. Therefore, though of His love and mercy, He might earnestly desire to pardon the transgressor, He cannot do so unless there are some means of satisfying His justice. And, papa, I don't want you to tell me, for I know that you believe, you are not able to do this for yourself. But God the Son has performed the work which you could never have done—oh! dear papa, is He not altogether lovely, can you help loving Him? He loved you, and took upon Himself the awful task of satisfying His Father's justice, therefore His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. There is no salvation; no joy on earth, no heaven, except through His mediation. Oh, papa, if—if I could only hear you say that you believed this precious truth—"

That loving voice was silent. Leila, wearied and oppressed, leaned on her father's bosom, like a tired dove nestling in the parent's breast. The deep cloud-shadows enshrouded the apartment with a solemn hue.

Leila's appeal sunk into the depths of her father's heart. He spoke of it after she was dead. He saw no more the bright imploring eyes, but the yearning voice still sounded in his soul like a spirit-echo,—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." That he was a sinner he knew; and with a vividness which made him shudder, he saw himself a

naked spirit standing before a just and holy God. He had no conviction of His favour, such as his beloved child possessed. He acknowledged to himself, that though he strove to love Him he could find little comfort in His service. And then he thought of the seraphic happiness and love which his daughter enjoyed, and from his heart gushed a passionate wish that in everything he could be like her.

And a passion of conflict followed. "God is just," he thought. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Between this sentence and salvation he saw an awful gulf fixed. How was it to be passed? He did not look to Jesus, for then it would have vanished. "She is right," he again thought, "I feel she must be right. Can all this beautiful faith and this yearning love be a fiction?—an empty imagination? Can this deep prophetic certainty of immortal happiness be after all a bubble? It is impossible that anything so lasting and equal should not depend on some source more powerful than the excitement of mere human feeling. Such an influence could never result from a foolish belief in the Divine power of a mere man. But how is the truth to be found out? Who can be sure of anything, where everything is so uncertain? Perhaps—after all—"* he again gave way to the erring dictates of fallen reason, and was lost in a wilderness of conjecture and unbelief, and consequent unhappiness.

O, the tremendous might of a human soul! Its trembling

* For the satisfaction of some of our readers it may be necessary here to say, that in these passages, we have not given rein to our imagination and produced a paraphrase, merely according to our own ideal. The thoughts which we have expressed are what we ourselves afterwards heard Mr. T—— describe as those which passed through his mind at this important moment. We also say, that here, as in all other parts of the book, Leila's language has been retained as strictly as possible. We have left out much of the conversations which form the subject of the present chapter, partly because it did not seem proper to commit such portions to the public eye; partly because we were not sure that we could give simply and exactly the thoughts which were expressed. We have everywhere carefully abstained from mixing the language of our own thinkings with the words of that excellent young person who is now with God.

perhapses—how fearful is their import! How awful is its ceaseless anxiety, grief, and despair while alienated from its gracious Creator. How terrible are the reflections which come over it when death, resurrection, heaven, and hell, all present themselves before it woven up with its solemn conviction of its eternity. How astounding are the thoughts with which it meets the announcement that the smoke of the wicked shall ascend from eternity to eternity—their torment shall never cease—their fire shall never be extinguished—their noon-day shall never decline. Eternity! what art thou? Eternity! how it recoils. Eternity!—Eternity, how awful!

It is vain for the soul to strive that, if possible, it may silence that calm voice within, which, like a warning-spirit, is perpetually sounding forth its accountability. It is vain for it to expect quietness by wrestling down the convictions of the Spirit of truth. As well might it hope to shake off its immortality.

The silence still remained unbroken. It is an accepted time. 'Tis a moment rich in blessing. Dear Mr. T——, do embrace it and be happy.

His heart softened lovingly. It was a strange and a very beautiful emotion too—he could not account for it. He felt a mystic peace. A tear fell—it dropped on Leila's burning cheek.

"Papa!" said Leila in a tremulous voice, and she began to weep: "kiss me, dear."

"Never mind, Leila. Don't distress yourself. I am not worth half so much anxiety as I cause you. I am sorry you think of me so much. Think less about me; it will all be right at last."

"But, papa, you are not a Christian. O, papa, think—suppose now—suppose —" for a moment her emotion overpowered her—"suppose you should die not being a Christian. O! it is dreadful to think of! The thought, papa, that there is indeed a possibility that I am about to leave you for ever, is too horrible for me to bear."

"Well, my dear, we shall see. I will talk to you another time: I fear the effect of this excitement upon you. Do allow yourself to repose."

"Papa, I shall be with you only a little time longer. I want to talk to you about Jesus. No excitement hurts me so much as your present state; and all this afternoon you

have been so wishful to listen to me. It is indeed very kind of you, dear papa: and I thank you. But there is one thing which you always excuse me from doing—I mean, reading to you from His word. Do be willing I should read the New Testament now."

"I will gladly hear you read anything you desire. But I had rather you would wait for some other opportunity. You are very tired. Be quiet now. You shall read to me, my love, to-morrow."

"Indeed, I am not too tired to read of the precious love of our Redeemer, my dearest father," answered Leila, with so high, so sublime an expression of joy upon her countenance as could never be depicted in language. And she proceeded to open her Bible: it was ever at hand.

With the fineness of soul and tender sensibility of an ardent lover of the pure and beautiful, and a quick poetic fancy, she was one of the most touching readers of Scripture whom we ever heard. Her faith so vividly apprehended whatever she was reading that it seemed to become a reality; and this, joined to her sweet pathos and her tenderness of feeling, gave a strange influence and attractiveness to her diction. And beside this, the nearness to eternity, which now was her always present feeling, surrounded everything she said and did with an ever-increasing loveliness. She read first the 53rd of Isaiah. Then turning to the Gospel by St. John, she read the 14th, 15th, as far as the 16th verse, and the 17th. These finished, she turned to the account of the Redeemer's wondrous love and agony as recorded by St. Luke. She opened the 22d chapter, read first the 37th verse, then from the 39th verse to the end; and on to the 48th verse of chapter 23. It was a hallowed exercise. According to the condition of her emotion—the full of soul—she addressed comments, &c., to her father, who sat evidently deeply affected. He was very uneasy; constantly shaded his eyes with his hand; and strove earnestly to wrestle down whatever it was he felt.

"O my dear, dear papa," said Leila, earnestly, and with swimming eyes, as soon as she had finished, "can you, now, resist such infinite love as Jesus has displayed any longer?"

Her father made no reply.

"Papa, do believe me, there is no happiness so great, so pure, as that which flows from an experimental acquaintance with the love of Christ. Will you pray to Him—now, papa?"

"What's the use, my beloved child, if I can't believe upon Him?"

"Well, sweet papa, kneel with me; and we will pray to Him till He gives you faith. He will hear you, and answer you, if you can only address to Him the language of Peter, 'Lord, help my unbelief.' O! He is so good—so lovely. Will you, papa?" and taking his hand, she tenderly kissed him.

"Speak to me another time, Leila. Don't say any more now." And he seated himself before the piano—a very useless mode of trying to drown the voice of an awakened conscience.

With a silent prayer that God would deepen the impression evidently made, Leila listened to him as he played one of her favourite pieces.

"There's a land where those who loved when here,
Shall meet to love again."—*Song of the Troubadour.*

As Leila's father has been so often brought before our readers, and will be yet again, we are inclined to suppose they would like a brief introduction to him.

Imagine a dignified, delicate-looking man, in appearance of about fifty years of age, with a high clear forehead, pensive eyes, and hair which time has here and there lightly streaked with silvery gray. His features are exceedingly mild and prepossessing; it is scarcely possible for the dullest and most literal to look upon them without an emotion of pleasure, for they seem at once to gain our confidence that he has a kind and feeling heart. All his movements partake of the calmness and peace which reign everywhere within his home.

He was one of a family of three—two brothers and a sister. His sister and he, being very similar in taste, disposition, &c., became much more deeply attached than is at all usual, even in such a relation; but before she had attained eighteen years of age his fondly cherished companion was separated from him by death. This, added to

the complete mental unlikeness between himself and his brother, greatly contributed to form that disposition to tender pensiveness which ever after was a distinguishing feature in his character.

From his mother he had inherited a delicate constitution, and a certain fineness of nature, which seemed rather to belong to the softer organization of woman than the usual coarseness of man. His intellectual capacities were of a superior order, his taste refined, and there was always about him a yearning after the ideal, which resulted, as it commonly does, in a supreme dislike for all the matter-of-fact occupations of life. In business, he thought he never could, and, as it was not necessary, he never did engage.

Nothing could be more opposite than his brother. Masculine and energetic, there was an aspect of rocky decision in everything he said and did. Yet he was kind, even tender; but inexorable in what he thought a duty, there was a sort of grimness and an unmistakable want of right feeling in many of his results. A powerful thinker within certain limits, he was just fitted to be what we have seen him, stern and unbending in his religious opinions. He had been taught that Judaism was right; he had no doubt that it was right; indeed he felt it must be; and that was enough.

When about twenty-five years of age, Leila's father married from among his own people a lady two years his junior. This lady was a woman of great purity and sweetness of character; "a very, very woman," says he, who was best qualified to judge—her husband. As the marriage contract was in both based upon the highest esteem and deepest affection, he entered into its spirit with all the ardour of his sensitive nature, and their home was the centre of "far more than the ordinary amount of conjugal happiness." And when in three years after their union his wife became the mother of a lovely daughter, it seemed as if their domestic joys could not possibly be increased.

But these structures so fair and beautiful seldom last. They are too bright, too spiritual to exist amongst these cold and stormy skies of earth. In two years from the birth of his daughter, he was called to the bedside of the wife of his bosom, to receive her last embrace, hear her

last sigh, and then to find her gone for ever!* Alas, poor heartstricken! Consoled by no bright certainty of a meeting in the "better land," for his religion gave but fragile hope that he should see her again hereafter. To be sure he felt a sort of hope, but it brought little comfort. There was no undisturbed confidence, no sweet assurance, such as the Christian possesses: nothing but an indistinct and shadowy trust that the Divine mercy would be extended to him, although he knew not why.

O, hard religion! Unlike—how unlike—that generous, loving trust which the Lord of Glory delights to receive from His creatures—that blessed relationship into which He waits to enter with all those who believe upon Him as He has revealed Himself in His written word. Sons of Abraham! Our friends and brethren! Our hearts yearn towards you, our spirits are troubled for you, when we reflect upon the doubtings, the chilling misgivings, the substantial unhappiness, which your religion must always entail upon you. Will you not bring your worn and anguished souls to Jesus, that He may fill them with everlasting peace and joy, out of the riches of His self-denying, suffering love? Raise your weeping eyes to the Man of sorrows, in whose loving breast is borne the grief and sadness of a world. בחמו נחמו עמי saith the Lord. But not if you persist in walking contrary to Him. You are to bring forth fruits meet for His blessing. תנו דרך ישרו מסלה, is the command.

A deep and indolent melancholy now settled around Mr. T. He saw nothing, felt nothing, cared for nothing:

* Leila had great hope in her mother's death. We know this from some beautiful reflections among her papers: we have also heard her express it in her conversation. A woman of sound understanding, and great strength of mind, the Bible was her constant study and delight. From the prophecies of Jacob, Moses, David, and Isaiah, she moulded her belief in the Messiah which she expected—a belief so exactly agreeing with the office of the real Messiah, that had she read the New Testament, she would doubtless have become a Christian. The only difference which existed between her religion and Christianity was simply that she still continued to look *forward* for the establishment of the new covenant; while we as Christians of course believe that it has already been established in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

he did not expect he ever would again. He wished that himself and his infant might die, until in verity he found the wish to be "weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable." It is true that to him who had little religious consolation, there seemed nothing left of all that made up his life, so enwoven as it was with brightness and joy. But he began slowly to comprehend that if the ideal of life had ended, the real —the dull, flat, stagnant real—yet remained. He found its cold turbid waters again rolling around him. And he felt that there was a long, long round of inexorable necessity, a daily warfare of chill realities of thought and feeling, still to be gone through.

But as the fair and flowerlike nature of his daughter began to expand itself, and put forth its buds so full of loveliness and promise, he felt once more awakened to tenderness. He had called her Leila Ada—her mother's name—and as she began to unfold herself in her mother's image, and to exhibit all the fanciful graces and sweet beauty of childhood, she imperceptibly filled up the great chasm which had been made in his heart. Sometimes past things would present themselves vividly before him, and fill his soul with sadness, but he ever found the company of his child an effective diversion. Hours on hours would he amuse himself pelting her with flowers among the garden walks, and twining wreaths of rose and jessamine in her hair; or sometimes he guided her fragile fingers along the keys of the piano, and taught her to play and sing some simple piece which in long gone times he had so loved to hear performed by her mother. Rich was the solace of these chosen moments. Perhaps the bereaved parent whose eye is now bent upon this page, can feel how sweet her blessing—they seemed to bring him near to *her*, his loved one called away. And as Leila thrilled along the strings, or glided hither and thither with the spirit-like footstep of childhood, he could almost fancy that as in a happy dream he saw her mother again, looking smilingly on them both. Such tender shadowings leave a sweet hush of soul, even when they have vanished amongst the cold earth mists of life.*

* Not a mere fancy sketch. Leila was exceedingly like her mother—especially in childhood. In writing real and simple life, some may object that we over-strain, and may, indeed, be offended with us for drawing such pictures. Yet these happy

Leila grew up as we have watched her, with exceeding sweetness; and soon her earnest and loving nature threw out its tendrils and completely enwove itself around her parent. Leila thought only of him; he was her world; and she was constantly engaged in devising new plans to increase his pleasures.

Never perhaps were the parental and filial relations more affectionately sustained than between Leila and her father. All his interests, all his hopes, all his joys, had unconsciously entwined themselves with those of his child. For her he lived; with reference to her benefit he had always managed his property; to advance her happiness in the largest possible degree was the height of his ambition, and the expected result of all his plans.

But we think we hear our young reader whisper, "Ah, then, why did he so obstinately persist in sending her away, when she became a Christian?" It is a question which logically follows; for we are obliged to own, that in this matter he was painfully at fault. It was an act which, at the time, he felt to be a terrible sacrifice, and which afterwards cost him many repentant tears.

On an occasion, not long before his death, he said to us, "I have been reading my precious child's letter this morning again: I may be wrong, but if it were published I think it would do good. I wish you would be kind enough to take the writing of a short account of her upon you." After a few moments he continued with an easy gaiety, which was natural to him, "But, hey! you will have to come down upon me pretty heavily, if you tell all. Never mind; you can put in a good word for me at last. I am going to Jesus to see my child, and, as I greatly hope, my wife again." In addition to this, one of the loveliest "good words" that we could pen, let us remind our readers that though his commands respecting Leila were certainly unkind, and greatly to be wondered at, yet he had no idea that she was submitted to neglect and insult, in addition

imaginative flights are, as many delight to know and feel, not only true to life, but among its most sacred pleasures. Mr. T. felt them: and we ourselves have certainly no ambition to exchange for the feeling of those matter-of-fact persons who would frown them down. And we are assured that all our readers of a delicate and refined spirit will be able to enter into, and feel them too.

to these. When he knew this, there was a sort of grandeur in the turn his conduct took, and the indignation he expressed. He immediately avowed to the parties concerned, that in the insults which Leila had endured, he felt himself to be more deeply dishonoured than the child: and afterwards, when they had offered the best explanation they could give, he warmly, and in a tone of bitter sarcasm, expressed a wish that they would pronounce the same anathema against himself, for he would never enter a synagogue, nor have a Jew (excepting his own family) in his house again.

Then let it be also remembered that Mr. T. was at heart a Jew. He did not pretend to act out the principles of religious obligation. His fine and nervous mind, endued, as it was, with a strikingly accurate perception of the relations and agreement of moral things, had set up a very ideal standard of what religious life ought to be; and when he remarked how deficient was Judaism in respect of this, it led him to what he called, "a horrid habit of doubting everything." Yet, though he could not at all prevail upon himself to believe in the use of a great many of the observances appointed by the Judaic ritual, his spirit was essentially Jewish. He saw that the national religion was surrounded by great inconsistencies, and that, to a thoughtful mind, there were difficulties connected with it which seemed almost insurmountable; but after all, he believed it was the right one, and that there was no other by which men could be saved. Therefore, to use his own language, "The thought of my daughter's forsaking it, filled me, from my very love for her, with a perfect horror."

Do, if you please, forgive him; as fully and freely as Leila forgave him.

And now he saw his cherished offspring, in whose life his own was bound up, gradually pining away. It made him feverish, restless, even peevish. There was a deep thoughtfulness, too, about him; for he saw his child's happiness and love, and felt no doubt that she was going to eternal bliss. Sometimes he found it impossible to resist the soothing influences of her unruffled serenity and peace; and then a deep calmness was spread over him, hushing his tumultuous spirit into sweet repose. Not that he was any more resigned to give Leila up to die—

that he never could be—it was a strange comfort that insensibly filled up his heart; so that he felt nothing but one vivid sympathy with her restfulness and love.

* * * * *

It was about a fortnight after the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter; Mr. T. was disposed at full length upon a lounge, with a monthly journal in his hand. He was unusually happy, for there was a deceitful lull in Leila's illness; indeed, she appeared to be rapidly improving; so that her medical attendants had expressed hopes, almost amounting to conviction, that they should yet be able to save her life.

"This magazine has just come in, my love: would you like to look at it?"

"I have no wish, my dear father, thank you."

"It's very good: there's some reading in it that I think you would like."

"Yes, papa, I have no doubt of its excellence. But I have neither time, nor wish, to attend to anything which will not increase in me the knowledge and love of God. I shall read nothing else again."

"There, Leila, do be generous, and comfort us with a little of your old spirit." And he smiled—for he could smile again, now. "You are always as solemn as a clock tick at midnight."

"Indeed, I am happy beyond anything I could ever express to you, and I never felt more true cheerfulness; but I cannot be otherwise than very solemn, when I know that my life on earth is so nearly closed."

"Well, but don't you say you have no doubts about your safety?"

"Certainly I do, papa."

"And isn't that all you want? I wish you would allow me sometimes to divert your attention. It seems to me, that you needn't think quite so much."

"Papa, this is not your usual way of speaking. You have some extraordinary motive—I am sure of it. For what you say does not accord with your own views of God; and you do know all the particulars of my belief."

"Yes, I do," he said, and a shade passed across his face; "and one of these articles of faith I want to shake out of you; and I —— well, my love," he added in a careless

tone, suddenly rousing himself, "yours is a very beautiful religion, and for those who honestly trust in it I believe it's a very safe one—at any rate, I think it is in your case—because it, after all, acknowledges the supremacy of Jehovah, and depends on His love for salvation. But out of about three hundred and sixty-five religions in the world, I don't think it's the easiest; people have to work so hard, and be so distressingly earnest, and so awfully solemn; it makes me ill to think of it."

"There is no other name given among men, by which we may be saved, except that of Jesus," said Leila, in her usual quiet voice of decision and looking into her father's face with an expression of deep concern. But with the utmost nonchalance he continued to toss the leaves of the book in his hand.

"Well, that's odd enough," he said at last, with an inexplicable smile. "But I thought I should poke you up to say something like that."

"And this religion, dear papa, is a very happy, and a very easy one. I wonder," she continued, with a smile, "how a Jew can talk of Christianity being hard, when he thinks what his own ponderous religion requires; when he compares the great and difficult Talmud with the sweet simplicity of the Bible;" and Leila seemed to have something else to say, but her father stopped her.

"There, my dear, don't trouble yourself now, I know every word you are going to say, but the room is warm, and I am tired; and I didn't set up a theory, you know; I didn't say your belief was not the rightest in fact."

"Dear papa, do cease talking in this way, for I scarcely know how to reply to you," said Leila, earnestly, and her face flushed with agitation.

It was, perhaps, the deep feeling with which she spoke that caused him to look up. He instantly observed the effect of his badinage: "There," he said, as he rose and placed a chair by her side, "I don't know what spirit of inconsideration could make me speak as I have. I have done. But you know religious seriousness was never my forte."

"O, papa, think nothing of what I said. For a moment a suspicion—an unworthy one, I believe—was present in my mind. It is gone now; kiss me. I like you to be careful how you speak on subjects connected with God and

religion. I recollect, papa, how beautifully and seriously you used to teach me the character and greatness of God, and with what reverence I should think of Him. Indeed, my dear father, I am grateful beyond what I can ever express, for the sweet religious education which you gave me: to that, under God, I am indebted for my present hopes and aims; and a thought of this often compels me to bless Him with an overflowing heart, that He gave me such an excellent parent, one who so deeply loves and fears Him. And it always seems to me, that the best evidence I can give you of my gratitude is, to try to lead you to the only source of perfect rest and peace, a calm dependence on the merits and mercy of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. I want, dear papa, to see you perfectly happy, like I am myself. But I cannot tell how you feel now, for I am obliged to think that there is something which I cannot divine beneath what you have just said." And then she continued, smilingly, "Perhaps you have found something as completely opposed to the divinity of Jesus, as you thought the theory which you deduced from the fourteenth and twenty-sixth of Isaiah was." Her father was deeply touched, and for some moments he was silent.

"No, my love, I have found nothing new; but I never could believe it, and I cannot now. Now don't feel pained, for I am sure we shall both be saved at last. Of *you*, I am as sure as I am that it is the earth on which I live. You know you spoke the other day about diversity of opinion, but the same spirit."

"The words I quoted, dear papa, were, there is 'diversity of *operation*, but the same Spirit.'"

"Well, much the same, isn't it?"

"Certainly, papa, they have no reference at all to such a belief as you appear to think they advocate. The words refer, I think, simply to that union of aim, and thought, and feeling, which inevitably characterizes all who are brought savingly under the influence of the Spirit of God. They are all moved by the same Spirit, but the results differ according to the mind, circumstances, &c., of individuals."

There was a pause: after which Leila continued:—

"Father, dear, you are so single-hearted, that I am sure you were not at all serious in some expressions that you just now used. You never made free with my religious

views until within these few days; and then not like to-day. What is it you feel?"

"Well, my love, I want you to cease that dismally foreboding way of thinking which you have adopted. I fear it excites your nerves in a way which must greatly tend to prevent your recovery; and if you love me, you will indulge it no longer."

"Do I ever seem troubled by it, papa?"

"Well, no: still I think it must."

"Papa, do believe me: I could die this moment without a single fear. I am as sure of going to the bosom of my Redeemer as I can be of anything most certain. I expect death soon: but I have no carefulness at all, papa. And I have no dread; the love of my Jesus deprives it of all its terrors. Indeed, I cannot put the perfect peace which I feel respecting this into language."

"But, my precious child, you are not going to die, and leave papa yet, I tell you."

"You must not—indeed, you must not—think so."

"But, my dear, you are getting better—vastly better. Everybody sees it; I wonder you don't feel it yourself. I noticed this morning that when you rode fast it did not seem to hurt your breath at all."

"Dear papa," replied Leila, in a voice full of tenderness and love; "it is true I may just now seem to you and to myself, rather better than I was; but do not let this appearance deceive you. I *am*, indeed, going to die. I shall never be well again."

He looked: a deathly pallor struggled with the crimson flush upon his countenance. It was the calm certain voice of one who had heard the midnight call. Was there any peculiar inspiration in that bright light which shone out of her unclouded eyes? With some, such a thought may serve only to create a smile. Let it be so. But those who beheld it, felt that that holy trusting look, was a living evidence of the certainty of her immortal glory, and an influence to be accounted for in no other way but by believing the divinity of her religion. In that hallowed moment (though no one knew it then), her father resolved that he would begin to pray to Jesus.

Why did he not determine so before? Perhaps the Christian Hebrew who is reading this can tell us something of the cause. Yet most likely he cannot—for who

can know the mysteries of a human heart? what eye can pierce its misty deeps? One thing we may believe; as Mr. T. looked upon his dying child, he thought—let it be sacred—for language fails . . .

Long and solemn was that silence. It was broken by Leila:—

"Do not look so sad, dear papa," and her eyes filled with tears. "It makes me feel very mournful indeed—it gives me pain."

"You say, dearest . . . you are going away from me," he answered in a melancholy tone.

"Yes, much-loved papa, but this should not be dreadful. If you will begin to serve the Lord Jesus, He will help you to bear His will, and in a very little while bring you to His home; and then what joy—never, never, dear papa, to be separated again. And dear mamma, too, I believe is there: and soon we shall all be there. O, it is beautiful. Do you not pant to go?" and Leila spoke in an absent tone—her thoughts were afar.

"My dearest very much wishes to hear me say that I believe in Jesus," he said sadly.

"More, sweet papa, than ever I could express to you. I could lay down my life—die the most cruel death, I believe,—if by it I could only purchase that assurance. Why will you not give it me, my beloved father? O, if you would! It seems I should be too happy. I ask you to believe on other things than those which Moses and the prophets did say should come."

"But you know, it is hard work to believe in Him."

"Yes, I know it is very hard for you to overcome those habits of thought respecting Him which, as a Jew, you have always adopted. But pray to Him, and He will overcome them for you; and reveal His love in your soul. I myself suffered a great deal before I could thoroughly realize Him to be God. But He helped me, and I conquered."

"Well, my beloved child, the case is not, I believe, a hopeless one: we shall see."

Loving hearts there are whose hopes, and fears, and joys, and sorrows, are all inwoven with those of others; whose exhaustless benevolence sacrifices self in a yearning tenderness for the welfare of everybody else.

Thou, beloved Leila, wast one of these! Oh! that they

who loved thee dearest, had known thy gentle worth, but now thou art gone for ever! * * *

Her strength was fading away—slowly and beautifully as the last lingering flowers droop amidst the softened breathings of autumn. There could no longer be any doubt of the result: hope forsook all—even her father. Sometimes she could almost indulge a wish to live, that if possible she might do something to bless her nation, and make them feel rightly; for their melancholy condition had sunk into the depths of her earnest heart. She laboured with her pen on their behalf, up to the latest moment that her strength would permit. She sent long, and fervent and affectionate letters to all her near relatives —writing out, and addressing a separate one to each member of their respective families. Some of these pure breathings of a soul already very nearly passed within the veil of eternity, we have now upon our table. One of them (it is nearly the last letter which she ever wrote), we cannot read without being touched even more deeply than by any of the others. The language is exquisitely beautiful. It is the earnest expression of a soul all love, conscious that it was soon to pass away into its immortal rest. On the day upon which the closing passages were added to it, she seemed very capable of the effort of writing, and therefore she continued it much longer than was at all usual with her now. At last, quite tired, she reclined herself upon the sofa. She had given her whole heart to what she had been writing, and the enthusiasm of her spirit had kindled her countenance till it was radiant with feeling, and her eyes glistened bright through her tears.

"I am writing to cousin Mary," she said to a friend who was present, "I have most sanguine hopes of that dear girl. She is generally impressed in favour of the Christian religion; indeed, I am inclined to suppose that she quite believes that Jesus is the Holy One of God; yet she does not decide. Her resolution is, I think, much weaker than her judgment. I have urged her as well as I am able. It overcomes me to think that this will probably be the last letter I shall ever write to her. Come and see what I have said; and help me to persuade her."

The letter was finished; she laid down her pen from directing it, and then, clasping her hands, said:—

"O, my poor suffering people! They weigh so heavy

on my heart. I love them. Could I only make them understand the love and peace which the servant of Jesus feels, they would come to Christ then—I am sure of it. It is dreadful to think how they harden their hearts against Him. If I had lived, I was resolved to devote everything I had, to trying to do them good. My Saviour can do without me; and so He takes me away. But you will continue to love them for me, will you not?" she added with a sweet simplicity.

A domestic was called, "Grace, dear," said Leila, "let me depend upon you to see that this letter is posted in good time; may I?"

She had left the room. "That sweet girl is a Christian!" said Leila, her pure face radiant with delight.

"A Jewess by birth, is she not?"

"Yes: I am so thankful. I was conversing with her two days ago, and she told me that she loved the Lord Jesus with all her heart; and that she was always praying to Him for more strength and peace; and also that if she died at any moment she was sure He would receive her soul. May the Lord Jehovah preserve her, and give her the strength for which she prays," continued Leila with deep feeling. And for a few moments she was silent, and leaned her head in her hand. She was doubtless engaged in prayer.

"The dear creature was willing to be baptized if I had lived, she said. Should she do so, her parents, and brothers, and sisters would see her face no more. She has been rather seriously seized with paralysis once; and she always thinks she will be a second time. I spoke to papa about her; and he told me that as long as he lives she shall have a home with him, and that in the event of his dying he will do something to keep her in comfort. I gladly told her this; and, if she would come now, while I have strength enough, I offered to arrange for her baptism, and accompany her myself; but she shrinks from the consequences which may happen to her. O! that Jesus may help her to burst the difficulties, and put her unwavering trust in Him."

Leila closed her desk, and then went to repose on the lounge. It was by a window, from which she could look down upon the long garden. The summer was declining now: but the seasonal flowers were still blooming in all

their gorgeous beauty. Leila bent her eyes upon the lovely scene. An enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and good she had always been, but she looked now with the thoughtful, understanding gaze of a soul which felt the first impulsive throbbings of its immortality.

"It always seems to me that the beauty of the seen and outward works of God is inseparably united to all the fine and noble powers of the soul—indeed, I think it an emblem—an outward expression of them. We are impressed by a sense of the beautiful, when matter seems to lay aside its gross and material aspect. When in the ethereal lightness of its outlines and movements it seems to become spiritual. Then it offers to us an image of moral purpose and achievement; it shadows to us pure and holy affections; it mirrors to us the eternal and infinite beauty of the Creator of all—Jehovah. Thus, it always leads the soul beyond the things which are seen, to wander and adore amongst those which are unseen and immortal. How important that a Christian should earnestly cultivate his powers for its perception." * * *

"Immortality is dawning upon me," she said, smiling brightly. "God is going to take me to that home for which I have long panted. I am happy—very, very happy. It is, indeed, *sweet* to die when we know that we are accepted and loved by Jesus. I often meditate on that beautiful and majestic truth, 'God is love,' till I seem almost to realize the employments of the spirits in celestial bliss. Do you not find it a precious happiness, to think that we are to be the inhabitants of a world in which there is nothing, nothing—oh! nothing but LOVE? I shall soon be in that sweet place for ever and ever. My Redeemer assures me every moment that He loves me, that I am altogether His, and that He is going to take me to Himself."

"You are so peaceful and happy, and have so much of holy joy, that it makes us feel quite in love with dying if we might feel like you."

She smiled sweetly. "It is Jesus makes me happy; He is present with me as He promised to be; He fills me with love; I have no sort of doubt or fear, and He will soon come for you too. Oh! you love Him, and that is a great joy to me. Try to love Him more, much more. Be patient a very little longer. Oh! how immense is the rapidity with which time flies. Heaven is very near—con-

stantly look for it. Always aspire after enlarged holiness. Constantly struggle to be *great* in the knowledge of God. Sit perfectly loose to earthly things. Then you will be always ready. It may not be long before the messenger will come to release you."

"Do you ever feel any shrinking at the thought of dying? Though to ask such a question is very formal after what you have so often said; for I am almost sure you never do."

"I have no care about it. I never think of it except as a joyful event, which will loose my soul from its earthly bonds. Often, when I contemplate the certainty of its near approach, I feel—oh! enraptured—beyond what language can express."

* * * "Continue to visit papa often. He is very nearly decided to be a Christian. . . . ' Neither forget dear Grace. Impress upon her the necessity of avowing Christ before every one. You know," she added, in an easy, cheerful voice, "our commands are to preach the Gospel to the Jew *first*. You have a fine opportunity here."

O Leila! thou art indeed an evangel amidst thy family circle. Thy beautiful love and faith is not for earth; we hope not to retain thee; the signet ring of heaven is on thy brow.

"How earnestly the Jews are looking for the coming of the Messiah. They sink into my heart. Poor, dear people, almost exhausted with longing expectation, heaven is offering them happiness, but they refuse to accept it. . . . In order to the success of all Christian efforts made among us, it is quite necessary that there be a considerable share of the heavenly essence, love, mixed with the argument; and the more there is of it, the more probable it is that the end contemplated will be attained. A Jew cannot often be gained by a mere cold controversy. Perhaps this is a strange kind of fact—but it is one, nevertheless. Nothing is so effectual with us as Christian solicitude and love.

"When I was at uncle's, I prevailed upon cousin Isaac to take me one Sabbath-day to a Christian place of worship. I knew that in heart he was then a disciple of Jesus. Gay and mirthful as is his disposition, I didn't think he intended when he got there, to advertise himself

as a Jew. He drew forth his Hebrew Bible, laid a part of the synagogue service conspicuously on the ledge before us, and refused to accept a side of my hymn-book. Some excellent friend noticed it, and conveyed the information to the minister. After the service, he came to us, and kindly inquired if we would oblige him by a little conversation in the vestry. This was just what Isaac wanted; and we went. You can easily suppose what the object was. He had not said much before we observed his impression that in myself he was addressing a disaffected Jewess, in cousin a perverse Jew. He said a few very affectionate words to me, and then he turned all his force upon Isaac, who had already desired me to say nothing which would prevent things from taking their course, for he wanted the argument. An exceedingly valuable discussion followed; one which did us both much good. Yet, I thought, there was a sad omission. There was so very little of that winning tenderness which always excites high and noble sympathy. The kind minister seemed almost as quiet and unimpassioned as though he were about to demonstrate a problem of Euclid. Very little of a melting or subduing character was expressed. Instead of using solvents to the rock, he took up the hammer to crush it in pieces. . . . The Jewish heart is a very peculiar soil, and needs therefore peculiar treatment, if it is to be productive of good fruit." * * *

How dignified, how exalted is the Christian, even in this world. His eyes fixed on immortality, he seems, like Enoch, to walk with God, and calmly smiles at all the shocks of time. But never does religion appear with such dazzling majesty as in the closing hours of the Christian's life. Then its glorious beauty is indeed sublime.

The moments, the hours were flying quickly away. A sad and solemn stillness reigned everywhere within the house, and mute sorrow was depicted on every countenance. For Leila was declining rapidly. Her cheek daily became brighter: seldom and more seldom was her light step heard among the rooms, and oftener was she found reposing on the sofa with her Bible open before her—her thin fingers separating the leaves. Or sometimes she would for a long time lie with her head resting on her hand, her eyes looking into the cerulean skies. But her thoughts were not among them: they had taken wing far

above the earth prison-house, and were wandering on the peaceful shores of the paradise of God. Happy smiles passed across her face like a sunbeam glancing amid summer leaves: and sometimes on that countenance there rested an expression so unearthly, as to make it seem like the overshadowing brightness of pure spirit beings—the beamings of immortal light.

O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?

For Leila's fading away was so calm and very beautiful. If this were death, why was he ever dreaded by the child of God? Leila rejoiced to see him. She smiled on him lovingly, and hailed him as a friend for whose coming she had long yearned.

Nor was it death. It was merely "the shadow of death." The substance had been endured for Leila by her Saviour. She knew it, and her soul blessed Him for the victory!

It was a mild, golden afternoon. She was getting very near the immortal rest now; and was reclining with her little Bible open in her hand at the closing chapters of the Revelation.

"I never before felt the wondrous sublimity of this imagery and language as I have this afternoon," and she read in a slow and gentle tone:—"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bear twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him. And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever. And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true; and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to show unto His servants the things which must shortly be done. Behold I come quickly; blessed is he that keepeth the saying of the prophecy of this book."

She stopped, and seemed absorbed in her own thoughts.

She was going to that glory—she stood on its verge. It will be ours to follow her soon.

"Oh, what a glorious hope is ours!" she said to her friend who was present. "Come, let us pray once more together. O, for immortal powers to exalt the name of Jesus!"

And Leila prayed. It was a moment which seemed to bring heaven very near to earth.

Even so. Glorious link which connects the creature with the Creator, sweet religion! blessed religion! Surrounded, filled with thy love, O Jesus! we desire to live and die. Death shall no more disturb us, for all its terrors vanish before the omnipotence of Thy word. In Thee we live now, and in Thee we feel assured that we shall never die. Our God is not a God of death. That which we name death is but the beginning of a new and more glorious existence—an introduction to the blessed eternity in the presence of our Redeemer.

O yes, beloved Leila! Happy shall we be, if when the Master calls, we can exult like thee in having "fought the good fight," and "kept the faith." Then, with like triumphant peacefulness shall we pass through death, with like confident expectation shall we look forward to eternal life.

CHAPTER XIV.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

"The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. IV. 18.

OUR readers will expect a detailed account of Leila's illness and dying hours. We have already adverted to the close union which subsisted between her and Miss H——. At Leila's request this young lady went to reside with her during the whole of her illness. It was a beautiful companionship; and was to both an abundant source of the purest enjoyment. Nor were they separated long. For in a few months after Leila's death her lovely friend joined her in the praises of the skies.

As Miss H—— was constantly with Leila, we thought an account written by her would be much more lucid and acceptable than a fragmentary one by ourselves. She readily acceded to the desire we expressed; and by the aid of the copious entries which she had made in her journal, furnished us with the following loving portraiture of the closing weeks of Leila's life.

"For some weeks previous to the death of my dear friend, the late Miss T——, her piety assumed a rich maturity and mellowness. She was evidently ripening for glory. All her reflections were made subservient to her spiritual prosperity; and to all eternity I shall have reason to bless God, that it was my privilege to listen to her deeply pious and sensible remarks.

"One evening we were seated beneath the shadow of a large chesnut tree, which grew upon the lawn. In the midst of a very interesting conversation she remarked, 'I have often sat upon this seat, and watched the long shadows of evening quietly descending upon the trees, and fields, and flowers. And as the shades have deepened in the blue air, I have watched the beautiful stars, as one by one they

pushed aside their veils. This I have continued, until dewy night has completely spread her rich mantle, in imagination looking as though it were thickly studded with intense but soft brilliants, diamonds, and pearls, and gold. At such seasons the profound beauty and the solemn stillness have found their way to my inmost soul, and my spirit, surrounded as it was by a darkness greater than that of night, yearned for the food by which alone it could be sustained. But since the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness have vivified my soul, what happiness have I here experienced! Then, when I could view the starry hosts as the creation of *my* Father's hand—when I thought on their amazing distances, and velocities, and their numbers, which not even the first archangel can count—when I reflected on the love of their Creator, my Saviour, so great that He could lay aside His majesty and His grandeur, and suffer for me the cruel death of the cross—then, yes *then*, I have felt sublimely happy. These, my dear Emily, have been the very delicious seasons of my existence.' She mused for a few moments, 'Look, my dear, at yonder sun. This morning he arose dim and murky, surrounded by a thick gloom; yet see how brilliantly, how calmly, how majestically he sinks to his repose. O, that this may be the happy emblem of my course! It began amid mists, and tears, and doubts, and apprehensions; I shall die soon—I know I shall—and O, that like him I may go to my rest, peaceful, tranquil, without a cloud!'

"I said, 'You have no fear to die; neither any anxiety to live.' 'No, no,' she replied, 'I have no fear of death; it is all removed. I have long accustomed my mind to be familiar with that certain, solemn event, which will open to me the gate of heaven. These are by no means *gloomy* thoughts. There have been seasons when my soul has soared far beyond all sublunary things, and held free converse with its Maker. All earthly thoughts were intrusive on the aspirations of my spirit. I bless God for the measure I *have* felt and *do* feel, of holy peace and joy. There is but one desire in life that I have: it is that I may witness the conversion of my dear father. I should then die without having a single regret to leave behind me.' She then, with an earnestness and simplicity peculiarly her own, prayed, 'O my Jesus, do of Thine abundant mercy *irresistibly* affect my father's heart; do save him; I have

besought Thee for him, and I can rely upon Thy promise to hear my prayer. If it be Thy gracious will, answer me speedily; but I will abide Thy time with patience.' 'O, my dear Emily,' she continued, embracing me, 'this always makes me happy; I have an unshaken confidence that God *will* save my dear father!'

"I have not recollected, nearly, all she said; but this will assist to show the general tenor of her mind. Never before did I feel half so much of the loveliness of religion as during my association with this young, yet mature saint. Never, until I witnessed it in her life and conduct, did I see half its blessed efficacy in purifying the feelings, exalting the motives, and sanctifying the affections. She was a pattern of love, meekness, gentleness, goodness, and faith. When I reflected on the vastly increased opportunities of serving God which I had had in comparison with her, I was powerfully convinced of my stuntedness as a Christian: I was humbled and abased.

"The united skill of several physicians was inadequate to the preservation of her life. Her strength gradually decreased. The last *public* work and labour of love in which she engaged was to visit her 'dear old women.' I rode in the landau with her. It was a memorable afternoon. I never felt so in love with death as at that season. A hallowed influence pervaded both our spirits; a solemn, holy awe, such as is seldom experienced in time. A sacred unction rested on each little midst, as with tearful eyes, and faltering accents, she commended each to God. She prayed with a fervour and a solemnity of feeling as though she knew it would be the last time they should meet on earth: and so it proved. Oh! the loveliness of religion! God be praised for a holier, a happier, an everlasting life—a life in which friends separated by death shall see and enjoy each other, for ever and ever.

"As we were returning home, she said to me, 'I am very weak now. I think, Emily, that perhaps this afternoon's work may have been rather too much for me. But God has given me strength to fulfil it, and I am thankful. I should like to die working for Him who has done so much for me; but I think that my work on earth is almost finished. Oh, my dear Emily, I am very happy! I have an inward peace and joy which is unspeakable; it is full of

glory. Jesus is precious; He is heaven; I shall soon be with Him; He blesses me every moment; Oh, His boundless love to me!'

"Afterwards, she said, 'I have been thinking of my dear father a great deal: I am sure that God is powerfully working upon his heart. He often converses with me upon my religion, and upon Jesus; and I can plainly perceive that his prejudices have given way, and that he is inclined to regard the Christian religion as the true religion after all. O, that God may continue this delightful work till the glories of Heaven shall crown what grace hath begun!'

"One very fine afternoon, a short time before she was almost completely confined to her room, she said to me, 'Come with me for one walk around the lawn: it will be the last we shall ever have together.' I acquiesced immediately, and we proceeded; she leaning upon my arm for support. It was deeply affecting to see her stoop to touch the flowers which her own hand had so delighted to culture; to see her look upon the trees, and fields, and the sweet river, while a deep conviction occupied her mind that she was looking and admiring for the last time. As we were slowly returning, she several times stopped to throw a lingering look upon those lovely scenes which she had so often beheld with rapture. On ascending the steps of her residence, she exclaimed, 'Emily, I shall ascend these steps no more!'

"Thus calmly and tranquilly did she look upon the certain approach of death. No doubts nor harassing apprehensions afflicted her; in her own language, 'All is well with me. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. I have a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than to live.'

"On a morning not long before her death, she said, 'This is my birthday. I am twenty years of age to-day; and, in some measure on this account, I should very much wish both your sisters to come here this afternoon. Will you make this request known both to them and papa?' I at once promised. In the afternoon she remarked, 'I think I have quite strength enough to sit up with you, and I should like to look upon the fields and flowers once more.' Being placed as she desired, she smiled upon her attendant, saying, 'Thank you; your kindness in bearing

with my fancies is very great.' After looking awhile, she said, 'What a beautiful world! but beautiful as it is, it bears no comparison with that to which I am going. There are amaranthine bowers, and crystal streams, and ever-verdant fields, and ambrosial fruits; but, above all, there I shall eternally be in the visible presence of my gracious Redeemer, and there I shall be able to perfectly love and serve Him. *That* is my enrapturing thought. O, the joys of immortality! I rejoice in my immortality; I am going to live with my Redeemer, and with the saints in light.' She mused, 'O, my dear father, if I could only rejoice in your salvation before I am summoned from earth; but I am enabled to give you up into the hands of God. He has always been faithful to His promises: this I have ever proved—and never more than at the present moment. Blessing and praise to His holy name!'

"We were all seated round her, and at times she maintained an animated conversation, though painfully interrupted by hardness of breathing, &c. 'Come, sing with me!' she exclaimed, 'and sing that beautiful hymn—

> "Come, let us join our friends above,
> That have obtained the prize."'

"We immediately complied. A deep feeling of the solemnity of our position—our dear friend and sister with us now, but just escaping to bliss, already breathing the atmosphere of heaven—and the additional effect which this gave to the impressively beautiful words we were singing, filled our eyes with tears. Leila sat in silent delight. A heavenly smile illumined her countenance, indicating that she was drinking of the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. In the midst of the exercise tears chased each other down her cheek. We inquired the cause. 'Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I thought, if your earthly notes were so beautiful, what must be the impression created by the songs of the redeemed in heaven; and I was so affected that I could not help weeping with excessive joy. And the words are so beautiful—but, O, how inadequately does such solemn language impress us! Do think less of this world, and more of eternity than you ever did. When, like me, you come to die, then will you practically feel what vanity of vanities

is everything earthly. O, how happy—how *very* happy —I am! *It is all over.* Death! O death! where is thy sting? I am victorious through my Lord Jesus Christ!'

"When we had finished the last verse of the hymn, she remained for a few moments in silent thought, as though revolving its sublime exclamations of triumph in her mind. She then said, 'What beauty! what grandeur! and I can use it as my own language. I know whom I have believed. Glory be to my Saviour! He is with me now; and, though my flesh and my heart fail, yet He is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.'"

As the hymn to which reference is made may not be generally known to our readers, we introduce it here. If it has not sufficient interest already to render an apology unnecessary, why, then, let our apology be the intense beauty of its poetry:—

"Come, let us join our friends above,
That have obtained the prize,
And, on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise:
Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

"One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death:
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

"Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die:
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

"Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity:
E'en now by faith we join our hands
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands,
On the eternal shore.

"Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.
O, that we now might grasp our Guide!
O, that the word were given!
Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven!"

We now recur to Miss H——:—

"Although sometimes she suffered severe pain, yet not one look of peevishness, even for a moment, sat upon her countenance; nor did a word of murmuring, or fretfulness, ever escape her lips. And tears of gratitude would fill her eyes, and she would exclaim, 'Thank you, thank you; you are very kind!' at the very slightest marks of regard or attention manifested either by her friends or attendants. Hers was a lovely Christianity! My petition is, that her mantle may descend upon me.

"The closing scene drew on apace; for it was evident to all that she must soon die; indeed, she knew it herself; and, therefore, she began to give final directions respecting the disposal of certain matters. This was three days before her death. After sending some substantial mementoes of her love and regard to those families on her visiting list, she turned her attention to her family and personal friends. Having expressed most of her desires concerning these, she requested that her writing-desk might be placed near her. It was done. Unlocking it, she took out of it a number of elegant Bibles. 'Precious books!' she exclaimed, as she clasped them to her throbbing bosom, 'O, precious books! would I had read you more!' Presenting one to her maternal aunt, who was present, she said, 'Do accept this token of my love for you, and this letter, which some time ago I wrote for you; and, as you

read it, may the Spirit of God lead your heart to those blissful fountains of repose which have made me so happy! You believe, my dear aunt, that I am quite happy—that I have no fear of death—that I am going to heaven—do you not?'

"'I cannot doubt it.'

"'Well, then, it is all through the merits of my Lord Jesus Christ. His death atoned for my sins, and the sins of all our people, and all the world. I shall soon be with Him for ever. Then, my dear aunt, will you promise me that my dying request, that you will read these Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, shall be granted?' Her aunt assented. 'Thank you; you make me very happy; and I pray that the God whom I serve will of His mercy enlighten your understanding, so that you may perceive the truth. I am tired now; I must rest a little.'

"In the eye which is lighted up by the fever of consumption, there is an expression which those who have seen it can never forget, and which those who have not seen it can never imagine.

"How beautiful she looked as she peacefully reposed upon the white pillow! Her bright eyes, that were wont to glow with the very soul of animation, enclosed within their snowy lids, and their long lashes, shading her marble countenance, which beamed with innocence and love. I felt in love with the beautiful clay, and almost wished that my own summons from mortality to immortality were as near.

"Reviving, she said, 'I can say but little more.' Then, putting aside several Bibles for as many of her relatives, and a letter with each, 'Let these be given, with my dying love, to those to whom they are directed. Say, too, I most earnestly beg of each to read them, and pray over them, and to obtain all possible help to a knowledge of the Christian religion. And, tell them, that with my latest breath, I testified, Christ is precious; that He was with me—pre-eminently with me—while passing through the valley of the shadow of death, and that through faith in Christ, I was victorious over death and the grave, and died in full, perfect assurance of eternal bliss. But, be sure of this, tell them plainly, that it was *all through the death of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* Now I *must* repose. 'Tis almost finished!' Her articulation of these

precious sentences was painfully interrupted, so that to say them all, occupied her some minutes.

"The following day she requested that pen and ink might be brought to her. Affectionately clasping her Bible, she looked once more upon those parts which she had marked as having given her special encouragement and enjoyment; then, being supported, she took the pen in her dying hand, and tremulously and disjointedly traced upon the fly-leaf the last words she ever wrote: 'Christ is Heaven!' Blessed truth! Hail, my sister spirit! thou now wilt prove, to all eternity, that Christ is Heaven."

CHAPTER XV.

LEILA'S DYING HOURS.—THE CLOSING SCENE.

"O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

"ON the morning of the day on which Leila died, she said, 'It will soon be finished. Tell my dear father to come here.' He was called, but was so powerfully affected, that for some minutes he could not speak to her! What a scene! Friends weeping—the youthful Christian, in heavenly composure, awaiting the solemn moment of separation from the body. Surely it was the spontaneous outburst of every heart, 'Is this death? Can all this holy joy and peace be death? Oh! then, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers!' As I looked upon her placid countenance, I exclaimed exultingly, 'O death! where *is* thy sting? O grave! where *is* thy victory?' Gushing sobs broke upon the awful stillness. Oh, the luxury of such tears!—tears flowing from the most Divinely-sacred emotions of the soul. Let me attempt no remark upon these heavenly breathings.

"Voltaire laughed at Christianity—he mocked at the 'madness of believing in the Gospel.' Did he ever see a Christian die? Did he ever witness this *tangible* evidence of the value of religion in the most awful moment of life? Oh, never! never! The chamber of the dying saint is a shrine at which the boldest blasphemer must bow in homage to the religion of Jesus.

"Her father was weeping. 'Do not grieve for me, my dear papa,' she said soothingly. 'If you are faithful to God, you will soon be happy again with me in heaven.'

"'Then, my precious treasure, you are not deceived! You feel that your religion fully supports you in death?'

"'O yes! O yes! Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—His rod—and—His—' she could proceed no further. Her father, bending with grief, retained her hand in his.

"In a little while she gathered strength: 'Father,' she enjoined, 'you love me dearly, do you not?' 'My child, do not speak so to me; you know you are the very soul of my existence.'

"'Will you grant me one request—a dying request?'

"'What is it? You know I will not deny you!'

"'It is this—that you will never again doubt Jesus my Saviour; but that you will begin to love and serve Him. O, think, my dear father, what He has done for me! Read the New Testament,' and she looked inquiringly.

"'My dear, I have begun to read it. I have seen that your religion must be true. I never expected to witness a death like yours, my daughter. I have begun to pray; you pray too, that God will help me to follow you to heaven. I believe, my dear—I confess to you and all present that I believe—in Jesus.'

"The sudden revulsion of feeling was too great for her weak frame. She was just able to articulate, 'Blessing—praise—' and then lay exhausted.

"On recovering, she slowly reached her Bible, and in faltering accents said, 'My dear papa, I am dying—you have—. We shall soon meet again. Here is the Bible which has been—so truly blessed to my soul. Let it now be yours. You have all my books of a religious character. They are choice—learn them well. Praise the Lord—I am dying; but I am rejoicing.'

"She lay for some minutes with her eyes closed. Occasionally her lips moved as though in prayer. It is more than probable that her petitions were then ascending to the throne of grace, that her father might be enabled to rejoice in the liberty of God's children. They have been answered!

"Again she unclosed her eyes, and looking upon her father with a smile of indescribable pleasure—'Blessing, honour, praise, and glory to Jesus. Kiss me, dear papa.'

"In a little while—'Glorious hope! immortality! eternal life! What an eternity! an eternity of perfect love.'

"She then, with considerable intervals, gave directions for her funeral. 'You have said, papa, that you will have my mother removed, and that we shall all three lay together in one tomb. I am glad of that. At my funeral make no show. Do not have me embalmed. I wish my

body to be clothed in linen and white muslin only. When you have my name put upon our tomb, be sure you put this, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." '

" 'I hear the voice, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." My whole soul responds. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." I am full of glory.'

"Although perfectly sensible, she said but very little after this. She appeared to be looking into eternity. Its glorious realities were unfolding to her vision, and feasting her soul with ravishing contemplations.

"About two hours before she died, she suddenly awoke from a gentle slumber, and exclaimed, 'Dear Emily! are you here?' I took her hand. 'Give me a farewell kiss, my love. Thank you;' and then pressing my hand with all her remaining strength, 'We shall be united again soon, Emily, and then you will never have to separate from me. Love Jesus: it will not be long.'

"A little after she ejaculated, 'Victory! victory!' and raised her dying arm. After a few moments—'Heaven is —heaven is—' the rest was lost.

"She laid quietly for about an hour; then gently putting out her hand, she said, 'Farewell, my dear papa. I am going to glory. Serve Jesus—you will soon be there.'

"These were the last words she uttered. Her eyelids closed. For a few minutes she breathed softly and slowly, and then—the solemn stillness of death! My friend was a disembodied saint in glory! Her spirit had taken its rapturous flight to that blissful rest which she had so long anticipated; and in preparation for which, she had kept her soul with all diligence. Again, through gushing tears, I prayed, 'Let me die the death of the righteous.'

"She died November 27th, 18—, at a quarter past eight o'clock in the evening, aged twenty years and eighteen days.

"Of such a character as hers I need say nothing more by way of eulogy or description: her death was an epitome of her life.

"EMILY L. F. H.———."

Farewell, sweet Leila! We loved thee on earth, but now we shall see thy happy smile no more. Thine was a

beautiful fading away. Thy eyes, fraught with triumphant brightness—the celestial shadowings of the angel beings who eagerly waited to carry thy pure spirit to its native skies—closed in clear and cloudless glory too bright for us to look on. Thou didst not die. To such as love like thee, dear Leila, there is no dark valley, no chilling stream, no cold shadowings! Thy soul dissolved in radiance like the diamond star of the morning,

> "Which goes not down behind the darkened west,
> But melts away into the light of heaven!"

CHAPTER XVI.

REST.

"Thus He giveth His beloved sleep."

THE death of the just has a tremendous, yet an exquisite beauty. It seems to open a connection between the living and the world of spirits—to form for them more sublime relations with beings of a higher order. Have *you* ever bent over the sacred dust? If you have you can never feel a preference for life.

The ominous thermometers, which seemed to have been placed there to measure the sure and silent approach of death, still hung in every room. The knockers and bells were still muffled. And only soft whisperings and hushed foot-falls were heard everywhere.

The glowing damask curtains filled Leila's room with a solemn rosy-tinted light—a light in beautiful harmony with the deep hush that reigned there. The table and pictures, and the classic groupings on the mantel-piece were all draped in white. The two vases which stood on her table had been filled with half-blown white rose-buds, and silver-starred Arabian jessamines by the hands of Miss H—— and her sisters. The flowers which Leila had so delighted to culture in life bloomed around her in death!

There, too, lay her watch. It was left unwound; and was surrounded by a circlet of flowers, all delicate and lovely. The thought was a sweet one—full of tender feeling, which suggested it. For time has now for ever ceased with Leila. It was merged into the endless circles of eternity.

And there was the bed; enshrouded in purest white. The curtains were drawn, and disclosed a lovely figure which lay sleeping upon it—it was a beautiful sleep, for she smiled as though in a happy dream. Ah! it was the long sacred sleep which the believer sleeps in Jesus till on

the glorious resurrection morn he awakes to immortal life.

Yes, there lay Leila, draped in a robe of simple white muslin, as she desired. She looked so innocent, so pure, so beautiful. On her face there was no icy coldness, no ghastly impression—and the angelic smile with which she had passed away, still hovered over every lineament. Her hair was bound up and laid smoothly across her clear forehead. The white lids closed lovingly on her eyes ; and the heavy lashes softly shadowed her pure cheek. Her head was slightly raised upon pillows, and over her face was diffused an expression so celestial—such a mingling of clear, unclouded brightness, "the new-born day of bliss," with a fixed and holy repose,—that it at once showed that silent form was sleeping the long peaceful slumber which "He giveth His beloved," till the last trumpet shall give the joyful signal, and sound in a voice that shall pierce the deep silence of their tranquil rest, "Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon you."

Near the end of the bed stood the coffin which was to hold all that now remained of Leila. It was made of wood, covered with white cloth.* The nails, handles, and inscription plate were also silvery white ; for Leila had desired that it should be so. Sweet emblem of the innocence and purity of her who was to repose within it ! It was covered with a snowy cloth, for her father would not have her put in till the latest moment.

And that latest moment came ; and the weeping friends took their last kiss and shed their last tears around her sweet face ; and then the lid was put on, and she was seen by them no more. And then a hearse drew up to the door, and men with solemn faces carried the precious burden and put it in it ; and friends in hushed breathings sought to comfort each other ; but each heart was too full, and the effort only caused the fountains to burst open afresh. Her father saw them take away the coffin ; he sat still as

* White was a colour which, through its being so typical of purity, Leila always loved. "Simple, innocent, elegant," she would often say.

She desired that her coffin might be made simply of wood ; for she thought it wrong to use any means which have the effect of retarding the fulfilment of the Divine decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return."

one in a dream; he did not shed one tear; the shock had passed too straight through his heart. And still he sat there; and one whispered to him, and then he rose like one who has ceased to know or feel anything, and allowed himself to be put in a carriage. Then the coffin was placed in the newly-made tomb; and he heard the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and his features convulsed as the earth fell with solemn sound on the lid. But then the soothing words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," came like a sweet hush over his troubled spirit; and he thought of Leila, not as sleeping in that white coffin, but as an angel in glory. It made him weep —he prayed—and a ray of divine comfort illumined his soul. He would not feel utterly desolate, for he should see his sweet child again.

Rest there, beloved Leila! till He who is the Resurrection and the Life shall awake thee to immortal health. Thou hast early found thy rest—early been taken to eternity — earlier than has been permitted to us. But we shall soon come to thee. Soon we shall follow thee into the blessed presence of our Redeemer.

Safe art thou now—enfolded on the bosom of our God. Could we but see thee once again, with what seraphic ardour wouldst thou urge upon us the tremendous importance of casting aside every weight, of pressing onward in the heavenly road, of laying hold upon eternal life. Would we were with thee! joining in ecstatic converse of the wondrous grace which preserved us amidst all the temptations and sorrows of earth, and safely brought us to the regions of eternal felicity at last. No gloomy shadows now arise to obscure from thee the God of thy supreme affection. No earthly vapours now cloud thy sight, or hide from thee the smile of thy Beloved. Now with thee it is fruition all, and all delight: mortality and time no more. Thy illumined soul, beaming with the reflected beauty of the Lamb, is all light, all love, all felicity, for thou art plunged into the Infinite, even He that is unsearchable—Jehovah. Often do we think of thee—often do we feel thee near us, whispering words of encouragement and holy consolation. Is it even so? Doubtless—

It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head,

Are hovering on angel wings
The spirits of the dead.

Farewell, dear Leila! Thy feet early sandalled with immortality, thou hast gone where the Lamb Himself shall lead thee to living fountains of waters, and wipe away all tears, and fill thee with unutterable rapture and repose, while we are left to weep beneath the tempest-bearing clouds of earth. Oh! that like thee it were given to our sight to pierce the dull, cold sky of life, and hear the soft whisper that soon the eternal doors would close on us, and we should be with thee for ever.

Leila has since been joined by her father. He rapidly sunk beneath the sorrow produced by her death, and in eleven months was laid beside her in the tomb. He died peacefully, and with unshaken reliance upon his Redeemer.

"The hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear my voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good to the resurrection of life."

Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

CHAPTER XVII.

LEILA'S POEMS, ETC.

WHEN Mr. T. requested us to publish a Memoir of Leila, he desired that we would be judicious in publishing any of her correspondence, or the more private scenes which we had witnessed. We understood his meaning to be, that we were first to ascertain how her character would be received, ere we published any of the most confidential breathings of her pure and guileless heart. We intimated this in the first edition. But a most affectionate, and really most unexpected, interest on her behalf having been awakened (we have the happiness to acknowledge several *private* communications expressive of delight and sympathy), we have felt ourselves quite at liberty to publish *anything* she ever wrote.

To prevent an undue criticism, we remind the reader that not one of the Poems which we give, any more than any part of her other writings, were ever written with the least expectation that they would meet the eye of the world. So far from this being the fact, we may remark that no one while she lived, had the slightest idea that she ever essayed to make poetic compositions.

Intellectual pleasure and improvement were the only objects at which she aimed. These attained, the *artistic* character of her performance was to her consideration of little moment.

We have taken the following papers quite at random. The first poem we give, bears date when she was sixteen years of age. Let us just observe also, that we can scarcely find a single piece of versification written after she had attained nineteen years of age.

SONG OF THE SPIRIT OF JOY.

I am not to be found where the miser is telling
His weight and his measure of gold's sordid dust;
I breathe not the air of impurity's dwelling;
I fly from the soul sunk in baseness and lust.
I am not in the press, whence blooming and beauty
At dawning return with a pale and wan cheek;
I never am found from the path of fixed duty;
I enter no heart which oppresses the weak.

In vain your white bosoms with diamonds may glisten,
Your temple be circled with emperor's crown;
These have no inducement, I no ear to listen,
To prayers for my presence their sorrow to drown.
I am not in the pomp of greatness or glory;
I have nothing to do with the conqueror's fame;
I never yet breathed in the trumpeted story,
Of deeds which from motives of selfishness came.

I live in those hearts which to virtue are given;
My palace I fix in the yellow thatched cot;
I sport on those lips which with smiling are riven
Round the peasant's bright hearth—my most beloved spot.
I dance o'er the meadows, the rosebuds just blooming,
I frolic with nature throughout her domain;
I live midst sweet bells, in their bosoms entombing
Myself with their petals, so lovely in stain.

I live in the skies among beings cherubic;
I live in each flower, each tiniest blade;
Nature gives them their paint, *I* give them the music,
Which breathes in the soul 'mid the gloomiest shade.
Oh! seek not in vain among streams of pollution,
You widen our distance, compel us to part;
Come, think not of loss, I'll make retribution,
My realm is unbounded, my *home* is the *heart*.

THE RECLUSE OF THE ALPS.

On a warm afternoon, I left the pretty village, on the borders of the Lake Leman, in which we were making a temporary stay. My purpose was to enjoy a solitary walk

among the romantic and beautiful scenery of the mountains which rise from the shores of the Lake.

To the man of reflective and imaginative mind perhaps there is no country presenting a succession of more charming scenes than Switzerland during the months of summer. Those who have ever spent this season there, cannot fail to have the lovely magnificence of many of its prospects impressed in vivid and never-fading characters upon their recollection. How often have they again in imagination felt that inexpressible awe and sublimity which they experienced while threading the tremendous abysms of its mountains, or stealthily looking over the unprotected marge of its terrible precipices. How often have they over again felt in their heart that same thrill of warm gratitude and love to the great Being, whose omnipotence was seen in the magnificence and majesty before them. How often have they again experienced the giddy surprise with which they were struck on first opening their eyes on such and such a prospect, from this or that eminence. It is such scenes as these—such contemplations as these—which elevate the soul to that world where every beauty is lasting and perfect.

It was in the summer season when I took the walk which is the subject of my present sketch. For a considerable distance my path lay up a rather steep acclivity. Having gained the eminence I turned to look upon the smiling Lake. Here and there a white sail glittered like a young swan upon its blue bosom. Other boats, rowed both by men and women, were slowly moving over its smooth surface. At intervals the song of the Swiss maidens was wafted towards me on the wings of the gentle zephyrs, as in the valley below they drove the cows to the milking shed. Nature was exceedingly lovely, and the soft murmurs of a distant mountain stream added much to the delicious dreaminess of the effect, seeming to invite to contemplation and repose.

Turning, I entered a deep and narrow gorge, and for some distance walked beside a foaming stream, which rushed past me with the rapidity of an arrow. Soon the defile began to contract, which warned me I was walking in the part called the "Haunt of Death." It is thus named from the circumstance of two lovers falling over the top of the dreadful precipice, having missed the plank

which crosses the abyss; and traditionary gossip says that, at certain seasons, sighs and wails are to be heard near the spot on which they were dashed to pieces.

But it is a fearful place. An awful precipice rises on either hand, with a separation at the bottom very little more than wide enough to admit of the passage of a rapid stream, which courses along dark and threatening, and whirling in gurgling and deep eddies. Along the side of this stream is a little path. All around was solitary; the savage torrent dashed on with impetuous pride; the shaggy tops of the precipices scowled over the abyss.

Emerging from this chasm, a sweet but small valley was stretched before me. I descended a path, in which, when I had wandered some time, I found another leading to a neat white cottage. It was the only one I could see. Its plaintive solitude interested me. In the front was a small tastefully arranged garden; at the back a rich orchard. Being determined to invoke the hospitality, for the cheerfulness of which the Swiss are as remarkable as any country, I walked up and gently tapped at the door. It was softly opened by a reverend looking man. The snows of winter were fast settling upon his head, and time and care had ploughed deep furrows in his prepossessing and affectionate countenance. He received me with a parental kindness of look; a calm but melancholy smile for a moment illumined his features, it could not tarry, but was immediately absorbed in the shadows of a hardly suppressed grief. He was evidently suffering unwonted sorrow; and on looking within I was immediately informed of the cause. There lay the remains of a beautiful girl, about seventeen years of age. I looked at the resigned and peaceful countenance of the father, then at the angelic daughter. Tears suffused my eyes; for a moment I could not speak.

"Pardon me; I wished to have a peep at your sweet paradise, but I will not intrude upon your sacred grief."

"You will not intrude, my dear madame; come within, if you can feel comfortable in such an humble cot."

I walked within, and stooped to gaze upon the lovely corpse. Innocence and peace had stamped the impress of Heaven upon it. I never felt such an inexpressible commingling of sublimity, and awe, and deep delight, as when I looked at that beautiful form. Could I weep? No.

A zephyr laden with the perfumes of celestial bowers fanned my spirit. In imagination I could hear the enraptured songs of the soul which had just fled to the realms of bliss, and the responsive harpings of the angelic choir. It was a delicious moment. With my eyes still fixed upon the beautiful clay I sunk into a chair near its side.

All this time I had been so engrossed that I had taken no notice of the venerable man, to whom I had before spoken. He stood, his eyes fixed upward, as though every tie which bound him to earth were now broken, and he would gladly hear the summons which called him to rejoin the departed spirit.

"My daughter, my only child, the joy of my eyes, is taken from me. O Adeline! I thought thy gentle hands would sustain and support me, and close my eyes in death. But why do I lament my darling's happiness? She was the Lord's; I devoted her to Him; He has claimed her, and taken her to Himself. But what shall I do without my child to cheer the remainder of my weary pilgrimage? Lord, make me thankful that thou gavest me and so long permittedst me to enjoy such a daughter. My aged heart will not beat much longer; I shall soon be with her again."

I inquired the particulars of her death. For a moment he buried his face in his hands; but his grief was too deep to obtain responsive tears. On the morning of the previous day she had left home, blooming in youth, and health, and beauty, to visit a sick person, residing upon the opposite side of the Lake. A young lady accompanied her. Having prolonged their errand of benevolence till the day began to decline, the shadows of evening encompassed them, while yet a considerable distance from the shore. Their little bark proceeded in safety, however, until they had approached very nearly to the land. Suddenly they heard a shrill "Look out," from the intoxicated crew of another and larger boat. It was too late. The next moment, a part of the rigging of the strange vessel caught their sail. They were immediately overset and both precipitated into the Lake. Adeline uttered a shriek as the chill waters encircled her in their dark bosom. A few faint struggles, and then she gently sank to rise no more. Some dizzy circles ruffling the surface of the water—a few breaking

bubbles—informed those who came to save, that human assistance, if it were to avail, must be quickly rendered. Some minutes elapsed before the body was recovered. Every effort to resuscitate it was energetically made; all was in vain; the spirit had fled; she had sunk into the fathomless depths of eternity.

The young lady, her companion, clung to the inverted boat, until picked up by the revellers, whose incapacity to act had caused the fatal collision.

That same evening the body of Adeline was borne slowly home, followed by a crowd of sympathizing villagers, to whom she was known, and by whom she was beloved, for her ever-ready kindness and benevolence. The way behind the corpse was watered by the tears of unstifled grief. The youth and children poured out the feelings of their overfraught hearts, in audible cries and sobs.

Just as the venerable parent had concluded his narration, a soft knocking was heard at the door. Leaning upon his cane he rose to open it. It was made by an interesting little girl about nine years old. She was a scholar in a class which Adeline had convened in the village, for the purpose of studying the Scriptures; and instructing them in reading, writing, arithmetic, &c. Directly she obtained admission, she rushed to the bed-side, and hysterically kissing the faded lips, cried, "O my dear governess—my dear Mademoiselle Adeline! do speak to me once more! do; my dear Mademoiselle, kiss me as you used;—oh! never again!" and she sat upon the ground, and rocking her body to and fro, relieved herself by an agony of tears. Responsive drops coursed down the father's face, and he sat her upon his knee. It was a luxury; and I wept too.

"Don't cry, Therese," said he, "you must dry your tears, for Adeline is very happy—more happy than you can think; and you would not wish her to leave so much happiness to come back, would you?"

"Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do! without my dear governess?" sobbed the child, convulsively.

"You must love and serve God, and then you will be more happy with her in heaven than ever you were upon earth. Do you recollect what she has often told you?"

"Oh, yes! I remember, I remember; she told me that

God loves good little children, and that when they die they go to live in heaven among the angels; and that there, they are more happy than she could tell me. And then she used to say, 'Therese, I shall be in heaven, mind you meet me there.' Oh! and now she has gone there: I am sure she has gone there. She used to make me kneel down by her side, and tell me to pray, and tell me what to say. Oh, I will go to heaven, too, and see her again! I'll be good: I'll kneel down and pray as she taught me."

And, leaping from her seat, she fell upon her knees.

"Perhaps you will join our petitions," he was, doubtless, about to say; but I was already in a kneeling posture, for I, too, was a servant of the God of Jacob.

After a few minutes of solemn silence the venerable recluse ejaculated, "Now, Therese, my dear, we will pray."

And never shall I forget the eloquence, the pathos, the fervour of that child's prayer; I was powerfully affected.

And then the solemn tones of the father ascended like sweet incense to the throne of the Eternal. It was a day which will ever live in the sanctuary of my remembrance.

With chastened feelings I rose to return home. The little girl was my companion to the village. It now reposed in the sober shades of evening.

I afterwards visited the tomb of Adeline. She reposes with her mother, and, perhaps ere now, the father has rejoined them. "Lovely in their lives, in death they were not divided." A modest stone marks the spot—the brief memorial of the lovely Adeline.

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING ENGLAND.

ONE look, one parting look, and now thy shores,
Thy happy shores, are vanished, Albion;
Adieu! Adieu!
What can my grief be?
Have I not hope, and joy, and happiness?
Is not the world before me, and my home?
Have I not with me all I have to love?
What can my grief be? Why am I so sad?
Why measures thus mine eye each saucy wave,
Which coursing drives me onward?
Why!
There is a spot engirt by those white rocks,

Most sacred of the earth; the Mecca's fane
To which my holiest memory ever kneels—
My mother's grave! a fragrant shrine. From thence
I distance count, henceforward, and for aye:
There is my home.
Flow, happy drops! on wings of filial love
Your incense rolls to heaven. Adieu! sweet spot,
One sigh, one lingering, last adieu.
Awakening with a start,
I find I dreamed of pleasure. O, life,
Thou fitful, changeful scene! when are we happy?
If in our sweetest cup there's some sad drop
To mingle with our joy. A restless dream—
A struggle after vain imaginings,
Is all we call our life: one—another—
And another vision flits before us,
Each promising the bliss for which we pant;
But like the false mirage on Arab sands,
Eludes our hot pursuit. And then we wake,
Philosophize, intending to be wise,
And straightway dream again.

Ostend, April, 18—.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.—LAKE OF GENEVA.

Most glorious night! sweet loveliness profound!
How solemn is the beauty of this scene:
The high moon sheds her trembling beams around
On the soft lake, now stretched in sleep serene,
Save where our boat leaps on with joyous bound,
And casts aside a trail of silvery sheen;
And dimly in the midst the Alps arise
Ethereally majestic to the skies.

A scene of beauty! all is softly bright—
Ideal as the vision of a dream;
A rest of beauty! placid as the light
Of an angelic eye's benignant beam;
A world of beauty! gentle as the night
Succeeds to-day's last faint departing gleam.
O, nature, thou art glorious! let me be
A portion of this loveliness, and thee!

Clarens, May, 18—.

THE BERNESE COTTAGE.

If we would look upon Christianity, smiling in all its irresistible, and most winning loveliness; if we would see it displaying its sweetest beauty, we must seek it in the abodes of humble life; or (that being a term I do not like) I would rather say, amongst those who are not encumbered with much of this world's riches. Among these I have witnessed the sublimity of its philosophy; the grandeur of its sanctified intellect; the eloquence and pathos of its poetry; the purity and fascination of its exalted patriotism; the unquenchable fire of its love and benevolence. Ah, if we would see the pure, the soul-felt religion of the Saviour, we must look at it, as it appears when unfettered by the trammels of fashionable society; not upon that sickly, stunted Christianity, which is reared in the pernicious atmosphere of the world. It is too late to say that it is the great panacea for all the ills of mortality—that it is the only thing which can make the severest lot contented and happy—this, all who know anything of its power, believe. But while we say this, we might declare further, that if we would see, and be acquainted with Christianity, pure and happy as the Bible ordains it to be, we must obtain our knowledge and perceptions among the dwellings of the poor. As a proof of its power to make a seemingly hopeless, forlorn, and wretched condition, a comfortable and happy one, I give the following simple, and, perhaps, unremarkable incident. However, I reflect that to a well-balanced mind, nothing can be so trivial as neither to teach nor give delight.

As late in the afternoon I was returning from a ramble among the mountains of the Bernese Oberland, the sky became thickly overcast with masses of dense clouds, and I very soon found that I was in the midst of a severe storm of thunder and rain. No shelter was in sight. Awful precipices, and steep mountains, rearing their white summits till they touched the skies, were on each side of me. Hastening on, I most unexpectedly came in view of a small cot. From its dilapidated condition, and its melancholy desolation, my first impression was that it could not be inhabited. But I was speedily convinced of the contrary, by perceiving light columns of smoke ascending from various parts of the roof. I walked up, and knocking at

the door desired permission to stay until the pelting storm had ceased. Without any ceremony, but an honest, unsophisticated welcome, I was desired to enter. My wet things were taken off with the greatest assiduity, by the kind young woman who had opened the door, and hung to dry around a cheerful fire which was blazing upon the hearth. And within its genial influence I myself was in a few moments seated.

This little mansion contained but one room. Its inhabitants were the pretty, modest young person I before adverted to, and a little merry girl of about five years old. All the furniture consisted of a bed, four worn out chairs, the ruins of a small round table, and a stool. On the side, too, there was a book-shelf on which seven books—one, a large Bible—were carefully arranged.

The only light which was admitted into the cottage, was through the numerous crevices in the roof, and two small carelessly formed holes, over which were stretched a piece of thin stuff. But, although everything wore an aspect of deep poverty, yet all was remarkably neat and clean; scarcely a particle of dust rested anywhere. The young woman was dressed in the usual costume of the Swiss mountaineers, and wore an apron, white as the newly fallen snow.

I had been seated but a few minutes when a considerable stream of water began to pour in upon us from the roof. The young woman, meekly and contentedly, placed a large pan to catch it. I wondered that in a situation, which seemed so comfortless, she could look resigned, and even happy. I suppose my countenance might have betrayed the workings of my mind, for, as she fixed the pan, she said to me, "Ah, mademoiselle, I am still better off than my Divine Master was while he sojourned on earth. *He* had not where to lay His head; I have a home, very poor certainly, but much better than I deserve. And often I think," she pursued, her voice trembling with deep emotion—"often I think, as the heavy blasts sweep over my dwelling, how good and kind is my heavenly Father, who has provided me a shelter in the midst of the storm. My room looks dreary, but here I enjoy a happiness which I would not forsake if I might wear a crown. Humble and forlorn as it is, I often feel in the presence of the King of kings. I often enjoy seasons of the most delightful inter-

course with the Father of spirits, and experience sweet foretastes of the better and happier inheritance I shall have in heaven."

She now began to prepare tea for herself and the little girl. It consisted of milk and coarse bread. Placing the loaf and a morsel of butter near me, she with a sensitive and delicate reserve invited me to join them. I saw that anything but a frank acceptance on my part, would wound her sensibilities, and therefore, I immediately drew towards the table. The good young woman asked a blessing, and I made a meal which for deep and pure enjoyment I never exceeded. I felt the calm influences of the peace and contentment which pervaded every corner of this little cot.

The storm was hushed; the lightnings and rain had ceased; and I rose to proceed. My things were completely dried. With a heart throbbing with love and gratitude, I took an eternal leave of the mountain cottage; but of this I am sure, I shall meet its inmate among that blessed company of blood-bought spirits, who evermore surround the Saviour's throne, and sing the praises of His redeeming love.

THUNDER-STORM IN THE PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON.

SUBLIMELY terrible! each rocky cave
Is crashing with loud thunder: quick lightnings
Rush past hissing: how they whirl and wave,
And gleam with horrid beauty! Now brightening
Each murky glen, a sea of fire they lave
The darkling gorge—its blackness heightening.
The heavy hailstones crush, and torrents hiss
While headlong tumbling down the dark abyss.

Blacker and blacker grows the dusky air,
'Tis night, except as through the rending cloud,
Leap the huge fires, the echoing rocks to tear,
A moment rolling back the gloomy shroud,
And lighting every peak with mighty glare!
Flash calls to flash, in thunders long and loud;
The black lake shines; a meteoric sea
Of bubbles dancing joyously and free.

Hearken! 'tis like a mighty earthquake's crash,
The echoes shout with rapturous delight;
The mountains quiver, as the fitful flash
Hurls the huge pine adown the giddy height
To the dark pool: one loud, convulsive splash—
One bound—and all is vanished like the light
Which lit them hither. Who has sure defence
But he whose safety is Omnipotence?
Crevola, June, 18—.

HYMN TO THOUGHT.

Take wing, my thoughts! away!
Dash off the cumbrous chains of earthly care.
On, on, ye free! outstrip the winds which bear
Wild ocean's snowy spray.

On! where the sunny streams
Burst from deep fountains in the diamond's cell,
Where lotus-cups and quivering rushes tell
Of old heroic themes.

On! where the forest trees
Lift high their heads amid the liquid skies,
And eastern spice-woods grow, and orient flies
Dance in the scented breeze.

On! to Hesperian climes,
Where palm-boughs shadow in the classic streams,
Where mystic spirits haunt, and starry gleams
Show shrines of olden times.

On! on! oh, stop ye not!
On, where loud laughter rings the antique walls;
Mix with the revels in the hearth-lit halls
Of ages long forgot.

Farther, and loftier yet!
Soar high above the purpled mists of night,
To the bright regions filled with holy light
Of suns which never set.

Beyond the gulf of death!
Go, seek the realms of love's immortal rest;
Where the black storm ne'er spreads its threat'ning crest,
Where sorrow sends no breath.

In flights still more sublime,
Mount, mount! ye wing'd! o'ersweep time's deep abyss;
Rise, where pure spirits reign in holy bliss,
Eternal and divine!

Duomo d' Ossola, 18—.

A CHARACTER.

Thy affection resembles a crystal stream
I have somewhere gazed on long:
More purely clear does its stillness seem
Than stedfast, or true, or strong.

For let but a summer wind blow o'er
Its constancy to one,
And the image that lay so deep before,
Is shaken on its throne.

And whoever in passing shall smile on thee,
Will meet an answering smile,
And a calm transparent sympathy,
Sweet for a little while.

But it does not last; e'en current like
Thy feelings steal away;
Whate'er may their sunny surface strike,
Stirs them, but nought will stay.

As harp-strings fervently reply
Alike to many a hand,
But after all as quickly lie
The same untroubled band.

'Tis well for *thee!* well for a mind
That grief would wildly move,
But what for those who have consign'd
To thee their life-through love?

Like rose-leaves on a river strewn,
They may watch their fondness sent
Carelessly out of sight full soon,
By memories that repent;

And as the torn-up flower of joy
Floats farther still from view,
May weep, but thou who could'st destroy,
Wilt merely smile adieu!

And yet to think that one, who thus
Shall wound and injure hearts,
Is good and kind as few of us
Whose love not so departs!

To think of all thy gentleness,
Like that Italian air
Whose sweet warm breath has deadliness
That life yet longs to dare!

Alas, for earth! the weak then too
Are tyrants like the strong.
Even dreams that deified a few,
We live to learn were wrong.

Yes, it is vain! though Hope will rove
Through realms too oft retrod,
There is no heaven but one above,
There's none to love but God.

SUNSET.

ENSHROUDING the valley, empurpling the mountain,
The iris-like colours of evening now float;
The last brilliant showers from light's golden fountain
Are laving in beauty the verdure remote.
And soft to the ear is the mild zephyr telling,
Its whispers of gladness and joy from afar;
The birds' homeward song to their wild forest dwelling,
Illumed by the rays of the bright evening star.

From out their deep prisons, the waves' careless music
In richly-hushed murmurs, lull nature's repose,
And tell in soft breathings, symphonious, cherubic,
What infinite joy in their bright bosom glows.
The stars, one by one, purple night is unveiling;
Creation is joining in vespers of praise;
How soothing this hour—solemn silence prevailing,
And sinking to sleep are the last bedimmed rays.

Thus calm may I be as my earth's day is closing;
Thus smiling with joy may I sink to my rest;
Fall softly to sleep, on my Jesus reposing,
With Him to awake in the realms of the blest.
'Twas for this my Redeemer to Heaven ascended,
For this He now makes intercession on high;
Oh, hope full of bliss!—life's journey being ended—
Thy dawn, Immortality, breaks on the sky.

A FRAGMENT.

In the dry land, where water was not yet,
Wells forth a sweet refreshing rivulet.
The thirsty soil with verdure now is drest,
With peace and plenty crowned, the scene is blest.

Sharon with roses glows, and round the tomb
Of man's pollution flowers of promise bloom.
How beautiful the feet of those who preach
Glad tidings of salvation, and who teach
The people holiness! how lovely they
Who fill the dark holes of the earth with day,
Mighty in faith, renewed in second birth,
Who break the idols and subdue the earth!

While suffering the close and cruel confinement of her uncle's house, and enduring separation from her much-loved home, Leila penned an interesting series of papers. Although they were found separate from her other "Reflections," yet they bear the same title, and are of a like character. We have only space to make a short extract:—

How fearful was that retribution which fell upon our nation, for the rejection and crucifixion of Jesus; and which caused Him to weep as He viewed Jerusalem, and foresaw her fearful doom. Why our people are so utterly incapable of discerning the hand of God in their dispersion and oppression from that moment; and so, of repenting them of the sins which led to their punishment, I can account for on no other ground, but that of judicial blindness.

The imagination cannot conceive a more agonizing spectacle than that presented at the destruction of Jerusalem. Its details are written in blood; and so full of horror that the mind, transfixed with alarm, refuses to dwell upon them. Death appeared to gloat amidst agony, demoniacal insanity, and intense desolation. The air, laden with the poisonous effluvia of the unburied dead, spread pestilence among the living. Maddened by hunger, the mother, who in other circumstances would have interposed her own white bosom between her infant and the sword of the assassin, bore herself the knife, and then sat down to the

horrible unnatural meal! At length came the awful, profound quietude of despair—the sullen hopelessness of complete desolation. So horrid was the catastrophe, that when Titus entered the city, "he turned away weeping, and cursed the wretches who had forced him to produce such misery." Thus fell Jerusalem; a fearful momento of the retributive justice of the Almighty.

But the downfall of Jerusalem was but the "beginning of sorrows,"—it was but the first shock of that tremendous earthquake which should shake Judea to her very foundations; its mighty throes compelling the Jew to flee in terror for his life. The Roman power drove the ploughshare of ruin over the Holy City. Decrees, exiling the Jew from his fatherland, sent him forth homeless, hopeless—a buffet for the storm.

Feelings of indignation and revenge burned in his heart as he gazed upon Mount Tabor, reposing upon the richly-watered plains of Sharon and Esdraelon, which lay placidly smiling in all their sunny beauty. There lay Galilee, spread out in its brilliant and ideal loveliness. Who can describe his emotions, while thus an exile looking upon the land which was given to his ancestors, and from which he had been driven with mingled cruelty and scorn? Summoning all their remaining powers, at the command of an impostor, the Jews made an unfortunate effort to regain possession of their country. It was a lamentable attempt; it increased the fury of their oppressors, and aroused their bitterest feelings of hostility. In it, 580,000 Jews perished. From that period to the present they have never been a compact nation, but one scattered in fragments to all corners of the earth; for there is no country in which they are not found. They have been again and again the objects of the most cruel oppression, and the most agonizing and terrible and cruel massacres. But, as I cannot bear to dwell upon their punishment, I would rather take up a more pleasing theme—their conversion to Christianity—an event which is explicitly predicted in the Scriptures of both the Old and New Testaments.

Christianity was originally founded, professed, and propagated by Jews; and it would be well if the attention of our people were more positively drawn to this fact. After the crucifixion of Jesus, a number of creditable and upright Jews, who were acquainted with His life, miracles, death,

and resurrection, boldly challenged their contemporaries to come forward and contradict their assertions respecting Him. Far from accepting this challenge, the Sanhedrim made an acknowledgment that the miracles wrought by our Saviour, and by His apostles, could not be called in question. By this act they subscribed their belief in His divinity. A consequence of it was, that many thousands of the Jewish people, and also many of the priests, believed. On leaving Judea the Jewish converts carried the Gospel with them, and preached it to the inhabitants of the countries into which they entered; by these it was also embraced.

Even the very idiom—the very structure of the Gospel language, is insuperable proof of its Hebrew origin. But although the great mass of the Jewish nation have rejected Him in whom their brethren believed, yet the preservation of their sacred books, and their calamitous experience in consequence of their unbelief, has been to Christianity a munition and defence, which has resisted the fiercest assaults from without.

For their perversity, the Jews carry with them the marks of the Divine indignation and retribution. But, alas, for their deplorable condition! they know nothing of the sanctifying and exalting influences which should attend His afflicting hand. Persecution and trial refine and elevate the Christian; but no such results are witnessed in the Jewish character. And why? Because they are not suffering for truth. We therefore find, that in proportion as they have endured, in that proportion has the Jew become hardened and impervious to the invitations of the glorious Gospel of Christ; thus their lives are earthly and sensual, and they have no well-grounded, no lawful hope of the world to come.

But, melancholy as this picture is, it is not without its redeeming point. The eternal purpose of God has determined that the Jewish nation shall be brought within the enclosure of the Church of Christ; they shall be "born again;" they shall be a holy people, trees of righteousness, bringing forth fruit to the praise and glory of God.

The signs of the times are already encouraging; thousands of Jews are giving themselves to the study of the Scriptures of the New Testament. Of this I am quite sure—the wall of partition, which through so many cen-

turies prevented all Christian access to them, is being broken down; and they are not only beginning to listen to the Gospel with candid attention, but really court conversation upon Christian topics. Among them may be seen an earnest desire to know the *truth*. Christians, too, are awaking to their responsibility to the Jewish nation, and are bringing their instrumentality to bear upon them in the most energetic forms. I cannot now take such low ground as only to speak of individual instances of success, for there are strong and particular reasons for supposing that the glorious ingathering of the house of Abraham into the Church of Christ is at no great distance. In fact, the work is begun; and, *to a great extent, is already done.* Old prejudices are speedily giving way; mutual dislike is vanishing; a spirit of inquiry is aroused; almost everywhere an easy access to the Jewish mind may be obtained; the interdicts and countenance of the rabbis are daily decreasing in value and effect;—all conspire to excite the most lively hopes.

I do not know that I should be too bold—I am not sure I should exaggerate the truth—if I said that were it not for fear of their brethren, for fear of those hundred little things which they must suffer; for instance, perhaps, to be separated from their kindred both in life and in death; and were it not that distrust of the Christians is not altogether uprooted—were it not for these, I think there are thousands who are ready to come and avow their change of mind. Oh! if the Christians will earnestly labour for our poor nation! One of the first efforts should be to disabuse their minds of all prejudice which they may have imbibed, through witnessing the conduct of nominal disciples of Jesus. An effort should be made to convince them that the real Christians are not parties to their oppression, and sufferings and degradation; that they have no sympathy with those who load them with opprobrium and scorn; that whatever feelings the unconverted Gentiles may entertain towards the Jews, those of the Christian Gentiles towards them are pure and holy, and benevolent.

It were well to be frank with them, and disclaim all sympathy with the Christianity of a majority of professors, and to tell them, that for this mere general profession of Christianity there is no more salvation than for

the perverse Jew who wilfully rejects the Messiah ; but, above all, always and at once assume that Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah, bringing the whole current of recorded proofs and prophecies to bear upon the momentous question. Fearlessly and boldly assert this doctrine ; let it be the rock on which you rear your superstructure ; take no sinuous course ; go direct to the very vitals of your belief. This, from the constitution of the Jewish mind, will have the weightiest effect. Thus, being girt with the armour of truth, and having in your hands the sword of the Spirit—even the blessed Word of God—your efforts cannot be in vain.

As far as possible, too, I would say (unless the objecting Israelite would not permit it), avoid generality and minor details. Keep to the great theme—the divinity and office of our Lord Jesus Christ—and, perhaps, nothing could be more effectual than the fact of His resurrection, ably and clearly demonstrated : this must silence the boldest blasphemer. Compel them to yield here, and they are for ever subdued to the faith of the "Crucified One." To convince them that the "Carpenter's Son," is the "Holy One of God," should always be the burden of our message. This gained, and the rock of their impenitence is broken.

But God has reserved to Himself the Spirit by whose influence this great work is to be effected. Therefore, strong, energetic, agonizing prayer must be poured out in behalf of the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." Our system may be ever so in accordance with the Divine will, but, of itself, it will never be sufficient to "turn away ungodliness from Jacob." It is God who will do it. "I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the Spirit of grace and supplication, and they shall look upon Him whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn." Therefore, all ye, whose "heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved," remember that God has made the outpouring of His Spirit indispensable, and for it must our earnest prayers ascend on high.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL INFANT WHILE ASLEEP.

Hallowed, and soft, and deep,
Upon thy brow the lights of heavenly glow
Speak high thy life! Perchance, of angels? No:
They never sleep.

Yet but a little less
Than they, is thy creation; and thou art
Like them in purity—Heaven's counterpart
In loveliness.

Rapt innocence thou art;
Ecstatic beauty is thy placid sleep;
What dreams are locked within thy hallowed keep,
Angelic heart?

Thou smil'st with sunny joy—
Is yet to wander far away from earth,
Mid recollections of celestial birth,
Thy sweet employ?

Lovely connecting link
'Twixt our gross clay and yon bright spirit lands,
One foot thou rest'st on earth, the other stands
On Heaven's brink.

I am to be like thee,
Pure and unsullied in a world of sin;
Calm and unmoved amid the stormy din
Of life's rough sea.

What is like thee, sweet child?
Breathing the rapture of a heavenly peace;
Feeling alike the storm's hush or increase,
Gentle and mild!

Oh! Hope as on we sweep,
Points to the quiet of celestial bliss;
A rest to meet us on the verge of this
Life's surging deep.

And Love; oh, yes! pure love,
Placid and firm amid the quivering blast,
Rooted within the spirit deep and fast,
It lives above.

And Faith!—oh! is not this
Like thee, sweet infant? holding firm the soul
Above the foaming and tempestuous roll
Of earth's abyss.

And Heaven!—oh! is not this
Like thee, too, baby? There to live is peace;
Existence is repose. If it shall cease,
We never were!

Yes, joined to such high thought,
May thy sweet image in my bosom glow,
Till the deep fountains of my life to know
Thy peace are brought.

Such innocence as thine
Must crown my head to fit me for the blest;
Such spotless purity to Heaven attest
My right divine.

Oh! may I be like thee,
Sweet emblem of the holiness of Heaven;
So shall I, rising as my call is given,
With Jesus be!

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

I GAZED upon that infant as it slept;—
That sleep was strangely beautiful, and seemed
An ecstasy immortal. The curtaining lids
Had dropped their silken fringes o'er the soul,
And shut out all except the beams of Heaven.
A sacred glory rested on her brow,
And mantled o'er her cheek; a lovely smile
Sat like a cherub on her faded lips:
A solemn rapture was that dying scene:
Celestial spirits fanned it with their wings—
It breathed the air of heaven. She oped her eyes—
Those bright blue eyes still looked as they were wont,
The very soul of tenderness and joy.
They sought her mother's face, again to feast
Upon its beauty! forth from them spoke a rest,

Such only as the innocent may feel.
The Angel of the Covenant had come
To wing her home. At his august command,
Death quick unbound his shaft, and touched her heart,
Curdling her hot life's blood. With ruthless haste
He closed her snowy lids, and bound her brow
With ice. His spoils were done! He seized her breath,
The roses on her cheeks; but left that pure
And holy smile. He did not dare steal that;
For it belonged to Heaven!

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